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THE

MARVELLOUS AND INCREDIBLE

ADVENTURES

OF

CHARLES THUNDERBOLT,

IN THE

MOON.

BY

CHARLES DELORME. ESQ.

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INTRODUCTION.

—o—

Some years ago, Charles Thunderbolt underwent some most extraordinary adventures almost beyond belief. The Hero of this tale through my medium is about to record them in black and white, for the edification of children, of all ranks and countries; and, should any of my readers be persons, who have long ago bid adieu to the time of Childhood, (which time many would fain recal,) let them imagine themselves of tender age again; then, however improbable the contents of the following pages may appear, if the readers stretch their imagination to some extent, they will feel lenient towards the author, by reason of the easily pleased nature of childhood; and let me hope, that if they do assume the spirit and feeling of infantine simplicity, they may be full of its good nature and willingness to be amused.

I should be sorry indeed, if my revelations should be the means of causing dissensions to prevail amongst scientific children; who will certainly be apt to question the truth of my arrangement of the interior of the satalite, yclept the moon; and no doubt will endeavour to contradict my account of

the doings in that sweet planet. Still all children of small and larger growth will surely grant me as great licence, as they themselves practice, when they wisely pronounce the moon to be "made of green cheese." Therefore, I can only sincerely recommend them to peruse this little volume, and I can assure the makers of telescopes that they will very much benefit, as no doubt every living being from mere curiosity will take a peep; but I can very well inform them that if they do nothing more than peep through a telescope, they will never see half so much to amuse and interest them, as they will do in the perusal of my adventures there.

Why, good gracious me! I have been at the expensive trouble of raising giants, griffins, demons, and other long mouldering beings from their graves! —have searched them out from realms afar;—from regions until now, but obscurely known! I have introduced beings, of such a new and remarkable nature, never before heard of by wiser men than myself—therefore I, with confidence, cast this book upon the world;—this volume of mentrosities;—this publication of unheard of things;—this resurrection of giants, &c.—being convinced that—even if it possesses no intrinsic value in itself, it will succeed. Therefore away my book to the winds! May it be blown about like the seeds of flowers by the breeze of public opinion, and settle upon that soft place situated somewhere in the Island of Great Britain, called CURIOSITY; and it will be sure to make an impression there.

With this, I say, good bye my little children, and I leave you with my last remark;—

Know this, and reflect upon my words;—goblins, ghosts, giants, and other montrosities, are merely types of evil dispositions and bad tempers; therefore never fear such things appearing physically before you: but you may with credible grace apprehend, that if you are not good, they will enter into your mind, and shape your dispositions.—Good bye!

THE MARVELLOUS AND INCREDIBLE

ADVENTURES OF

CHARLES THUNDERBOLT,

IN THE MOON.

CHAPTER I.

Charles Thunderbolt was a native of Essex. Some say, he was a Frenchman, but being a lover of England, and almost everything in it, except a sinecure which he was never able to get,—he styled himself a free-born Englishman,—free-born, because other people called themselves so; and as use very often gives rise to a perpetuating of comical sayings, he acquired some as well as others. Our hero, if he had been an ugly baby, I should have been glad to say so; as we so seldom have ugly heroes. Such a character would be a novelty. But, as it happened, he was just the reverse; and therefore you will understand he was a very handsome one. The father of our baby hero, annoyed him more than any body else; because, no sooner

had the nurse placed him to munch his India-rubber ring in his cradle, than the fond father would commence rocking it at a furious rate, shaking his infant son's poor brains about like the peas in the child's rattle; and singing something which sounded to his ears like horrid screechings, though intended to be a lullaby. Vain was his crying, caused by the pain inflicted upon him by the fond, though cruel parent. Then, with words meant to be endearing ones, which sounded to him (the child,) as a growl,—the father would take him out of the cradle, and shake him up and down at a rapid rate, until utter exhaustion had stopped the tears! No wonder (if this tale be not correct) if his brains were addled!

One night old Mrs. Thunderbolt pointed out a big white or yellow shining thing in the sky to her beloved Baby. "Here, pretty boy" said she, "that's the moon." "I want to doe to de moone,—mar," screamed the child; "I *will* doe to de moone."

"Well, he *shall go to the moon*, poor *child!*" said the fond mother, pressing him (now two years old) to her bosom. Ah! little thought she then, that her promise, so absurd as it then was, should really be realized!

Old Mr. Thunderbolt, after having for a few years fondly tortured his only boy, disappeared; and Charles, until told to the contrary, always imagined that he had gone to the moon, which circumstance rekindled a desire, which had never

been long dormant in the boy's breast, to go to the moon himself; owing entirely to the promise of his fond mother, made to him in his second year.

In course of time, our hero went to school. The Academy, which had the honour of educating him, was situated at a place called Upton-place. It was a flat, level country, that surrounded Gloucester House Academy; and not all at suited to the romantic longings and ardent desires of our warm-hearted, full-blooded, never-still, mischievous hero. He longed to ramble in mountainous places, and there, build mock battlements, and when surrounded with the imitation turret, imagine himself to be the hero of a hundred frays, lord of vast domains, issuing orders to numerous knights and vassals; and the daughter of the house, the blue-eyed Eliza, (by the bye, the general sweetheart,) by his side,—his beautiful, and loving wife. Therefore, whenever our hero found a piece of rising ground, or a pile of stones by the road side, on to either he would soldier-like mount, and there in tones of thunder, (saving Gregory, the farmer, the expense of scarecrows,) denounce against France,—the vengeance of himself,—his country, and, he foolishly supposed, the heavens. His auditors he saw not as they were—perhaps only some passing clown—wondering at themad boy, and with mouth open, standing unseen, before the eloquent; and unconscious of the honour done him and his extraordinary capacity of expansion being magnified into some corpulent knight, and a hundred thousand besiegers as well!

And the cawing of the numerous crows, startled from their feed by his voice, he took for the admiring and enthusiastic applause of multitudes; and thus went on until the *infernal* (excuse the word, but something strong must be said) school-bell brought him to be aware—that he was not only a scholar in the last class, but that he was to be punished for having pinn'd, at dinner time, a dish-cloth to the old cook's gown, and had sent her through the village on an errand, with this addition to her stout person, wagging about, in time to her duck-like waddle; and also for three conquests he had made over three different aggressors just before.

"What are these?" said Mr. Gould, the teacher, to Charles one day, when he discovered his drawer or locker, full of faggot-sticks of various sizes.

"Swords, sir," said he, in answer.

"Swords?"

"Yes, sir;—to arm my men, after school, for battle. Hanson is to lead the besiegers, against a handful of men, under myself, sir, who am to be the Duke of Wellington, sir," said Charles, half afraid of the cane.

But Gould was a good-humoured fellow, and let the sticks alone. The fact was, Charles would pick up every stick, from a faggot to a discarded broom-handle, to use as swords and other weapons of war.

The leader of the opposite party was named Hanson; a young fellow of most liberal heart, and an open hand; the associate, in times of declared

peace, of our hero, in all his doings, and partner as regarded their acquired property. Notwithstanding the mutual love and understanding existing between them, Hanson, from a delight of power, and being older and stronger of the two, would oftentimes treat our hero as a fag, who, besides his bent for mimic war, possessed a disposition so mild, harmless, and full of the milk of human kindness, so averse to real fighting, that he would rather have borne the imposing tyranny of his friend, to a reasonable degree, than have hurt his feelings by lifting his arm to strike him; though his spirit, sensitive of insult, groaned to prove how little he deserved such conduct; and how soon he was able, if he choose, to put an end to it.

One day, Hanson being in a more war-like temper than usual, followed our hero about the grounds, annoying him, and to such a degree did he wind up his feelings, that at length he swung his arm round, which limb, or the fist appertaining to it, caught him upon the nose. Both bloods were now up; and Charles, at length determined to end this disagreeable tyranny, bade him follow into the schoolroom, and there fight it out; which Hanson astonished agreed to.

Now I must inform my readers that the aggressed one's activity and courage were remarkable; and that those qualities were brought against the superior prowess and strength of the aggressor. A ring was formed by the delighted schoolboys, and to it the champions went. Charles, in less than

a minute, had finished the battle by pouring in such a quantity of blows on to the front of his antagonist, that he soon stood alone—the victor; and proved how careful all should be, to treat friendship as it deserves; for the meanest thing on earth will turn, if abused. After this battle, our hero and Hanson were again sworn friends; even warmer than before; for, added to their former love, was the feeling of respect. Such were the early days of our young hero; and he left his school, crammed with latin, greek, french, and english; with a gift for drawing, play-writing, novel-writing, a desire for active-life, a longing to see everything he had read and heard of;—in fact, to become a hero. And as he was in love with the school-master's daughter, he already imagined himself as deserving that desired title.

CHAPTER II.

The course of true love—according to the old saying—never runs smooth; and thus it fortunately happened with our hero, fortunately I say, because, had the object of his affections been less hard-hearted, Thunderbolt, instead of undergoing a triumphant course of stirring adventures, might

have been the inmate of some house, in Smith's or Johnson's-terrace, surrounded by troops of ragged urchins, and plagued by butchers, bakers, and other such-like fraternity, and likewise with their swollen quarterly bills,—so degrading to a romantic mind. I will say nothing about his better half. She might, or might not, probably have been a plague to him; but I am very confident that he would have settled down a seedy looking, middle-aged gentleman, with a high collar, and perhaps by command of his wife, with a hoe in his hand to weed the garden. Such then might have been his life! Then,—what should I have had to recount? I firmly protest that if the aforesaid middle-aged seedy-looking gentleman had requested me to write his life, in that case, I would most decidedly have objected. Ah! but how different is my hero!—instead of an individual like unto the one above described,—who requested me to put his manuscript into form that the world might benefit by his revelations. I must, before commencing them, describe his personal appearance

The poll of his head was situated just six feet above the sole of his foot; thus, you understand, Charles Thunderbolt was by dint of stature alone fit to be a hero. His face was noble in expression; his head adorned with black and glossy curly hair;—his eyes of that most winning of colours, and capable of the finest and most fascinating expression,—eyes that *laugh*,—called bluish grey; and when our hero gave way to laughter, his whole

face was a smile; not like some of his acquaintances whose laugh commences just at the mouth, and ends below the nostril; but a pure, hearty, English laugh,—full of benevolence and soul. His nose and mouth were aristocratic—his limbs were straight—and in fact, his form and constitution were such as betokened an ability to endure almost any amount of fatigue. His temper, as I have already informed my readers, was excellent. His disposition, noble and forgiving;—so now adieu to further digression, and again to the personal adventures of Thunderbolt, my fond young hero.

Thunderbolt when in his eighteenth year departed from his residence in the County of Essex for a sea-side trip, and determined that Margate should be his resting place for a short period; as he there expected to find much amusement in the contemplation of the varied characters that make that part their annual fortnightly visit. Thunderbolt was a great reader.. He had devoured with avidity all the most wonderful books of ancient and modern romance. He swallowed "Gulliver's Travels" twice with great *gusto*. "Robinson Crusoe" presented a serious amount of thumbing;—and Marryat's wondrous tales filled our hero's brains with reflection, for months after, he had digested his last work then extant.

Thunderbolt, how presumptuously we will not pretend to say,—himself desired to be remembered to the latest posterity. How much his

ensuing life has given him a claim upon eternal memory, *we* leave to our reader's judgment.

But now for the sea,—the bright, the blue, the glorious ocean of health, whose breezes tinge the cheek with carmine, and sharpen the toil-worn citizen's appetite. What pleasure to leave the dark city behind!—amusing itself with its own smoke, regardless too of the misery therein,—fearless of monied uncles, and other jealous relations, and to find oneself negociating for a new lease of life, which lease unlike other kinds of leases, is executed surely and speedily too. With his favorite Byron in his hand, at close of day, our hero was seated near the bows of the vessel which was nearing Margate Pier. The moon had risen,—throwing on the calm waters its silvery beams. The air blew fresh. The blood had mantled to his cheeks, and he had that beautiful complexion so peculiar to English youth. He regarded nothing however, but the sea and his book. Ever and anon he would cast his eyes at the moon, then gone down upon her shining train to compare the novel scene with the beautiful description so like which he was then perusing with a heart full almost to bursting,—so intense was his inward joyful emotion.

The verse that so gratefully accorded, with the peculiar emotions of our hero, at that moment, was the following:—

——— "Tis sweet to hear
At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep
The song and oar of Adria's Gondolier,—
By distance mellow'd, o'er the waters sweep;
'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear;
'Tis sweet to listen, as the night-winds creep,
From leaf to leaf; 'tis sweet to view on high—
The rainbow based on ocean, span the sky."

It was midnight before our hero landed; and he would fain have put out to sea again, but the Captain of the Yacht in which he sailed had long been in a state of inebriation. I must inform my readers, that our hero had been offered a passage in his uncle's yacht, which offer he had accepted with eager pleasure. The crew consisted of only two men; and the uncle, when on board, which was about once a week for a few hours, then took the command,—at least until rendered unfit by his potations; for he made it a rule to get the exact reverse of sober once a week; as he entertained most peculiar ideas of the method—men should take to preserve their health. He argued, that the system required rousing once a week; and he thought to get drunk, would ensure the shock required,—clear him out,—and render him fit for the ordinary pursuits of his other days. So directly Captain Guzzlebrandy, his paternal uncle, had that morning boarded his Yacht at Blackwall, he gave orders for the start; then having made headway with a good spanking breeze abaft, his jolly

uncle Guzzlebrandy, seated himself amidships and bade Bill,—who officiated as steward, mate, cabin-boy, and sometimes captain,—mix his first glass of brandy, uncle Guzzlebrandy, until the fourth glass, was very communicative to his handsome nephew; and constantly repeated the only riddle he was ever able to get into his brain; viz.—"When is a captain not a captain?" Our hero never dared to guess it, as the old gentleman, he was aware, had one peculiarity paramount in his disposition, which was a most thorough hatred of the person who dared be presumptuous enough to solve it; as it debarred him not only of the pleasures of surprising his hearers, but of his usual forthcoming fit of laughter, which, loud and hearty, pleased himself for ten minutes after. When they had made Gravesend, and finished his sixth glass, the tall stiff steward appeared, and by main strength, lifted the unresisting captain in his arms, and carried him to his little cabin, where he laid him upon a sofa, propped him up with pillows,—(a usual course)—drew a table near him, placed a sheet or two of paper, with pen and ink within reach, then, on a three-legged stool in the cabin, sat himself down, and commenced mixing another glass of brandy and water, from a bottle and kettle, with sugar in a basin, which articles were all at hand. Uncle Guzzlebrandy is worthy of description, No face had ever more humour than his presented; and the droll expression it then wore, made it one fit for a Cruickshank's pencil. He was also a strict disciplinarian, and he ruled

his crew, until quite unable to do so, with all the rigidity of an old splenetic man-o'-war's-man. The steward mixed the brandy, and walking as upright as he could in the low cabin, placed by the side of his commander, the seventh glass! The face of the great personage was a full blown and round one; and the prominent feature had at the tip a whole forest of red carbuncles, glowing and blushing every ensuing moment. His eyes were black, round, and immense. There they were, staring at the steward, who was standing, as much in a military attitude of one awaiting orders, as was possible from the lowness of the cabin, but not daring to interrupt the cogitations of the mighty comfortable one, his master.

Guzzlebrandy at length, still staring at his comical—visaged, lanky, thin, steward, reached and laid hold of with firm gripe the seventh glass; and at last seemed about to speak; and if it might be judged from the relieved countenance of the steward, the words, or command he expected, were about to be pronounced.

"Billy," said the captain, about raising the glass to his big red ligs;—

"Billy!"

No answer from Billy. Then up went the glass, down went some of the liquor—its usual course—through the good captain; and placing the glass again upon the table, smacking his lips, he said in sepulchral tones,—

"Billy!"—"When is a captain not a captain?"

Billy scratched his head; looked here and there,—grinned,—pretended not to know,—although he had heard it, and submitted to this result of six and a half glasses of brandy and water, for many years past.

"Give it up, Billy?—d'ye give it up, Billy?" roared the captain.

"Yes, sir," cried Billy, pretending to look more and more astonished.

"When,—you donkey,—ha! ha! ha! ha!—When he's a board!" And then the captain roared with laughter until the tears rolled down his face in streams. Still the steward dared not laugh too soon, as, to be quick of comprehension in that particular offended his jolly master, and very nearly cost him his place, once or twice, when he had made the mistake in either guessing the riddle, or laughing before his time. However, when the captain had just laughed half of his usual allowance, then chimed in Billy, and roared, and laughed, and laughed, and roared again, until the captain exhausted, cried,

"Now, avast there, Billy, and mix for two. Then I'll dictate the log to you."

So Billy mixed this, being a glass for himself, as well as another for his jolly master; then was commanded to seat himself down near him, and write from his dictation, the log.

So Billy and captain enjoyed themselves below whilst Harry, the other man, a steady fellow, guided the little vessel into Margate Harbour.

The gallant captain slept away his inebriation, and in the morning, when Thunderbolt had emerged from his hotel, he found him ready dressed and none the worse for his weekly shower bath, as he termed his last night's orgies. I have thought it necessary to say what I knew of Thunderbolt s uncle, as he figures in a future part of the coming history; and therefore the reader will be prepared, from the slight knowledge of his character he has already acquired, for his future remarkable doings.

Thunderbolt's uncle was a very worthy man after all; and with the exception of the one vice or failing we have recounted, he was a generous, good hearted, jolly, middle aged, fine looking, portly man;—would often give his nephew much wholesome advice,—recommended him to study sermons, and, with the exception of sea novels, never to read trash of that kind; and would frequently promise to leave him the bulk of his property when he died; but however, for present benefit, never gave him a shilling, as he held an opinion that it would form a future pride to Thunderbolt, did he make his way in the world without help from any but himself.

"Above all," said he one day, when accosted by a beggar upon the Cliffs,—"be charitable; now here is a proper object for my charity!"—he then felt in his pockets, and Thunderbolt could plainly hear the jingle of silver and halfpence therein;—

"Charles, I have no change, give the poor woman sixpence."

Afraid to demur, Charles was obliged to do so, though he could ill spare that sum, having but sufficient in his pocket to last a fortnight, and being well aware his uncle never meant to repay him.

And with a smiling countenance, whereon was imprinted satisfaction for the benevolent action he thought he had done, uncle Guzzlebrandy proposed a sail in his Yacht, which lay in the harbour like a swan upon the bosom of the wave; and Billy could be seen in his red shirt, with arms folded, sitting upon the deck, smoking a short pipe, whilst the breeze, fresh and beautiful, was playing with his long ringlets.

Then Billy was seen to rise from his seat and to survey the surrounding cliffs with his telescope. On a sudden, the flag was raised, for he had been looking out for the captain's signal, who, at that moment, was waving a red silk handkerchief upon the summit of the cliff.

"Bill's worth his weight in brandy!" said the uncle.

"He's seen the signal; come, Charles Thunderbolt. How on earth your father got the appellation of Thunderbolt, I never was able to find out, or how your mother, my sister as she is, ever had the courage to marry a Thunderbolt! Bless me, if I can fathom. Come along my boy; stay—have you got a shilling in your pocket? I've no change myself; whilst I get a boat for the (Sober Sarah) you go and buy a shilling's worth of cigars—there's a fine fellow."

Our hero with a gloomy countenance left him. "I can't stand this," said he musingly,—"Why did he not give me the shilling himself?—curious man he is,—I wish he would give me a little of his useless cash now, instead of borrowing mine upon the strength of the legacy he intends to leave me; but however, this shall be the last loan." So our hero got the cigars, thrust them into his pocket, walked to the beech where his uncle was already seated in a small boat, looking as usual when any one else was ruffled, calmed and serene.

"Charles," said he, as the man pushed off, and rowed towards the yacht,—"its rough out at sea; look out for squalls;—you were never out at sea in squally weather my boy;—ah! where are the cigars? Not very good;—why, God bless me, boy, I never smoke *penny* cheroots."

"Why, what on earth was the boy thinking of? Mexican cheroots, a penny each, for a seafaring man of my stamp! Why, you young insignificant, if you were not my sister's son, I'd cut you off with a shilling, I would.—Drat the things! they will never burn.

"I asked, sir," said Charles deprecatingly, "for the best cigars they had."

"And I suppose you added—cheapest?"

"No, sir, I did not, but I told him to give me as many as he could for the money; and I never bought cigars before in my life, therefore—"

"Well then, say no more," said Guzzlebrandy, "you are forgiven this time, and we'll see how they smoke."

"Sober Sarah, ahoy! called out the captain as he neared the vessel whose sails where already spread to the breeze.

"Hoy, hoy, sir," bawled Bill in return. The captain and Charles were soon on deck, and ere an hour passed, the Sober Sarah was splitting the waves with right good will. The captain was in his usual place, amidships, with his glass of brandy and water before him. The waves ran rather high.

"We'll beat about till ten, mate," huskily said his uncle. "Now Bill, another glass of brandy and water, quick. How does the young chap feel? Ask him to step here and have a glass with that jolly cook, his uncle."

"Hoy, hoy, sir," said the mate, touching his hat, and coming to where Thunderbolt was, seated in the bows, watching with silent emotion, the action of the waves, and admiring the speed of the little craft.

Touching his hat respectfully, the lantern-jawed, lanky-legged, black-whiskered, toothless mate said,

Mr. Thunderbolt,—Mr. Guzzlebrandy bids me address you, sir, thus—"how does the young chap feel?—ask him to step here, and have a glass with that jolly cock, his uncle." "May I ask you how your hold is, sir?" continued he—"have you anything qualmish about it, sir?"

"What is my hold, Bill?" said Charles, quite ignorant of what part of the human body was so entitled.

"This I call the hold," said Bill, smiling, and patting his stomach;—"this is, where the ballast goes, sir." Thunderbolt laughed heartily, and made way towards his uncle, saying, "no, I do not feel sick at all."

His uncle welcomed him, and, for the first time in his life, our hero tasted brandy and water. The spirit exhilarated him to a degree; and he chatted and talked incessantly, overwhelming his matter of fact uncle, with such a ready amount of wit,—such an immense quantity of riddles,—so much profound knowledge of things, that his uncle was bewildered; and had it not been for Bill's appearance with a fifth glass of grog, astonishment might possibly have had a disastrous effect upon his nervous system.

"Bill, stop here, you dog; here, here, ha! ha! ha!—my nephew's a genus;—Charles, like your fond uncle,—you'll be a jolly cock, won't he, Bill? Charles, my boy, cried he, with increasing vehemence and satisfied laughter,—just ask Bill that riddle; the last one;—but stop, Bill, for goodness sake hold my sides while I laugh—ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!"

"About the cobler, Charles,—now Bill, hold my sides; never mind the wind."

Charles was very much amused and gratified that his uncle looked no longer upon him as a log of wood as he knew he had fomerly done. He was aware he had astounded him; and detailed to him more knowledge in the last quarter of an

hour, than Guzzlebrandy had gained through his whole life; so with a laughter-loving face, Charles propounded the very common riddle.—

"Why is a cobbler like a king?"

Captain Guzzlebrandy began to laugh. Bill pressed his sides.

"Do you give it up?" cried Guzzlebrandy.

"Yes, give it up," said Bill, getting his features ready to relax immediately the proper moment arrived.

Guzzlebrandy had forgotten the answer, so with loud laughter, told Charles to solve it.

"Because his nose is above chin!"

Then Bill began to laugh. Guzzlebrandy roared; crying at intervals, "How funny! great, grand, wonderful, good boy,—shall make him a present of a £5. note."

At this moment a yacht passed close astern, and Charles in a moment recognised his schoolfellow, Hanson.

"Hanson," roared he.

"Thunderbolt, that's not you?"

"Yes it is though," answered Charles. "Where are *you* bound to?"

"*Margate*," said Hanson. "*You'd* better turn in that direction, for there's a devilish rum gale blowing up to the West. "Where are you bound?"

"I don't know," said Charles, perhaps to the moon.

"What hotel do you put up at?"

"The York."

"So do I—I'll see you there to-morrow."

The yachts were soon too far apart for more exchange of words.

"We had better turn her head to the harbour, had we not, sir?" said Bill to the captain, after the laughing fit was over.

"No, no, no," thundered the captain; we'll go out till ten; then we'll return by the light of the moon.

"There's a sign of wind, sir," returned Bill.

"Mind your own business," returned Mr. Guzzlebrandy.

"The more wind the better. The Sober Sarah don't care for all the wind in the creation." So Bill and the other sailor kept a good look out, and whilst Charles and his curious specimen of an uncle were chatting merrily and unconcernedly together, the Sober Sarah flew through the sea at an uncatchable pace, and soon the growing dusk hid everything, and the only object in sight was the light at the North Foreland.

And in the far off horizon, a splendid sight burst upon Charles's enraptured gaze. It was the moon rising slowly, and queen-like, from out the sea; and as she rose in the heavens, she gradually threw her beams upon the waters, going longer and longer till they reached the side of the Sober Sarah.

Charles could not help grasping his uncle's hand with force, and pointing in the direction of the magnificent orb, exclaimed,

"There's the moon,—oh, how lovely!"

"What's the moon to do with you? Whenever

you see that common night-lamp, you appear moon-struck."

"Yes," whispered Thunderbolt, musingly. "Yes, uncle, because, when I was a child, my mother promised me that I should go to the moon."

"And absurb as it was, whenever I see her glorious form, a feeling indescribable creeps over me, and something whispers to my soul, and says, there will be your resting place."

"Foolish boy!" growled the uncle, now half asleep. "You asked for the moon, like all children who want what is forbidden them, and your good mother to quiet you, promised it."

"It may be so," said he, "very absurd,"—still however attentively surveying the beautiful, bright object, with intense interest. "Uncle look," said he, suddenly, "do you not see an angel, bright and beautiful as herself, entering the moon? Good heavens! it beckons me."

"Moon-struck,"—I see a cloud, a white cloud passing over her face.

"To me," said Charles, wrought to a pitch of intense excitement, and standing still, grasping his uncle's hand, as his countenance assumed an almost unearthly look of beauty;—his black curly locks sported with by the gale, which every moment increased, and his manly form contrasting with his uncle's stout one,—his pale countenance in contrast with his uncle's red one,—his raven hair in contrast with his uncle's grey; who, himself alarmed at his nephew's vehemence and wild expression, had

arisen from his seat, and now held the boy, as he pointed to the object of his excitement.

"To me," uncle, "the cloud assumes the form of an angel; glorious and radiant his countenance; his face meets mine; he beckons me; he enters the moon; he journeys on; the moon lifts her veil; I behold a lovely scene; and human beings. Am I mad? am I mad? am I mad? Uncle, uncle, am I mad? Exhausted he fell almost fainting into his uncle's arms; who, now quite sober, had become alarmed for him. Bill came to their assistance, and as they carried the youth to the cabin, a dark cloud flew rapidly across the moon, veiling her from sight The gale whistled fearfully in the hazy distance. A flash of lightning illumined all aboard; and heaven's artillery pealed along the electric lighted heavens, peal succeeding peal in fearful quickness. Our hero had not long been in the cabin before he recovered his equanimity of mind, and he became aware from the pitching of the vessel that the sea had arisen, and that the elements were waging war with it. The captain became pale when they all three again ascended the deck; and the helmsman was lashed by Bill to the helm. A fearful squall could be perceived approaching, in shape of a hazy light, in the dimness towards the east.

"By Jove! we shall have it," cried the now fairly roused captain; "I did not expect this, Bill," screamed he, "here, let us get in this sail; how dark it is! we shall be lost." Fearful was

the speed of the Sober Sarah; she tore through the raging sea with the swiftness of a demon flying from the wrath of heaven. Up to the sky she was; down to the vaults of the deep in an instant after; and so on for trackless miles. The three men had thrown off their coats; the sail had been torn in shreds, and part blew about fearfully in the gale, straining the mast, and the rest lay in the water, dragging the vessel on one side, so that every wave washed over her. What were the feelings of our hero, who seemed with all on board so near his final doom?

Exultation beyond measure. Unearthly fire lit his sparkling eyes which, shone as stars, in the darkness. He held a rope with grasping hand; the other hand he waved triumphantly, as he cried, "Glorious, glorious!"

He seemed to fancy himself protected by an immortal hand; and he defied, with an unspeakably brave expression, the thunder, the lightnings, the winds, and the waves. His hair was matted with brine; and his whole form was dripping with the continued deluging water which broke over him every instant. A hand of iron was placed upon his shoulder.

"Uncle is it you?" cried Charles. "What am I to do?"

"Cut away the sail; you have a pocket knife: up the mast, or we are lost."

"Port the helm!" bawled his uncle; but the winds and other raging elements prevented the

order reaching the helmsman. Another sea deluged them through and through. Charles, with difficulty, recovered his breath; but still he found the Sober Sarah was yet equal to the unfair contest. Nought could Charles see but white foam around his feet; hear nought but the fearful hissing of the waves, eager to glut themselves with the prey they hoped for. The creaking of the mast, the shrieking of the gusts of wind, and the continued tearing of the remaining portions of the sail. Amongst all this, strange and inconsistent as it may appear, our hero never for a moment lost his presence of mind. He revelled in the danger that menaced his destruction; but he never felt, he almost forgot, that there were others in the last agony of despair on board; that there were other living beings than himself. He was almost entirely lost in the scene; so sublime and grand, so all-absorbing was it to his soul. At length he bethought himself, that to save others, he must do as ordered, so scrambling as well as he could up the little mast, he unclasped his pocket knife, and with great difficulty, cut away the remaining portion of the sail, which flew away like lightning in the air, and was lost immediately in the dark obscurity. He then descended the mast, calling "Uncle!" but ere he alighted on deck, he heard some blows at the mast, and just as he reached the planks, the mast snapped and fell over the side.

"Good heavens! boy; were you up the mast? I have cut it away."

"I had cut the sail away that moment," said Charles.

"Brave boy," said Captain Guzzlebrandy, breathlessly, "where are you? Don't go that way; lay tight hold of this rope; she's eased. But we must go; oh heaven! thy will be done; my poor boy! *I* brought you into this danger; oh heaven forgive me; lay tight hold, lad; never mind the sea; oh how frightfully she pitches. Hold on." His voice was again drowned by another fearful wave. Charles heard a shriek at that moment, and the vessel wheeled round and round and round with fearful rapidity. When they recovered from the last deluge he was joyed to find his poor old uncle was still near him.

"Are you safe, uncle?" cried Charles anxiously.

He spoke not.

"Uncle!" he screamed; for he now had become alarmed. The few words of consideration for him, spoken by his uncle, had opened a valve in his heart, and he found he loved him at that moment with his whole soul, and would have died to have saved him. "Uncle," he cried, placing his mouth to his cold ear in affright, "Uncle, speak to me." As the frightful conflict was a little lull'd, he answered, but very weakly, as if he was sinking into death.

"Boy, boy!" he said, feebly pressing his nephew to him.

"Speak, uncle! dear uncle!" Thunderbolt exclaimed whilst the tears burst from his eyes, and a

sense of loneliness came over him, freezing his blood with despair.

"Boy!" he said again, feebly; "my time is come; I am dying; will you forgive me?"

"Dear uncle," gasped Thunderbolt, "do not give up; the storm is abating."

"Forgive me," he urged, in tones that shook Charles's very soul. "Hold on lad; are you safe, boy, safe?" as another wave deluged them.

"Yes, yes, I am, yes;" Charles cried, "but you will not die? there is a *power above* that will *preserve you.* Poor uncle, bear, bear *up;* hold on uncle."

"Boy, hope is going. Hear me; if I could live it should be for thee. I never before had an affectionate word spoken to me; you called me *dear uncle;* light hath broken upon my soul; remember me to thy mother, dear nephew; tell her I died happy. Good bye, boy! Boy, where, where are you? Oh! if thou livest, beg thy mother to forgive me, nephew, where—— And his last words were made sport for the winds, for they came again in renewed burst, and bore them to oblivion. The youth's shrieks were unavailing to draw another word from the poor old man. He drew close to him, as the water roll'd over them both; but his spirit had fled, for he felt heavy, and he was dead! Then the lightning lit up the whole sea, in continued flashes, and good heavens! our poor young hero found he was alone. Nothing alive but himself could he perceive. The helmsman had long since gone to

his watery grave; and poor Lanky Bill had gone to the same dark abode; for nothing but the mere deck was left, and every moment convinced our hero that he should soon join his poor old uncle and the two hardy seamen who had constituted his faithful crew. The lightning was constant in its flashes, and the thunder mingled its peals with the groans of the furious waves, and the mournful howling of the winds. Still flew the little devoted vessel, and still stood our hero, lashed by himself to the sides. His courage gradually resumed its place in his brain, and in a hurried prayer he commended himself to the care of Him who rules the varied elements. Having done so, he felt resigned to his fate. But when a blue flame, in another moment, lit up the ocean far and wide to the very horizon, and he beheld a little vessel dash past him, broken, dismantled, and a complete wreck, and lying over the sides to all appearance dead, lashed, as he was himself, to the mast, his poor beloved playmate, his partner in all his hopes and joys when at school together; a kindred spirit. He shrieked with horror, but the lightning seemed to laugh in his teeth, for it glared all colours in succeeding minutes. One time it lit the ocean with a pale yellow, then crimson, then blue, then green, when everything partook of its hue, and the body also that lay over the vessel. One moment the ghastly agonized countenance of the corpse was bright yellow; again crimson, then blue, then green, and changing with every moment. Un-

earthly shrieks rent the air. White ghastly forms with hideous countenances flitted on the sea, danced on the billows, and screamed as they flew. Then dragons with brown scales whizzed along with the howling winds. Frightful beings, playing instruments in horrid discordance; their eyes flaming fire, and their tails very transparent with liquid blood. From their mouths spirted fire and flame, and took the hue, according as the lightning flared and darted its varied colours; and as if to sport with our horror-stricken hero, the moon, fifty times larger than it appears to mortal man in general, burst forth, seated on the wave, from the dark clouds, which parted from about its shining bosom, meeting each other in horrible peals of thunder, and then he beheld the little wreck, with poor Hanson still lying over its side, gliding gently towards the moon; and to his utter astonishment, no sooner had the vessel reached that orb, than Hanson, as if nothing had happened to him, arose from his recumbent posture, let down the anchor, which descended with a terrible sound, plainly heard by our hero, amidst the din and confusion around him. And after Hanson had cast anchor, the same beautiful angel Charles had seen when he first beheld the moon, caught him in his arms, and with him flew to an interminable distance in the regions of the moon; for Thunderbolt saw them dissolve gradually, until from a mere speck they vanished in her queenly bosom. An instant after the clouds again darkened the face of the

moon. Exhausted and powerless our hero became, and he sank upon the deck, muttering to the last a prayer; and the concluding words, though almost inaudible, that escaped from his parched lips, were mother,—sister,—Eliza!

CHAPTER III.

When Thunderbolt awoke from the state of stupor and distraction caused by the late serious, though extraordinary events, he found himself still upon the wreck, and to his astonishment, felt vigorous and elated. He gazed, wondering around almost coming at the same time to a very natural conclusion, that he was in another world, though how his vessel obtained a place therein, he could not employ his busy brain even to form a conjecture. The sea, if it really were the same upon which the vessel rode the evening previous, had very materially changed its colour; for instead of the general hue of oceans and seas, it was dark crimson, and sent forth from its bowels a savoury smell, like unto fried fish, which regaled Thunderbolts nose exceedingly. Untying himself from the side of the vessel, he had lashed himself to during the storm—how long ago, it was impossible to form a conception—he looked over into the sea, and to

his surprise he could see many fathoms into the ocean's depth; and what transfixed his astonished gaze was a fact clearly perceptible, that this redness did not descend more than a foot from the surface of the wave, and that beneath it, the sea was of the original colour, dark green. He also saw millions of various kinds of fish and curious beings of all forms swimming about the green part, and what was most singular was, that they semed in continual tumult, waging incessant war with one another. Whenever a large fish, or sea-demon, (for their horrid figures fully justified that appellation) caught a smaller one, the victor would seize it by the tail, and hold it for an instant in the red part of the sea, when immediately it became as if fried, for the ocean boiled about it and sent forth the odoriferous smell above mentioned. After the fish had been done sufficiently to satisfy the cravings of the vanquisher, it was pulled out, and then torn to pieces, and eaten up by thousands of voracious monsters. This cooking was continually going on all around the vessel, and as far as the eye could stretch its gaze. Now and then, a huge bird flying over this strange cooking-place, smelling the savoury odour, as soaring along its depths, would dive down for the purpose of satisfying a dainty appetite upon some poor victim of a fish. Darting with great force, a large goose dived into this sea, and ere it had power to reach the surface, became roasted, and sent up to the air its thanks for its prema-

ture, cooking in the shape of a most grateful odour. At all events thought Charles, "If I am alone here, I shall not easily starve. I will try myself that old *boy;* it looks mightily like a goose." So he descended to the cabin, which to his astonishment was free from water. There he discovered a small boat hook; also to his great joy saw stowed away a little cask, which he found to contain brandy, and what was still more cheering, a cask of fresh water, some biscuits, knives, forks, and plates. Taking up the boat hook for the purpose of fishing up the roasted goose, and the wherewithal to eat it upon also, and the instruments for severing it piecemeal, he mounted up the little ladder, and reached the deck. Laying the things down ready in order to commence, he descended, and brought up a bottle of brandy, with some biscuits, and a jug of water. "Well, *this is jolly*," said our hero, which were the first words spoken by him since he untied himself. Hardly had the sound escaped his lips than the echo was repeated beneath him in one long dismal voice, to immense depths, and lost in the distance interminable.

Our hero stood with open mouth irresolute, and startled. "Oh!" said he, "I didn't expect this; but however, I mean to have Mrs. Goose."

"I mean to have Mrs. Goose," was repeated in the same dismal manner!

"Never mind" thought Charles to himself, I am not to be alarmed; so taking hold of the hook, he prepared to fish for his intended dinner. There

lay the bird roasting still, and becoming almost dry from being over done. He succeeded in hooking it up, and prepared to make a hearty meal. It may appear likely to the reader, that with such a hot liquid beneath and all around him, he would have been roasted himself, but strange to relate, the air was temperate above the surface of the ocean, and our hero felt no ill effects from it. He then seated himself upon the deck, placed the goose upon a plate, sharpened his knife with his fork with great glee, and sang out "she's all my fancy painted her," which instantly, like his other words uttered, were repeated by thousands of voices beneath and everywhere around, lost as usual in boundless echoes.

"This is funny," cried he, sticking his fork into the goose in a bit of a passion.

"This is funny," was loudly echoed; and at the same moment the fork entered far into the breast of the goose, a voice from the roasted bird groaned, as if pain was inflicted,—

"Oh! my ——"

Charles was now thunderstruck, and in his rage (I regret to say) he cried "d——n it!"

And the "Oh, my!" of the goose, and the exclamation of the poor astounded youth, were repeated with thundering echoes.

Charles now got in a passion, and he resolved to lay to at the goose, without saying another word, or attending to the groans of the bird itself. So seating himself again, he seized hold of the knife

and fork, with a full determination to make a meal in spite of everything that attempted opposition. "I wo'nt speak," thought he; "but I'll soon gobble you up Mrs. Goose, and that without more ado." Looking about the body of the goose to discover the best method of cutting her up, a voice from its interior whiningly said, "Had'nt you better begin with fried fish, now?"

"Had'nt you better begin with fried fish, now?" said the echoes.

"Rather droll," thought Charles; and for a moment sat irresolute. At last he bawled as loud as his lungs would permit, for the express purpose of causing the repeaters beneath to have the trouble of opening their mouths as wide as possible, fervently hoping that they might swallow enough to choke them, and thus stop their interruptions; and what he bawled were these words,—"A good idea?"

"A good idea," thundered in the deep, sometimes in squeaking echoes, proving that the wish of our hero had been to some extent gratified.

Without more ado he took the hook and fished up a fine fish or two. Putting them upon a plate, he devoured them hastily, without interruption, and after smacking his lips and eating some biscuit, he prepared again for the goose, and he hoped the said bird would allow him to devour a portion of her breast in peace. So wiping his fingers with a napkin he had by him, he retook in his hands the implements of cutting, and stuck the fork as hard

into the goose as the strength of his arm would permit; then with a flourish of defiance, he waved abroad the knife, intending to make it descend and cut a good gash in the roast one's breast; but just as the knife was descending, his arm was stopped, for in imploring tones, the voice, from the poor doomed bird cried,—

"What! you would'nt eat your Eliza?"

"What? you wonld'nt eat your Eliza?" was imploringly repeated by a million voices; and echo upon echo bore away to regions remote the startling sentences.

"Yes, I will;" thundered he, in a towering rage.

"No you sha'nt;" thundered the goose in return, as it turned green, and sent forth a most horrid stench, almost knocking our hero down with its odour.

"No you sha'nt," was borne away in echoes. Wild laughter then broke around; a noisome odour arose about; the sea turned pitchy, and broke in waves of enormous height. The poor goose was transformed by magic into a monstrous green dragon; and as the fearful winds growled, and the beating waves roared, the green dragon caught Charles in his claws, saying, with a wild laugh,—

"We must get out of this."

"We mnst get out of this," was shrieked by the echoes; and in another instant Thunderbolt was borne away into the air; all the fishes of the sea took wing, spouting out filth from their mouths, which sent forth a most offensive effluvia.

"Get on my back," said the dragon, "you'll find a seat on there." To these words no echo followed. Thunderbolt mounted, having recovered sufficient presence of mind. When firmly seated, the green dragon flew swiftly with a hissing sound, leaving the pursuers far behind in the trackless solitude of untenanted air.

CHAPTER IV.

The green dragon flew with wondrous speed, through solitary space: Its amazed passenger was firmly seated in a nice hollow in the dragon's back, and he only lamented his, as he imagined, sad misfortune, for about an hour after the commencement of the dragon's flight from the horrid ocean. However he was exceedingly comfortable; having discovered that within the demon's back there was a kind of closet, in which were neatly stowed away various delicious meat, potted and dried; also some bottles of a liquor resembling brandy, but of a much more delicious taste, and very stimulating. But what most added to the already lively astonishment and delight of our brave young blood, was the finding a bed of proper length, and with clothes, &c., beneath the closet, or to speak in seafaring terms, within the dragon's hold, meaning in his

interior; and to finish the arrangements of the accommodating dragon's inside, there was a nice apartment, several feet square, furnished exceedingly well. Seeing the preparations, so all accommodating and necessary, that the dragon had made, Charles naturally supposed that their *journey* was to be of some *length;* so he determined to compose himself and make himself happy and comfortable; for it had struck him that he was under the care of some great power; and having said many a prayer, he felt full of joy and hope. The novelty of the ride, and the gentle motion of the dragon, exhilarated him beyond measure. "I will just have a look about and make preparations for my dinner;" said he then. "By jingo! if there is not in this recess a box of cheroots; and they smell delicious too. I wonder how the dragon feeds himself; but however, I suppose he's old enough to take care of number one; so I'll do the same." Having said this he laid the cloth, and spread his fare, with the brandy, glasses, biscuits, &c.; then sat down and commenced his meal; not forgetting (as all good boys and girls should take notice) to say his grace before he began. He found the meal excellent, and finishing with a glass of brandy, felt quite refreshed. He then took a cigar from the box, remounted to his old seat on the dragon's back, who was still hissing on with the fearful rapidity; though the light of day was growing more obscure, nothing was to be seen around, above, beneath, before, or behind, but boundless

space. A soft wind blew on the healthful cheeks of Thunderbolt, and his beautiful locks waved with its motion.

"Good gracious!" said he, after having in vain peered through the dim regions of space, for some other object than the boundless nothing; "Good gracious! I quite forgot, so unused to cigars as I am, that they wo'nt smoke without lighting; how the dickens *am* I to get a light?"

"Very easily done!" said the dragon; "just give it me a moment; don't be alarmed; perhaps I'll join you myself when I have *had* my dinner."

So the monster put over one of his paws to his back, and took the cigar from Charles; then the dragon breathed upon it from the left side of his tongue, and returned it to him *burning*. "See how it draws, my boy!" said the dragon. Thunderbolt put it in his mouth, instantly, however, withdrawing it in disgust, and spitting out the taste.

"Why, dear me, I can't smoke sulphur!" roared he, as the tears fell down his cheeks from the disagreeable sensation which the sulphur smoke had caused.

"I beg your pardon;" in a voice of sorrow, said the flying monster. "I lit it on the wrong side of my tongue. Get another."

Charles descended, appeased by the apology; got another, and gave it into the dragon's paw. The dragon lit that one on the *right* side of his tongue; and no sooner did it commence to burn than it emitted a most delicious scent, like unto the

very best of the kind. Charles, taking it from the monster's paw and smoking, found it delicious.

"What do you think of that, my boy?" mildly asked the *Carriage.*

"This is truly beautiful, by all that's delicious. But," said Charles, "you want your dinner, don't you? So much exercise must have given you an appetite; especially with the keen air, which, pure and bracing as this is, generally makes one feel precious hungry?"

At that moment, to Thunderbolt's astonishment, the neck of the monster seemed to lengthen many feet, after which it arose straight above its back, twisted itself around, and this hideous wretch, (to appearance,) bowing low, quietly curved itself, and seated its head, neck, and front paws opposite our hero, who was fairly overcome with utter astonishment.

"I beseech you," said he, in a fine voice, quite melodious in its tones, not to be surprised at anything you may in future see. I suppose you have no objection to my taking a mouthful with you, and the monster gaped; his mouth, in that act, widening more than a foot, showing a double set of sharp teeth, dreadfully formidable to behold, and a fiery pronged tongue between them.

"Certainly not," said Charles. "I am too proud, to have the company of such an extraordinary individual. Will you permit me to place some dinner before you? I shall esteem it a favor to be allowed to enact the part of your domestic.

I can't imagine though how you should be my Eliza!"

"That was my fun, merely to prevent your eating me when in my transformed condition of a goose, that's all; but not being the first time gentlemen of your stamp and appearance have been proud to wait upon me, I accept your kindly proffered services, and after dinner we will smoke in concert; and I will, if you should particularly desire it, breathe a stave or two, composed in one of my love-fits."

With what kind of a being could such a frightful wretch have been in love! Yet his manners are exceedingly courteous, therefore, I will endeavour to banish the impression his awfully hideous visage makes upon my mind, in the recollections of his exceedingly gentlemanly behaviour, thought Charles inwardly at the same time, wondering how he had known anything about his beloved lady.

"What would you like for dinner?" asked Thunderbolt at the conclusion of the dragon's speech.

"You will find, my good fellow, beneath, a cold roast duck, together with a selection of other provisions, said the polite monster with an affable smile. "Be so kind as to bring up that, and a biscuit or two; then with a few good glasses of brandy, I shall feel myself considerably elated and cosy."

Thunderbolt descended, found the things desired, which, when got, he placed before the dragon, who, with a smile of thanks received them.

The demon, or dragon, as the reader pleases to imagine this curious being, was of a most extraordinary shape and size; *and all,*—the transformation of a roast goose. The length of this remarkable creature was, when stretched, as now, full forty feet; though he had the power of decreasing his size to thirty. He had many wings, of large size. His outward covering was transparent green, with gold tipped scales, under which might be seen the circulation of a fluid, which Charles supposed was the creature's blood; though it was of a beautiful amber colour, and possessed the power of changing its hue. The width of the human animal was about fifteen feet, with the proportionable circumference, being well made and round. The interior contained beds, closets, and all the furniture requisite for a traveller's apartment. Within was stowed no end of food, from dried venison to pork sausages; and also good wines, which Charless had not before discovered. The head and face of this being were of all the colours of the universe; about three feet in length, and the same in width. His hair was formed of enormous spikes, frightful to behold, which hair was all jointed, and at times flexible. His nose was exceedingly long, containg a large red bowl at the end, which contained an oil necessary to grease his works, when in flight, which the demon often made use of. The mouth belonging to this enormous being was contractible and expansive, and either large or not, as the owner desired. The

teeth were also contractible, and they sometimes wore the appearance of great tusks; at other times, they were like the teeth of a common dog; and at all times dazzlingly white. His countenance, though, whilst seated, as he then was, preparing for his meal, was, of a sober and grave cast, and the wrinkles on his blue forehead denoted a benevolent mind. One thing that astonished Charles, more than any other of his wondrous particulars, was a continual noise within his head, like to the roaring of engines, and the rushing of water over a water wheel; though of course not so deafening. The demon afterwards informed Charles that this phenomenon, or noise, was occasioned by the working of his brain. His imagination and ideas at times, being very powerful in their effects, and oftentimes combating with the other, more matter of fact contemplations, and thus their working sounded without, as related.

We will now revert to the commencement of our digression. The demon, after politely acknowledging the kind attentions of our hero, set to at his meal. He first ate the fowl whole, bones and all, without mastication; — then hastily swallowed a bag of biscuits, bag and all;—then a bottle of brandy corked down tight, and wiped his hand and mouth with a napkin. After which, he closed his eyes quickly, and seemed to go to sleep; whilst within him commenced a most curious sound of grinding, like broken glass rubbing against pieces of the same material; and which

noise he afterwards kindly informed our friend, was caused by the process of digestion going on within him. Thunderbolt was more and more struck with the countless peculiarities of this strange individual; and whilst the montrosity slept, felt a warm desire to open its mouth and peep down his throat; but not knowing exactly the temper of the gentleman and fearful of offending him, he desisted from the attempt, and seated himself down, wrapping a handkerchief over his head, as he had lost his cap in the great storm; for the chilly winds of night commenced to blow, and he, to feel their effects a little. Going down below he got a great coat, wrapped himself in it, and began to speculate upon the appearance the heavens would exhibit when night enabled him to see the stars.

The gorged dragon still slept, and snored unmercifully, as his body however pursued without abatement of speed its course through the endless regions of everlasting space.

"I will ask him to what place we are bound when he awakes," said Thunderbolt to himself. "How wonderful!" soliloquised he, "is my present adventures! Hurrying through boundless space, an insignificant boy, without any claim that I can myself perceive, for any especial care of providence, but that I *am destined* to carry out some great immortal undertaking, I am quite confident, and become more so, each moment that I reflect upon my present situation. Saved only in the great storm, permitted to revel in scenes, past the belief

of the beings of my own sphere, and without feeling any lack of moral or physical courage, and experiencing a sensation of joy until now a stranger to me. My poor old uncle! dear old man! Just as he declared he found something to love, he met a dreadful doom, and now lies neath the ocean. My confusion of ideas, has until now, almost rendered me forgetful of him. And my poor mother, what will she say? And sister too! when they miss my cheerful voice from our old fireside, nor see my expectant form, as usual, enter from a long diurnal ramble to embrace them. But heaven will keep them. Should I dare to doubt it? Never! Gracious! how this old nick-like looking being snores! and what on earth can that abominable noise in his head and capacious stomach be caused by? He *must* have a powerful digestion, and if that bottle does not gripe him a little, when undergoing the grinding process, my name is anything but Thunderbolt."

Whilst our daring hero was thus amusing himself with various soliloques, the realms of air darkened, and to his astonishment, he beheld that there were stars, not only above him, and of vast magnitude and number, but that there were numbers below him as well; and the glorious moon, in appearance, ten times its usual size, shining above; and beneath was another moon, which he supposed was his own hemisphere; its light however was green, whilst that of the moon was bright yellow. He could perceive dark

marks on both, which he inferred were caused by the mountains on their surfaces. There then he sat, enwrapt in astonishment, speechless with admiration, gazing at the glorious starry firmament, displaying to his sight wonders not within reach of any telescope yet manufactured by the greatest English astronomers. He was able to distinguish his familiar stars, though some were blue, green, pink, crimson, and all other colours, shining from out their bodies with wondrous brilliancy. The air was cold; but the amazed Thunderbolt felt it not; so entirely was he absorbed by the startling scene he beheld. He fell upon his knees, and offered up a heartfelt prayer to the Maker of all things.

About an hour or so further passed ere the dragon awoke; he rubbed his eyes, yawned,—looked about him,—seemed satisfied with their speed,—then said:—

"All right; now my boy for a smoke. Just you open my tail, and you will there find a few cigars which were made in Havannah purposely for me;" and he pointed to a joint in his tail, which Thunderbolt directly lifted, and beheld with amazement, six cigars, each more than three feet long. They were, however, very light, and he took one to him, which the dragon lit in his usual manner; and then, with a self-satisfied air began to puff out immense volumes of smoke.

"Now, my boy, light a cigar yourself," said he of the large cigar, "and we will have a chat; I

see," he remarked, as Charles arose for the purpose of fetching a cigar from the interior, "that you are somewhat struck with the scene around; it is of course a novelty to you; to me it is as old as creation; since I have travelled this same route the last several hundred years; although, for a time, I have at intervals sojourned amongst other kinds of beings as one of themselves."

"Indeed! you are very old, then?" exclaimed the youth, astounded.

"Old! not a bit of it; I'm but a youthful dragon; many of my species live many thousand years. *I'm* hardly out of my boyhood yet, and hope to enjoy my existence for centuries to come; but get your cigar, then make yourself happy in your seat, and I'll let you into a secret or two concerning our destination."

"Thank you!" gladly cried the boy, and he hastily fetched a cigar, and gave it to the good demon to light. "Mind which side of your mouth you light it with, if you please, sir."

"Oh, I'll take care; you are not used to sulphur, I see; but when you become inured to it, you won't mind it, like myself. I had an abhorrence to that stuff once, but habit *is* second nature, as your people, and mine, when I lived upon the earth, say."

Surprised at the words that issued from the mouth of the dragon, between his intervals of puffing, our hero sate himself down, only hoping that the gentleman was not Lucifer himself.

"Will you have the goodness to inform me to what place we are bound?"

"To the North Pole!" said the one addressed, in answer.

To the where?"

"To the North Pole, my friend."

"Do you mean to say that this is the direction a sensible dragon would pursue towards the North Pole? Why the North Pole you mean, of the earth, now exactly beneath us; and which at this present moment shines green below. What is the reason you have steered so high above the earth?"

The dragon laughed, and begged for the present that he would dismiss all thought or care from his mind, as he felt himself in a fit state for abandoned enjoyment; that if the hero were a good boy he would take care of him. "But however," he said, "I have the power of translation, to certain distances, when I'm too tired to fly; but having felt rather bilious lately, a good spell of exercise will wear it off; when I've had enough of it I shall translate myself there in a twinkling.'

"Oh, that's all right;" said Charles, relieved; but for what purpose am I to be taken to that cold uninhabited portion of the universe called the North Pole?"

"Oh, you will not stop there, but take another conveyance for the *moon*."

When Thuuderbolt, heard the word "moon," and that that orb was to be his destination, he almost swooned Old memories and associations

rushed to his brain; and he gazed at the dragon in speechless wonder.

"I thought so!" at length faltered he.

"Cheer up, my boy; do not give way to fear; thou art well protected; and until that protection is withdrawn, no power can harm thee; so smoke away; cheer up and be happy. Come, sing me a song."

Feeling reassured, he did cheer up, and sang an old song or two, which pleased the dragon mightily. He laughed till his face swelled twice its size, and he seemed to enjoy it vastly.

Through the boundless regions of space, still flew the monstrous living machine, its wings never appearing to tire. Riding, as if in the midst of spangles, ever and anon it would cross a comet's track; and at length was presented to the view a most magnificent sight, as it entered swiftly the milky way, going at a speed seeming to Thunderbolt above computation. The stars now were innumerable, so that the young Englishman's gaze was dazzled. All the fixed stars appeared of enormous magnitude. Comets without number increased upon their view every moment, and meteors glared brilliantly all around. Still not another animal form could be distinguished in the endless regions everywhere about them. The air was pure to breathe; though I take it from my own knowledge of the rarity of the air, a certain distance from the earth, that had not our hero been invisibly protected, he could not have existed for a single instant.

After Charles had concluded his second song, the dragon volunteered one; and in a voice that made the stars quake, and actually caused his own vast body to shake in a fearful manner, he commenced; but first prefaced it thus,—"I learned the song I shall sing you, in England, but I dare say you never heard it; it was not very popular when I heard it, I got it from old Admiral Nelson, just before he left England to fight the memorable battle of Trafalgar; that battle which made your nation sovereign of the seas, and gave the Mounseers the trouncing they deserved. I have a great respect for Englishmen, and I never eat them, but when I get hold of a Frenchman I gobble him up, as you saw me do my dinner; and I foresee another meal for myself and my friends soon, as they intend, I can well see, to send each other by thousands to untimely graves, and that very soon. Much food shall we have before another monarch ascends the throne, but anon. Now for the song;" and in tones as before described, discordantly he bellowed forth that good old English song,—"The Sea, the Sea, the open sea."

Badly as it was sung, it roused Charles to tears, for it reminded him of many a pleasant hour, brought back a thousand associations thrilling to his recollection, and above all, the natural pride he had always felt at being one of a nation so brave, so heroic, and who had by her own exertions, solidity of character, and generosity of disposition, rendered herself undisputed queen of the ocean, which

element, alas, had been so fatal to poor Thunderbolt; and ere the song ended, he joined in with vigour, and sang, till he sank down to sleep, which overcame him, "The Sea, the Sea, the open sea."

Sleep closed over the eyelids of the poor youth, and when he awoke to life, he found, to his utter astonishment, that he was seated npon the top of an iceberg. The dragon was no where to be seen, but there was he shivering in his great coat and red silk handkerchief tied over his head, right upon the pinnacle of an immense ice-mountain, which towered above all the others, as Mont Blanc does above the attendant mountains. His eyelids were frozen; his hands had no power in them, and in fact he was neither able to move hand or limb. He saw, too, thousands of white bears looking up to him, anxious to make him their prey; growling, as they were trying, by every possible manœuvre, to reach him, but, being too steep for them, they were fain to be content with growling and chasing each other around the base of the iceberg.

CHAPTER V.

Only think, readers, how cold it was! "Poor youth!" you will say; "And was he frozen to death, mamma?" will some sweet darling of a fond father ask, as her little form trembles with fear for

Charles's fate, and down her big black eye rolls a tear, as she clutches her mother's gown, eager for the next few words which she supposes must determine her favourite, poor Thunderbolt's fate.

I will suppose the grey-headed father, having listened as far as this to the adventures of poor Thunderbolt, will wipe away a tear or two, though perhaps not agreeable that they should be seen by his family. The mother, I am confident, is deeply interested, for long ago has her knitting fallen to the ground, and her eyes are gazing intently and eagerly upon an elder daughter, the reader of the adventures, who, herself has cast her eyes away from the precious book for a brief moment, so much does she feel for poor Thunderbolt's fearful situation,—perilous as it was to an extreme; half a dozen small fry, meaning children, are sitting upon stools around the fire, awaiting with anxious faces, and open mouths, the sister's renewal of the tale.

An old woman, laying claim to the title of grandmother, who being deaf, and remarking the different emotions which actuated the assembly either to laughter or tears, begs to know if Mary is reading Jack the Giant Killer?

There's a fine blazing fire in the room, and such a comfortable apartment, so complete with soft cushioned sofas, and comfortable easy chairs, nearly all filled by joyful eager christmas faces as they are.

"Oh mamma!" says a little blue-eyed girl, warming her hands by the fire, as if the icebergs

had affected her; "poor Mr. Duderdolt! wouldn't he like to be here, mamma, by dis nice fire? Wouldn't I help to warm him?"

"Be quiet, Judy, my dear, listen! Mary is about to proceed with the story,—quietly says the father, who himself wishes to hear how the poor fellow escapes from the awful predicament he is in, being convinced by the many more pages of matter yet to be perused, that he does so, and making his seat easy, prepares his brains to consume the further relation."

Fact Second.

"Confound it!" cries an old gentleman in a first class railway carriage, seated in a corner cosily, and wrapped up in a great coat or two, a large fur cap drawn over his head, and tied under his chin, merely his eyes peeping out, as it is awfully cold, and deeply intent upon perusing Thunderbolt's adventures to the moon, as he is interrupted by the opening of the door, and the entrance of three or four gentlemen into his carriage, as the guard bawls out, "Slough."

"Here, sir George, just hail that news-boy, will you? perhaps he's got 'Thunderbolt's Adventures to the Moon?'"

"I—I—boy!"

"Yes, sir, want the 'Times,' sir? 'Morning Chronicle?' 'Charmed Compass,' sir? new play by Delorme."

"No,—have you got 'Thunderbolt's Adventures to the Moon?"

"No, sir; only had a dozen this morning, sold all before seven o'clock;—you'll get it at Windsor, there was a cart-load sent there this morning."

"I'm sorry for that," exclaims sir George.

"We must wait until we get there then."

"Ah, Sir Peter Goosequill, how do?" cries Sir George, as he perceives in the old gentleman in the corner, a friend; "how are you?"

"Ah, Sir George Thunderbolt, my boy,—glad to see you."

"Why, have you forgotten my name?"

"Dear, dear me!—I call everyone Thunderbolt, that confounded name so runs in my head; I beg your pardon,—how did you leave Lady ———?"

Whistle—screetch—fire and smoke—and away rattles the train.

Fact Third.

Now, from the bustling railway scene, in which so much variety of character is displayed, we suppose another of quite a different character, though it, as well as the others, speaks favorably for the good, poor Thunderbolt's misfortunes and fortunes have done for human nature and society in general, from the prince on his silken couch, to the labourer under the hawthorn hedge, and the old grandam in her hut. Indeed, where tracts were sent by kind benevolent old souls, to brother and

sister souls in distress, to comfort their desponding and drooping spirits, Thunderbolt's adventures are forwarded instead, with a loaf and a shilling in addition, and rarely doth the little volume fail in effect; for where tracts made faces long, sallow, and hungry-looking, Thunderbolt's adventures makes faces round, fills up the hateful spaces called wrinkles, and renders the countenance, after a few doses, healthful in appearance, and thankful and winning in expression.

But to the third supposition, thus my readers have it.

Cavendish-square is filled with straw. Carriages roll noiselessly over the way, and the blinds of No. —— are all down, betokening illness within. This residence holds its master, Lawyer Splitpea, who bids fair to hold the mansion very little longer.

Alas, the bed-chamber of Lawyer Grabcash Splitpea is darkened; and there lies in a most magnificently furnished bedstead, the rich attorney. But little do his riches avail him at this moment, for he feels what with pain and mental workings, the most miserable gentleman in existence.

He groans,—he groans,—and anxiously expects the doctor, who has not been since twelve o'clock, 'Tis now two.

Lawyer Grabcash Splitpea is labouring under a severe fit of jaundice. Everything has been tried to disperse the bile, but no medicine is of much service. He continues as yellow as his own gold,

and all the time in a most horrid temper, fearing every instant the yellow will assume a darker hue, and render his house, lands, and offices, the property of his expectant grandson, Grinder Split-pea, esquire.

In comes his eldest daughter.

"How are you now, father?"

"Dreadful, dreadful! — oh, dreadful! child. Fetch me the looking glass, that I may see if I'm less yellow than I was at twelve o'clock. Open the blind for an instant; let in the light of the blessed sun, which I shall never see more arise. Oh dear! how sick I feel!"

The glass is fetched. The sallow gentleman surveys himelf, and discovering that he is more yellow than before, sinks down in despair; saying, "Is Doctor Cracksides come?"

"He is now coming up the stairs, father," his daughter answers, and a moment after, the aforesaid doctor arrives;—such a jolly looking fellow! with a face enough to make a deal board smile. In his hand he carries a book. Softly he approaches the bed. The lawyer puts on a longer face for the occasion.

"How are you, now, my boy? How are you?" tenderly inquires the doctor.

"Oh! very bad—bad—bad as can be. I think I'm yellower than I was at twelve o'clock."

"Oh! you'll soon get better, my boy; cheer up. I've brought something that will soon make a new man of you."

"A h doctor, I'm a lost man. I'm nearly extinct. Don't give me any more mercury."

"No, no," calmly said the doctor; "I've brought you something that will disperse the bile quite as effectually."

"Take a dose of this book, every two hours, for ten minutes each time, and if you are not better by the morning, my name is not what it is. Good bye, now, I'm hurried. Good bye."

Out the doctor went, laying the book down, notwithstanding the sick man's expressed desire to detain him.

Three days after, there was no more straw in Cavendish-square; and his grandson who called, went away with a gloomy countenance to the servants' answer to his question of "How is grandfather?"

When Doctor Cracksides called, he found Lawyear Splitpea sitting by a blazing fire, taking tea, and laughing immoderately whilst his only daughter was reading to him, "THUNDERBOLT'S ADVENTURES IN THE MOON!"

CHAPTER VI.

Again excuse my digression; for all this time poor Thunderbolt has been left unnoticed in the

perilous situation upon the iceberg. Still growl the white bears beneath him. The poor youth who now seemed as near inevitable destruction as ever youth did, was partly frozen, and quite blinded by the long icicles that attached themselves to his eye-lids. He commended himself as well as he was able to do, to the care of Providence, and soon consciousness began to leave him. The cold sensation he had experienced had given way insensibly to one of numbness, and he was well aware that when he slept, he should awake no more. A perfect feeling of repose afterwards took possession of his body and mind; all fear left him; and he was just dying comfortably, when about that time a small speck appèared in the air to the East, which almost as quick as human thought enlarged, and ere another two minutes had passed from the first appearance of the speck, it assumed the form of the green dragon, its wings making a hissing noise, its red eyes staring, the steam up to an awful pitch, and its neck stretched right in the direction of the iceberg.

On his back were immense faggots, and bundles of sticks; also, some patent fire wood, and other combustible materials. When it neared the pinnacle of the iceberg, the bears beneath observed the approach of the monster, and setting up a fearful howl, whole herds of them scampered off as fast as legs would carry them, falling over precipices of ice, and many of them were smashed to the consistence of a jelly; those that escaped, hiding

themselves where they could, alarmed and trembling.

The dragon laughed, which horrid peal of risibility echoed over the white icecape, for miles and miles reverberating in the still air, and losing itself in regions far distant beyond the horizon.

The dragon buzzed around and around the mountain of ice; then ascended; and observing poor Thunderbolt to be just dozing, and well knowing a sound sleep might be fatal, he breathed fire around the pinnacle, which melting the ice, caused a great hole in it. Having done this, the dragon pulled from his inside some blankets,—hastily wrapped our hero in them,—laid him down,—uncorked a bottle of brandy,—poured some down his throat,—rubbed him,—shook him,—rubbed his head and face with brandy,—poured more down his throat, and satisfied upon seeing returning signs of animation, laid him upon the ice, wrapped entirely in warm clothing. Then the careful monster breathed fire again upon the iceberg, which gradually melted the inner surface, and formed a kind of gutter, out of which the melted ice made its way, leaving an immense hole some ten feet in depth. Having done that, the demon unloaded himself of a vast quantity of stone flags, which he, with marvellous rapidity, placed in the centre of the hole in the ice; upon which he set some faggots, having first put there some patent firewood, to ensure its kindling quickly. Then laying the poor boy near, he breathed upon the pile, and it

commenced blazing; and ere five minutes had passed, the air around was warmed. The dragon now leisurely turned himself over, (having first locked up the provision store within him), and upset in a corner, nearly half a ton of coals. Placing some upon the fire, it soon sent forth a most welcome heat. Then the old fellow sat himself down opposite, took Thunderbolt in his arms, and sang to him a lullaby.

Not many minutes ensued ere Thunderbolt felt that he was alive, and looking around with some surprise, he found his old friend, the dragon, with himself in his great paws, and he was going through, for the second time in his life, the process of rocking. The demon was gazing with tenderness upon him, now and then holding up the finger of one paw, and crying softly, "Hush!"

"Where am I?" said Charles.

"Safe and sound, my poor boy; be quiet a little time until you are quite recovered, and then, as we have a day or two to spare, I will show you some rare sport. Do not be at all alarmed. You are the especial care of greater powers than the elements. Neither cold, fire, nor water, can kill, though they may affect you for a little time. Come, hush a bye baby! That is what mothers and fathers say to their babies in your country; and as it is language familiar to you, excuse me using such babyish phrases."

"Do as you like;" said Charles; "and if you care to know it, I seem to feel a great affection for

you kindling in my breast. But how long are we to remain in these cold regions?"

"You will know that shortly; but in the meantime do not trouble yourself. But are you not warm now?" replied the dragon, as he pressed, carefully, the boy to his breast,—and very tenderly too.

"Yes, I feel very comfortable."

"That's right; you shall have a drop more brandy presently; then with a good dinner, which I will prepare, you will be fit for any fun I may have in store for you."

"How clearly the fire burns,' said the demon.

"Quite reminds one of Christmas time," said Charles, feeling the fire warming him without, and the brandy glowing within.

"Exactly;" said the dragon, "especially as to morrow is Christmas day."

"You don't say so!" said our hero, astonished to a degree. "Why, three days ago, it was July, when I first became acquainted with you!"

The dragon laughed. The air seemed to laugh with him; certainly the fire did, for Charles could see faces in the red coals, grinning most immoderately, and the wood cracked exactly like the laughter of human beings.

"You have been four months in a state of insensibility, caused by a fever you took that very night that I sang to you the 'Song of the Sea.' I cannot tell the cause, but I was necessitated to bear you to an island in the Pacific Ocean, that you might be

benefitted by the genial clime. You grew worse and worse, and for a long time I despaired of your recovery. The fever, however, had abated about three weeks after you were first seized, but it had entirely taken away your senses, and I could seldom (notwithstanding I repeated, in my best voice, the 'Song of the Sea), cheer you up, or make you utter a word; but there you used to sit amongst the wild flowered creepers, and gaze stedfastly over the calm Pacific. I left you one day; and I took an excursion to an inhabited island, and there, from the wreck of a large vessel, I loaded myself from her cargo with a quantity of coals, and a variety of good eatables, for I had become determined to pursue our ordered route; and thinking, perhaps, change of air might yet restore you, I made way with you to these regions, wrapped you up warmly, laid you upon the iceberg, whilst I just returned a little distance to examine another wreck, that I had observed in our route, lying embedded in ice. There I luckily discovered the very thing, my boy, you wanted, some good French brandy, and a quantity of firewood. I hastened back to you quickly,—found you about dozing comfortably,—made a jolly good fire,—saw it blaze merrily,—took a bottle of brandy myself to rouse the fire within me,—began to feel glorious,—laughed at the hungry bears,—who vainly tried to get at us,—took you in my arms,—nursed you like fun,—and to my joy and surprise you came round, and

seemed quite restored; and well was I assured of that, when you asked for something solid; that *did* make me laugh! that *did* make me laugh! ah! ah! ah! And when you have quite got your health, then we shall pursue our jouruey, which will be rather a cold one. Make yourself happy now; I hav'nt forgot what to-morrow will be,—no, no. I made some little havoc in a grocery store in the West Indies, as I went along, they took me for the Sea Serpent; ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! he! he! he! ha! ha! ha!

So my boy to-morrow will be your festive day—Christmas-day. And to render ourselves, you especially, quite at home, I have brought seven pounds of raisins, seven pounds of plums, almonds, &c., &c. sufficient to make the most glorious plum-pudding ever eaten. I have also got the finest sirloin of beef, you ever set eyes upon. "How do you feel now?"

"Very well in body; but I cannot conceive that I have undergone such strange vicissitudes, or lost so much valuable time."

"I will prove it to you by a very simple method. When you left London in July, had you any sign of a beard?"

"No," cried Charles, "none, nor have I now;' but putting his hand up to his face, he really discovered to his amazement, that he had a beard actually long and rough.

"Good heavens!' he exclaimed, as the demon got a looking glass from out his hold, and setting

Charles up, held it before his face. And there he saw, what he felt.

"What a fright I am!—why I've a beard like a man of thirty—why I'm not fit to be seen!'

The dragon was much amused at our hero's surprise and laughed immoderately. After you have had a little gruel, which I will make you,—I will shave you. So the dragon got some oatmeal, and a small pot from his interior, mixed up some, then boiled it, and made Charles a basin of the best gruel he had ever tasted.

"How do you like this?" with a gratified air, said the gruel maker and chief cook.

"Excellent! prime!" pleasingly exclaimed Charles as he devoured it eagerly. "By jingo, Mr. Green Dragon, you are a most splendid cook, and a most excellent provider;—suppose you let me have something more solid, for now I really begin to feel hungry. "Oh! is not this scene glorious?"

Boundless fields of ice, reflecting the rays of the sun — though the sun never rose much above the horizon—appeared of the most brilliant varieties of color; and were seen on every side, of the shapes of domed cathedrals, and turretted palaces which stretched to an immense distance, and noug of life upon them but herds of grisly bears, rush about from iceberg to iceberg for prey,— famishing, ever growling.

The dragon now prepared for a more sub feast, and cut off a fine steak or two from

mense quarter of beef, containing the sirloin, which he had brought with him, and actually to make Christmas the more complete, a bunch of holly full of red berries, he displayed, to the joyous gaze of Thunderbolt, who, upon seeing such a type of his own favoured land, took it, laughed, sang, and danced; and so great was his inward joy, that he burst out into a flood of tears;—waving the holly above his head, frantically crying—my dear country!—my dear country!

"That's right, my boy," said the dragon, with a benevolent air. "That's right my boy, be jolly, for the sake of old England; and to-morrow we'll have such a day of rejoicing as the sun never saw the like. In an instant after, the frying-pan, which was one of quite a new invention, coated with glass, was upon the coals;—friz, friz, went the beef.

"Now, boy, just peel a few onions, will you? they are in my third closet."

Thunderbolt did as desired, though this,—I suppose, for the honour of old England,—brought into his mind fond recollections, as he dissolved again into tears. The onions were peeled, cut up, and put into the pan, and soon after the noses of the hungry individuals were regaled with the scent of the odoriferous viands, which scented the cold air in a most extraordinary manner, causing to rush to the base of the iceberg, myriads of hungry bears, who marched around, growling and roaring their disappointment all in vain, though greatly to

the amusement of Charles, who now and then took a peep over.

More coals were heaped upon the fire; it blazed merrily to the sky, throwing its lurid flame upon the visages of the two beings there seated, discussing with tremendous appetite their meal. Charles ate his with a knife and fork, as all polite eaters should, but the dragon, as usual, swallowed all his food at one gulp, and then his bottle full of brandy afterwards; and no sooner was this done, than the process of digestion began, as the same noise went on within the demon's inside, as had so astonished Thunderbolt, the first time he had dined with his green highness. As usual, the dragon fell off into a deep sleep, and soon proved that he was enjoying himself by dreaming; for his brain began to work, sending forth a most deafening sound, as recorded before, like unto the roar of mighty engines in full work.

Charles seeing a kettle near, put some pieces of ice into it, and made some hot water. It brought back such a host of fond tea-table recollections to his heart, when he saw the kettle steam out of its mouth, and heard it sing. He sat wrapped in his blankets, listening to its welcome sound. Ah! where is my poor mother now, and my lovely sister too? Weeping no doubt for the lost one;—but away with grief;—the power that has so miraculously preserved me, will preserve them, so I need not fear. I'll make myself a glass of hot brandy and water, and then with a cigar in my

mouth, enjoying its luxurious fumes, gaze upon the new and novel scene that stretches so sublimely around.

Thunderbolt climbed up the dragon, without disturbing him, and entered the hold to get some brandy. Judge how great was his joy and gratification when he found a parcel, the paper of which, was marked in Chinese characters!

"This is *tea!*" exclaimed he, delighted:—"glorious! glorious!"—and he fairly jumped with glee. He also found a bright silver tea-pot, in shape, like the green dragon itself, a box of loaf sugar, and in fact, everything requisite for tea, including even some solidified milk. Delighted beyond measure, and feeling now perfectly at home, he repaired to the fire, and made some tea. If the singing of the kettle had affected him, it was nothing to the sensations produced in his brain by the perfume of the tea.

He fancied himself again at his mother's tea-table, she herself looking proudly upon her only son, and his little black owl-eyed, gipsey-looking sister, with a whole soul full of love for her brother, listening with wonder to some marvellous tale which he was relating, of his own composition; and near him, with her winning blue eye, fixed in admiration upon him, his soul's idol, Eliza. Then the old privileged butler enters with some more bread and butter. Then there is the jingle of the cups and saucers; the interchange of varied sentiment, and the favorite song of them all, sang by

his sister, in a sweet clear ringing voice, accompanying herself skilfully upon her guitar. The words of the song were the following, and so deeply did the recollection of them enter then into Thunderbolt's soul, that he has inserted them in this M.S. to prove how all-absorbed his feelings were with the fond recollections of Christmas-eve at home.

So he fancied she then was singing this, and imagined he heard her silvery voice ringing to her guitar, the following little Christmas piece, which was so great a favorite of his dear mother's, and which was called

CHRISTMAS-EVE.

I.

An old man sat in his easy chair
In a garret very high;
An ancient faithful servant there,
Was snoring merrily by:
Voices loud of revelry
Arose from rooms below;
The old man heaved a deep drawn sigh,
For they filled his mind with woe.

II.

Oh! why does the woman sleep, oh! why?
Said the old man peevishly;
Whilst I can only mourn, and cry,
How can she rest happily!

Rouse thee, woman!—awake and hark
To the merriment below,
In their wild voices,—there is not!—mark—
The slightest sound of woe?

III.

The woman awoke, and o'er her face
Quick rapturous pleasure spread;
For those joyous children shook the place,
With their noisy dancing tread!
Oh! master, hear, the children dear,
I verily, sir, believe,
In their gladsome glee are assembled here,
To keep old Christmas-Eve!

IV.

Bid them go pray!—go pray! said he,
On their knees, straight bid them fall;
I hate such sounds of mirthful glee,
For to me—'tis only gall:
Bid them prepare—prepare to see,
Sad years of toil and care;
Long days of mournful misery,
And nights of black despair!

V.

Children are not as they used to be,
In times when I was young,
There's nought but festivity and glee,
The youthful race among:
Ah! sure—the curse of heaven has come,
Now times are altered so;—
Why dost thou smile, ungodly one?
Dar'st contradict me so?

VI.

Merry voices, rang without
The old worn attic door;
Then entered with a gleesome shout,
Children;—a dozen or more:—
The old man hid his mournful face,
With the palm of either hand,
As the ancient servant in her place,
In astonishment did stand.

VII.

Will the good old gentleman said one,
Join with us in our mirth;
A golden-haired and blue-eyed son—
Too beautiful for earth.
We've brought him cake and holly too!
See sir! bright berries red;
And little sisters—Min and Sue,
Would come to you they said.

VIII.

The old man for a moment only,
Beheld them with eyes of scorn;
He was rack'd with grief and lonely,
And by fears of his death was torn.
At length his brow relaxed its frown,
To his breast he snatched the child;
And ere he placed the beauty down,
He seized the holly and smiled!

IX.

Then the children all, with faces bright
Around the old man clung,
And shouts of glee, and wild delight,
Through the lofty attic rung:

The old man wept glad tears of joy,—
Past mem'ries on him press;—
He blessed each darling girl and boy,
And said 'twas happiness!

The green dragon's snores broke the charming abstraction so pleasurable to our hero's imagination.

Sitting down now cosily by the fire, with a fur cap upon his head, which article the dragon had bought him, wrapped in several huge blankets, with a cigar in his mouth, and a cup of tea before him, our hero presented an appearance of comfort and self-satisfaction, that might be the envy of any old bachelor, who, like most of that fraternity, loves his tea, as he does his nightly game of whist.

No cup of Howca, however good, as regarded its quality, ever tasted to mortal mouth so delicious as the tea our hero drank, seated upon the summit of the tallest iceberg in the world, commanding such a vast extent of scene, and so capable as he was, too, of appreciating the singular beauties presented to his wondering gaze. The reader, of whatever station he may be, fully to realize the unparallelled magnificence of our hero's situation, must close his eyes, and picture to his imagination the boundless realms of ice I have described. The view, when the sun totally disappeared, was rendered inconceivably gorgeous by quite a new

feature. The sky above seemed besprinkled with with millions of glittering stars, of such dazzling brilliancy as is never seen in less northern regions. All around the vast firmament, too, was one continued blaze of lights of varied hues, called the Aurora Borealis, starting up like lightning in all directions, and reflected most extraordinarily in the partially opaque ice beneath; and there in the vast fields, which lay around in every conceivable shape, were the stars redoubled to the vision. Now and then, in the awful stillness of the scene, the cracking of some immense iceberg bursts upon the ear, and falls to the level field with a thundering crash, reverberating in endless echoes; then a howl from some solitary bear, still seeking to appease its hunger, and growls of rage at continued disappointment. Innumerable meteors seemed to rain from out the heavens, and lose themselves in endless space. Then again the wondrous colours of the Northern Lights burst on high, like a continual blaze of fireworks; the ice, far and near, being coloured and shaded, as the Borealis remounts the sky, and plays around the horizon; sometimes making some castle-looking iceberg, many miles in extent, of a purple tinge, whilst the neighbouring fantastic shapes, are green or blue, as the case may be; and all seem endowed with animated reflection, as the continued changes they assume, show to the eye such a varied succession of beauties as no other phenomena of nature can present.

Bewildered with this extraordinary scene, our hero sat, sipping his tea, aud puffing out the fragrant smoke from his rich cigar, now and then exclaiming, with wonder, as the endless changes met his delighted view.

The demon awoke after a nap of about two hours duration, lit a cigar, and then said, as he was rather tired, he intended to go to sleep early. He recommended Charles to retire to his room in his inside, and get up betimes in the morning, as he intended to amuse him with some rare sport; so Charles, having bid the demon good night, and shaken paws with him, retired to his old quarters, —knelt down and said his prayers,—jumped into bed,—drew the clothes over his head, and was soon in the arms of Morpheus.

The dragon, full of thought, sat smoking his cigar for an hour after; then feeling fatigued, put on his nightcap,—tied it carefully under his chin, —gave a look round on the starlit expanse,—drew in his neck,—yawned lazily,—and soon fell into a deep sleep.

CHAPTER VII.

The sleep of our hero was sweet and undisturbed, and he was awakened in the morning by the movements of his house, and also by the summons of the

gigantic dragon himself, who, before the morning had advanced much, was preparing breakfast. Thunderbolt was not inclined to rouse himself, but pulled the clothes again over his head, doubled his knees up to his chin, and would have surrendered himself a very willing disciple to refreshing somnus, had it not been for the dragon's determination to have him up.

"Come, my boy, arouse thee!" thundered the monster's bass voice. "The morning has broke,—or rather it is time that the morning should break,—but in these regions we seldom know it, though for the last two hours I have seen old Sol peeping above the horizon, and he plainly says that it is time for all good boys and girls to be stirring. Thunderbolt, do you hear me?" louder screamed the monster.

"Aye, aye! What is it? Oh, yes! go on!" half awake, muttered the comfortably lodged boy.

"Come, come, arouse thee! do you not hear me, say? The bear seeks his morning repast, and the icebergs again rejoice in the light of day; besides, my child, this is Christmas day."

The last announcement fairly infused spirit into his lazy form; up he jumped, merrily; no sooner out of bed than he began to feel the difference of temperature. He donned his clothes, however; sang "Fal, lal, lal, lal, la;" put his uncombed head out of his house, and breathed the crisp freezing air; though the reflection of an enormous fire fell upon the icebergs around; and casting his

eyes in one direction, he saw the dragon busily engaged cooking before a fire that cracked and roared, and sent up its merry fierce flames far into the clear bright air. The dragon's face had a very happy expression marked upon it, and he seemed to enjoy his occupation vastly; and as he informed Charles he never had felt so happy in all his days as he had done since he had had the care of his passenger Thunderbolt, whom he loved as if he was his own offspring.

"Good morning!" said Charles, and upon opening his mouth, the cold air whistled down his throat.

"Ah! my boy; there you are; don't come up yet; I'll bring you a cup of tea, then you will be able to stand the frost. How do you feel? Have you passed a comfortable night?" kindly asked the cook in continuation.

"Very! but I can't say any more till the tea comes down; put plenty of sugar in it, there's a good fellow; make haste, for it's terribly cold, and the frosty air is rushing in here fast."

"A merry christmas to ye!" said the dragon, as he handed Charles a large breakfast cup of hot tea, which he had concocted quickly.

"The same to you, my kind friend, and many millions of them. This tea *is* good, by Jove! it warms me through and through. Now, my boy, cut me some bread and butter, or rather give me a biscuit or two, for I don't suppose you furnish bread to your lodgers."

"You are mistaken, my fine fellow!" laughingly returned the jolly dragon; "here is a hot roll and butter, and a toasted herring."

Thunderbolt, never intending to be astonished, commenced his breakfast, and soon devoured what was placed before him; then said,—

"Haven't you got something more substantial?"

"Bless me; what an appetite the boy has! Here, eat this!" and the cook presented him with a savoury steak, and some more bread and butter.

Whilst our hero was finishing his meal, the demon took from his inside a large cauldron, placed it upon the fire full of ice, and had it soon filled with boiling water, which bubbled and steamed gloriously. Then taking also from his interior a large pan with plums, currants, sugar, almonds and other requisites, to compose a fine plum-pudding. He set to work and stirred one up, having first, though, for cleanliness sake, affixed before himself a large white apron, and placed upon his head a white cotton cap, having a tassel hanging on one side.

He soon had the pudding placed in a cloth, put it in the boiling water, and covered over the cauldron with a large lid, pleased with what he had done. He afterwards put a smaller pot on the fire drew out from a case an immense razor, and a shaving-pot, with a frightfully bristly brush; then before a looking glass, he underwent the process of shaving himself. Having by accident, cut his enormous chin, it bled so much that he was con-

strained to open his medicine chest, and take therefrom a large piece of plaister, and place it over the wound, which had the effect of stopping the bleeding.

Charles after this, emerged from his apartment dressed in a suit of skins, with the hairy part next his body, which suit, he had discovered placed for him in a chair by his bed-side.

"I've cut my chin," said the demon, after he had shaken hands with Charles.

"I'm sorry for that, how did it happen?"

"Shaving," answered the demon, wincing with pain, and Thunderbolt could not help laughing, when he observed a heap of bristles more than two feet high,—the whisker harvest that had been reaped from the chin of his curious companion, lying by his side. But what astounded him, the more was, to observe this whole heap of hair get in motion; and after the lapse of a few minutes, each particular hair to assume the form of a porcupine's quill of about six inches in length; and the blood which had fallen from his chin, to congeal, and then become an animated mass, and move towards the quills, the whole of which fastened themselves to the horrible thing, and formed altogether as perfect a porcupine as ever was beheld. The huge porcupine, without stopping to reflect upon how he became a breathing animal, from recently a dead substance, walked off and rolled down the precipice. Thunderbolt, struck with speechless amazement, watched its fall to see

where it would go to, and and observed it to tumble upon an immense white bear's back, sticking its points with irresistible force into it, and causing the poor brute to rush in its agony, might and main over the fields of ice, howling and growling furiously in its fearful pain, followed too, at a furious pace by whole hosts of hungry animals of its own species, eager to share in the destruction of their brother bruin, and make a good meal upon his helpless carcase.

The gigantic dragon laughed fit to crack his sides, when he beheld the wonder-stricken looks of his companion, and such effect did the civilized and polite brute's laughter have around, that at every fresh peal, hundreds of icebergs would crack and smash to pieces, so unused were they to such strange noises; and the sound of the smashing would resound instanteously to interminable distances, causing them also alternately to assume different forms, so convulsing in its effects was the laughter of the demon.

"Come here, my boy!" said the dragon patronizingly; "don't look scared;—this is nothing."

"Pray don't laugh again, or we shall have our house go to pieces like the rest of the icebergs."

"Oh! no,—we are safe enough. Now help me to lay eight plates and dishes, with knives and forks here. Hang the sirloin before the fire to roast first though.

"Eight plates?"—said Charles,—"for two people?"

"No! no! my innocent,—for us two, and six more, who, being Christmas-day, I intend shall join our party. You need not fear them, they are quite harmless."

"Oh! I shall be glad of company, if they are as civil as yourself."

"They are civilized beings, and have been used in their life time to the best society in Europe, and are merely transformed Europeans."

"Indeed! Do you mean that their souls have been transformed?"

"Certainly I do!"

"Wonders will never cease! How will you let them know you are lodging in their vicinity?"

"I am always here at Christmas-day, upon the same errand as I am now, with a passenger similar to yourself; besides they have long ere this observed the fire. They always celebrate Christmas-day with me; and I feel proud to be in company with men who were so distinguised whilst living:—and no doubt, when they arrive, you will be familiar with their characters, for their names are in every one of your countrymen's mouths, live they ever so short or long. That is right; the plates are correctly laid. Now fetch up eight arm chairs, that you will find stowed away in my hold; set them, there;—that will do. The meat is doing well; getting nice and brown. Put the bottles of champagne there;—good! well arranged! The pudding boils famously—all right. Now we will leave this as it is, and seek a little exercise,

then we shall get an appetite for dinner. Take a drop of brandy. Ah! you smack your lips, I find;—good, isn't it? I will take the rest,—bottle and all! The bottle is the best part of the draught to me. Now then, my boy, get inside me! and you shall see a rare bit of fun before dinner. . . . I'll let you into a secret. You saw that bear,—the one that the porcupine fixed upon? That gentleman is a certain despot who was in life, the terror of your country, and master nearly of all Europe. His name was Napoleon Bonaparte, and most of those bears you observed pursuing him for the purpose of tearing him to pieces, though they feared and obeyed him so long as he was strong enough to command them, are those beings who were his generals and other officers. Every year I hunt him, but to enable myself to have a good chase, I goad him by means of that porcupine, and he is by this time many miles away, still pursued by whole herds of bears; all of which recognize him to be the ingenious tyrant who kept them in subjection whilst living as mortals, and therefore, are eager to destroy him; though as you are well aware no sooner is he, to all appearance, destroyed, than he becomes whole again, the same old grisly white grumbling bear as before; and what keeps him in a continual state of misery, is a perpetual soreness of the head, which he in vain tries to cure. This circumstance gives rise to your old proverb, which likens a growling grumbling man to a bear with a sore head."

After this long story, during which, Thunderbolt could not control his astonishment, the dragon raised himself up upon his paws—stretched himself—gaped—made Charles hastily take his seat—flapped his wings—snorted out a little fire—looked carefully around—asked Charles if he was all right—then, with a deliberate move, mounted above the iceberg, and gently glided forward in the direction that the pursued and goaded bear had taken in his wild agony.

As the dragon glided gently along, Thunderbolt had many opportunities of observing the varied appearances of nature's wildest freaks. Below him, the vast fields of ice, wore all the appearance of cities of many miles in extent, though of course all were white, save where they lay in the shady distance.

At times too, there was a din, which sounded like unto the busy stir of men in crowded cities; the roar of cataracts, and the dashing of rocks against each other. The atmostphere was unclouded, and the streaks of the Aurora Borealis were frequent around, but dimmed by the slight light of the sun which never mounted wholly above the horizon. There was a slight breeze blowing too, which was not uncomfortably cold. Indeed our hero's blood was warmed by the excitement of the motion and the excessive novelty of his situation, rendered doubly so to him, by a fact that the existence of beings of the sort like the one he rode upon, he had always been taught to believe were a mere fable. He had never been superstitious, but

had always treated the idea of ghosts and phantoms as falsehoods invented to alarm children, but really now upon a sudden, being by fate, ordained to see, and exist with those very beings he had treated until now as fabulous, his situation, as I have said, was of course the more novel and romantic.

Had our hero, whilst walking in his own garden met with such a monster as his companion was, there walking, and perhaps upon his hind legs, no doubt he would have been killed with fright; but the gradual manner with which he had gained a real knowledge of such a hideous being, had banished fear or alarm from his mind, and he felt prepared to take everything as a matter of course that succeeded; for he felt sure that he was well guarded by the power he had been taught to look up to for succour.

Therefore, with the freshness of early youth, nerves of iron, a sound judgment, and reflective mind, he felt almost equal to anything however hazardous, and was upon the whole delighted with the aspect of affairs, and only a little wondering that there was room for anything more extraordinary in nature; always too, with an idea that he was bound to reach the moon, though he knew well it was rather a long journey, yet not a more unattainable one than the lengthy and remarkable voyage he had already made, and as the demon had told him, the moon was his destination, he sometimes felt impatient to reach that orb; and proud, should he feel thought he, when he returned to England, to upset

the theories of science by a relation of the facts he had seen, and the superior knowledge he should have gained in his transmundane travels.

The dragon, from flying gently, now increased his speed considerably using only one pair of wings, of which articles, he boasted of ten pairs, but the whole were only brought into play when his flight was half as swift as the electric fluid. Suddenly the dragon towered above the bear and his pursuers. The poor gored animal, with the porcupine still sticking upon his back, was bounding in agony and affright with the speed of the wind, over the unbroken fields of ice; and when he observed he was also pursued by the dragon, he screeched fearfully, and redoubled his breathless flight, with bleeding limbs, torn by the pointed icebergs. He would mount immense heights, then precipitate himself in despair down terrible chasms, but still howling and screeching. madly, and with despairing swiftness dashing on, unable to rid himself of his horrid tormentor, or to escape the fiery dragon. The dragon, to enjoy the chase, allowed the bear to fancy he had escaped by hiding for an instant benind an iceberg, but immediately after, ere the bear had rested in a hole, was at him again. At length the bear rolled over, to endeavour to displace his tormentor, but in vain. The dragon now made a fierce dart and seized the animal by one of his hind legs, just as the other enraged bears, breathless, and growling with expectation, had thought to make a meal of him, and

amidst the yells of the disappointed bruins, the dragon mounted in the air, laughing immoderately, and bearing with him the wretched ill-fated bear, Napoleon Bonaparte, who, with the porcupine still darting his spikes into his back, struggled in vain, with fearful howlings, to disengage himself from the grasping, vice-like paw of his old enemy the dragon, who rushed through the cold air with the same swiftness as ever, towards the iceberg, which Charles could perceive several miles off, at least a thousand feet above the summit of all others around afar or near; and upon its summit might be seen the roaring fire, blazing away gloriously. There was the pudding-pot boiling,—the steam coming from under the lid in volumes,—and the sirloin of beef roasting bravely. The fire from the mountain of ice was reflected to an immense distance, upon the surrounding icebergs about, and added beauty to the scene.

The dragon arose right above the iceberg for about half a mile, then let the bear fall for the purpose of killing it. It desended, and the force of the fall put an end to the poor bear's life, for every bone in his body was broken. Charles Thunderbolt could hardly believe the monster would, after the meal, again assume the appearance of life, and live unharmed until another Christmas day should behold another fearful chase like the one above described. The bear's hams were severed by the dragon from his body, and cooked for the repast, and the porcupine was made into soup. The

dragon afterwards informed Charles that the bear was doomed to undergo this punishment once a year, in consequence of his having been, during lifetime, so utterly regardless of the waste of human blood.

The dragon now prepared everything for dinner; bade Charles take a seat,—opened a trap-door in the iceberg, and there immediately arose from out of it six stately white bears.

The dragon received them most cordially, shook paws with all, amongst much exchange of laughter, and they testified much signs of pleasure upon seeing Thunderbolt, who was presented first to a most dignified and imperial-looking bear, certainly a glorious looking bruin, nearly two feet taller than his companions. His face, too, had something of a human countenance about it, especially when smiling; withal that it was a fine countenance to look upon, and agreeable in expression; there was that in it, most surely, that spoke habitual command, not unallied with severity, and Thunderbolt fancied he had seen his portrait amongst the potentates of earth. He was a fairish bear, too, and his whiskers, or hairs, were tipped with a red colour.

To the rest of these stately gentlemen Thunderbolt was introduced in turn, and although their names were not made known to him, yet he supposed, he who was most illustrious, took precedence. The whole company walked upon their hind legs, very often laid their paws upon Charles's shoulder, and patted him to express their pleasure in his

company. One or two of them were darker looking than the others, yet you could not say but that they were white. Turning his eyes from the bears to the dragon, Thunderbolt was thunderstruck at observing the countenance of that jolly monster to resemble suddenly the portrait of a famous English general who died at Waterloo. He might have been mistaken, but however he could not divest himself of the strange impression it made upon his mind; certainly Charles conceived from that moment a most thorough respect for his friend the green dragon, especially from the associations he had gained, from the early worship of the heroes of the late wars of Europe, by reading when at school of their famous deeds. The dinner was announced as ready by the host, who had busily prepared everything. Whilst the assembly of bears growled together in pleasing chat, and noticed our hero with smiles and divers nods. They then all took their seats in the heavy arm chairs; and the head of the table was gravely taken by the large imperial-looking bear, and Thunderbolt was placed upon his right paw (right hand), the other bears were seated according to rank, and the dragon having dealt out to each a beautiful damask napkin, laid one across himself, took the foot of the table, and having sniffed the odorous fumes with sensible delight, began to carve away, and help the beef, whilst the big red-lipped whiskered bear put his knife into Napoleon's hams. Some preferred ham to beef, but Thunderbolt indulged in the sirloin,—

so did the dragon. Out popped the corks of champagne,—down it went amidst growls of jokes and repartee. Thunderbolt laughed then, till the tears ran down his cheeks; so did the dragon, who began to bustle and clear away; and then placed on the table, all smoking, with a piece of holly stuck in the centre, the roundest,—the largest,—the plummiest,—the nicest,—the most glorious looking Christmas pudding, ever made by an English cook, much less by a green dragon.

The conversation that passed between all during dinner time was purely of a political kind. Sometimes they would advert to their present state of transformation, however with no expressions of regret, as they knew, they should, after having undergone a certain number of vicissitudes, enjoy a more noble form. They appeared to envy the green dragon his figure, and which he acknowledged was preferable to that of a bear. But, however, ere the dinner was done, all were well satisfied, and had fed so heartily upon Napoleon's hams, the beef, and plum pudding, that all were desirous of making themselves still more comfortable by a whiff or two before they bid adieu to the green dragon, who, as merry as a dragon could be, and out of politeness to his guests, forbore to allow his digestion to work, which he prevented by turning a peg in his back. Finding that he had no more cigars he with an apology offered the company pipes, seven of which he got from his interior, each of which was about three feet in length, and the bowl of it was

adorned with a figure head of Napoleon. The host having stuffed them all with tobacco, each bear thankfully took his pipe and lit it, and having vented a malediction, or growl, at the figure head, commenced to puff whole volumes of fragrant smoke into the cold air.

The dragon then filled his pipe, and when he began to smoke the six bears observed with violent signs of reverence and admiration, that the bowl of it was the exact likeness of the Duke of Wellington. Falling on all fours the illustrious bears exhibited various signs of earnest devotion and profound regard, as their pipes fell from their paws and became extinguished. They appeared not to know how enough to testify their admiration for the figure head of the great Iron Duke, who had put the pipe out of the great Napoleon. After they had expressed their great affection by various kind growls, and devotional looks, they stood upon their hind paws, and sang a song of praise to the great man; then taking each others paws, they got ready for a dance, as the green dragon got a bass viol from his inside, and Thunderbolt beheld, to his wonder and delight, the six grave looking bears dancing around the roaring fire, to the stirring bass tones, which the green monster, smoking all the time, scraped from his violin. The Aurora Borealis that shot up its vivid flames all around, seeming delighted and amused with the ball upon the iceberg, threw its flames up quicker and quicker,—redder and redder,—hissing around the

firmament, with seeming laughter, whilst the tones from the viol found an echo in every iceberg. Thousands of bears rushed from their hiding places, growling and howling, coming with might and main from immense distances towards the scene of revelry where the ball was going off, directed to it as they were by the immense fire, and the shadowy forms of the six bears, whirling round and round in the dance; and also the coloured shadow of the dragon with his mighty fiddle, scraping away with tremendous velocity, and sending forth into the air above, and into the icy caverns beneath, tones of simple but astonishing melody, which were echoed and re-echoed in the distances afar, loud and less loud, until decreasing to a mere squeak at the farthest point of the horizon.

"Oh!" cried the green monster, as his pipe suddenly went out, "What's the figure-head on the pipe you are smoking, Thunderbolt?"

The dancers stopped; and all testified signs of wonder when they observed the figure head of a young German prince upon the bowl of the pipe which thunderbolt was smoking.

"It's put my pipe out!" say's the dragon, "I didn't think anything could have done that."

"Who is he?" thundered the bears.

"By jingo!" said the dragon; "the Man of Peace, who is to unite the world in bonds of amity, and raise in London a Palace of Crystal, of such size and importance as to eclipse all the other wonders upon earth, and change the sword into a ploughshare."

"A Peaceable Man!" says the imperial bear, laughing.

"Never can be peace!" says another, smiling.

"Shan't be peace!" cries a husky voice.

"Shall be peace!" cries a voice resembling the voice of Napoleon's family.

"All fudge!" exclaims one.

"Don't know that!" ventures another.

"They don't deserve peace!" mournfully ejaculated one of the party.

"At all events," joyfully exclaimed the dragon, "the Man of Peace has put the great Man of War's pipe out! Never mind! Good luck to the young German! Come, my illustrious brothers, another dance, and then we'll part until next Chrismas, and eat Napoleon up again. But I must inform you that his family will yet get in the ascendant; when that time comes, Napoleon will rest in peaceful shades."

"Never!" cried all the bears in a breath. "Impossible!"

"Never mind!" bawled the dragon; and suddenly Thunderbolt saw a figure like unto the shade of the eaten bear, form before him, and assuming some tangibilty, glide down the side of the iceberg, and received too with shouting, alias howlings of satisfaction by the bears, whom he in his power and strength was again to command, until hunted the ensuing Christmas day by the green dragon.

But as Thunderbolt seated himself again to

smoke, the green host drew this scraper up and down with renewed vigour. Again the bears joined hands, and laughing, they danced wildly and grotesquely. Repeated were the echoes from the sounds sent forth by the fiddle. From red, the Northern Lights became blue, throwing their shades of colouring upon everything around; the icebergs, the bears, and the gorgeous sky which was decked with stars and comets, all partaking of the changing colours of the splendid diffusion of magnificent lights that burst around the horizon, never ceasing for an instant, sometimes tipping the summits of the vast turretted mountains of ice with gold, whilst all beneath was green; at others, reversing the effect. The green dragon, Thunderbolt, and the dancing company would at times be brilliant red,—then instantly blue, then yellow,—pink,—crimson, just as the nature of the Northern Lights at the moment. Still, forth burst the strange music; now it plays "Hey diddle, diddle;" then "Sir Roger de Coverley; then changes to a medley, comprising all the most simple ballad tunes, so sweet to John Bull, and which, wherever he may be sojourning, recal such delightful childish memories to his bursting soul. The Aurora Borealis seemed fairly to laugh as she gambolled wildly in the sky, hurling forth red and golden beams to catch the blue and greenones she had sent out before.

The stars in the gorgeous realms of endless space, appeared to the senses of our hero at this time, to view the scene with individual joy; their

delight, to his heated imagination, was unbounded; so great, that fixed as they are in the mighty heavens, they seemed to yearn to burst their bonds, escape from their confinement, and join star to star, comet to comet, in the unearthly, wild and giddy joyous dance below.

Scrape away, my queer individual, that's glorious! See the bears simpering and laughing! What a pity there are no lady bears to join them! Does it put you in mind, poor green dragon! of the last ball you ever figured at? Is Brussels in your recollection? Never mind, chase away grief; end Christmas with Christmas gambols; drown the deep feelings of the soul; spread over them the flimsy veil of forgetfulness, and drink deep of the nectar of hilarity. That's right; smile, poor dragon; at it again. What, another waltz! Dear me! not out of breath? Go it while your young, my white ones! Tra, la, la, la, la; Tra, la, la!

"I'll join in that tune!" cried Thunderbolt, springing up from where he had been seated, enjoying the spectacle, and raising his goblet in the air, sang, as the fiddle played, and the bears flew about,

> "Here's to the maiden of blushing fifteen;
> And here's to the maiden of sixty."

Overcome with excitement, Thunderbolt at length, fell into a sound sleep, so bewildered was he with the gorgeous scene. When he awoke

the next morning, he found himself alone with the dragon, who was grave and subdued in his manner.

After speaking some hasty words to Thunderbolt, he ordered him to seat himself, and in an instant afterwards he bent his swift flight further north.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

BOOK SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

I have got through one book of my friend Thunderbolt's manuscript, and the young gentleman himself has just popped in to take a cup of tea with my wife and family. You may judge of the surprise, astonishment, and pleasure evinced by them, upon beholding, for the first time, the hero of the wonderful adventures related in the foregoing pages. They cannot make enough of him, and they endeavour to testify their great admiration, by doing all they can to cause Thunderbolt to become a voluntary tea-pot, and bread and butter tray.

Clara wishes Mrs. Thunderbolt to inform her, how long it will be before he gets to the moon?—for it must be known, none of my family have as yet read further than this in the M.S.S.

This Thunderbolt is a good humoured fellow, about thirty-six years of age, looking very young, dresses remarkably well, and may be known by a peculiar look which he gained in the moon. I have been very particular in informing my daughter Helen, (who was seventeen yesterday) of the extraordinary guest's age, and not knowing but he may have a wife, or perhaps two, in the scene of his principal adventures, I have thought it necessary to caution her.

"Helen, my dear," I whispered, as I observed her gazing with all her eyes, at the traveller, who was politely engaged answering the fiftieth most extraordinary question of my wife's.

"Helen," whispered I; "another cup of tea, my dear, another cup. Bless me! Helen, do you hear me? Another cup of tea."

"Your papa speaks to you, Helen," said my wife, treading upon my said daughter's toe under the table, and without turning her head from Mr. Thunderbolt, who, I could plainly perceive, was annoyed at being so long detained, answering her foolish questions.

"My dear!—Jane, my love!—don't pull Mr. Thunderbolt's hair," said my daughter Helen.

"Oh! she does not hurt me;—pull away," says Thunderbolt, good humouredly, as my youngest child was seated upon his knee, and crawling every now and then up his breast, and when there, taking very unreasonable tugs at the great warrior's hair.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed I, seeing I could not distract the attention from the lion of the evening for an instant, to myself.

"Do you get good tea in the moon, Mr. Thunderbolt?" innocently demands my wife.

"My dear," interrupted I—"do not ask such silly questions."

"Mr. Thunderbolt," then ventures my lovely girl of seventeen to ask—

"When do you return to the moon, Mr. Thunderbolt?"

"How did you get down from the moon?" says the little hair tugger.

"Will you take another cup of tea, Mr. Thunderbolt?"

"Not any more thank you."

"Pray take one more cup," interfers my wife.

"I'd rather not, madam, I thank you."

"Can you not be persuaded, Mr. Thunderbolt?" then softly asks my charming, though provoking daughter, casting a most strange looking eye at him, glistening with a most fascinating smile, (excuse a father's partiality) which illumines the whole of her tender face.

To the fair pleader's question, Thunderbolt, even he—is not proof; he stammers out before catching her eye,—

"No, thank you," but when he meets her smile, he adds hastily,—

"Well, I will,"—and the cup is passed up, and filled.

"Confound it! I will never ask a hero to my table again; for not a moment's conversation can I get with either my, until now, most affectionate wife and children."

CHAPTER II.

The green dragon at length came near to the North Pole; and for some distance he flew over a vast sea, almost free from ice, and which he informed his passenger, with a strange chuckle, was the long sought for North West passage, who, delighted beyond measure, and fancying he would be able, when he returned to England, to dispel all doubts as to its existence, continued for a long time gazing upon the vast ocean, with a sensation of satisfaction indescribable. At length they entered a totally dark region, and Thunderbolt could perceive nothing but a long line of flame, which issued from the dragon's mouth, and which served somewhat to light him upon his way.

Poor Thunderbolt began to feel some alarm, and questioned his conveyance, but no answer was returned. Yet he did not despair, feeling still the same unbroken trust in an over-ruling power; so wrapping himself round and round again in his great blankets, he summoned up courage to encounter what might happen.

Suddenly he felt himself jerked into the air, then quickly after, grasped by his clothes, by an unseen hand; then felt himself immediately bound to a pole of some kind. He called in vain upon the dragon for explanation. The fact was, the dragon had bound Charles, by means of cords, upon the top of the North Pole, to which he had arrived. Then the dragon, not uttering a word, flew half-way down the said pole, which was about one hundred feet in length, and six in circumference, undid a pair of his wings from himself, and fixed them thereon, then putting a kind of turnkey into a lock in it, he turned it round and round many times, so that some works seemed to be set in motion within, and it immediately sent forth a hissing noise, like to the steam issuing from a railway engine. Having done that, the dragon flew to poor Thunderbolt. Then, Charles felt himself mount again in the air, and as the dragon said—

"Speed thee well, my poor lad, and fear not!" he darted away, leaving behind an immense trail of fire, which the North Pole swiftly followed, increasing its velocity to such a degree, that it never lost the trail of light sent forth by the swift green dragon. The atmosphere was quite dark for many, many hours; but to our hero's joy, it gradually grew light, and he descried at an immense distance, a most magnificent land, containing every variety of scenery, both mountains, valley, river and ocean; and also was blessed again with the light of the refulgent sun, which was shining warm and brilliantly upon

the beauteous land beneath them. Charles felt no fear, and as he found that his curious carriage began to descend, he supposed the place he had arrived at, was the moon. He gazed around to discover the dragon, but he could no where observe him, and he inferred that he was still upon some tremendous voyage, looking from the earth, in appearance, as a comet; and no doubt, these monsters, called comets, with their trails of light, are but animated travellers, through these unknown regions.

As he neared the land, he observed a kind of pier or tower, upon which were standing some most curious looking beings, resembling cat's tails, only about six feet each in length; and having a kind of half human face in the centre. They had no legs, but seemed to spring from themselves, and so move along; they however had, situated above the head, a pair of long arms. Thunderbolt saw an immense mob of these curious beings assembled in the streets of an immense city, to which he appeared bent. This city appeared to contain palaces and bridges of extraordinary splendour and magnificent architecture. The Pole reached the pier, and was drawn to the landing place by means of hooks, by the pier tails, who were there for that purpose. No sooner was the pole caught, than Charles was gently unbound, whilst one long shout ascended from the vast multitudes that thronged a great square. Every palace and house, to its roof, were crowded; and also upon terrifically high towers,

numbers of the populace were congregated; and as far as our hero could see down the numerous streets, it was one mass, not of heads, but of tails! Charles could not help smiling as six very fat tails came forward, and bowing low, welcomed him, on behalf of the king of Northerntine, to the moon. Then, by a sort of curved spring, each of these beings wound round the top part of himself, which was shaped as a horn, above his head, to his mouth, and blew a powerful and military-like blast, which was kept up at frequent intervals. After the sounding of one of these blasts, there came forward a most beautiful and stately white swan, and upon her approach, the vast crowds gave way, and bended themselves low, whilst it passed towards our hero, up the immense ranks of tails. The fat tails, who, somewhat resembled turtles, about the face, bowed extremely low, as the beautiful swan walked forward to our hero, who was struck with amazement at the sight of the royal looking bird approaching, and the novel scene around him.

The tails blew another blast more powerful than heretofore, and at that moment the swan was transformed into a beautiful female, and as she approached still nearer Thunderbolt, (judge his surprise, my dear readers) when he beheld in her, his own beautiful sweet-heart,—his dear Eliza! He flew to her and embraced her, the tears bedewing his cheeks, so wild was his delight.

At this affecting sight, the fat tails, the lean tails, the trumpet tails, and all tails within sight,

fell flat upon their faces for an instant, then joined in one wild hurrah; and those nearest, bent their attention to the queen-like looking English girl, as she motioned the vast throng to silence and attention, and taking the right hand of Charles Thunderbolt, she led him forward, and said—

"Children of the moon! This is my countryman, by name, Charles Thunderbolt; who is sent here from his own fair land, to undergo those dangerous trials, the account of which you know is set down in the chronicles of moonite history,—for the purpose of prolonging the life of your king, the most mighty king of Northerntine, and also to deliver me from my enchantment, to which you know every two months, I am subject to undergo for the space of a month; and likewise to be the means of bringing this great and loyal people back to their original human forms, and also to rescue the king's seven sons from their cruel enchantment."

Shouts from the populace, long and repeated, rent the air.

"If he succeeds in effecting the object so desired by us all, his reward will be great, but the nature of it will be revealed to him, at some future period."

The shouts of the tails again resounded through the air. A flourish of music followed—then Thunderbolt knelt at Eliza's feet—took her white hand in his, waved his other hand to the multitude, to enjoin silence, and in a tender, passionate, and

confident tone, gave utterance to the following;—

"Most dear lady, and citizens of this magnificent and wonderful country, hear me! Were there to be no reward for the accomplishment of that I am about to undertake, this would make not one iota of difference in my exertions to rescue you from a malignant power, and to deliver this lovely girl from the fiendish wrath of the cruel enchanter. Lady! though knowest I've always loved thee; to prove how deservedly I merit thy love in return, I will with heart and soul endeavour to put an end to the power of thine, and this country's enemies; and with sword in hand, and the assistance of the great power above, meet front to front,—Pluto himself, or even his three-headed monster Cerberus. Lady, lead me to the king; thy glances make me fearless and bold, and I feel the strength of Hercules!"*

Eliza appeared transfixed with pleasure, and raising Charles, she said, as she pointed to a magnificent structure about a mile from the pier—

"Come then, to Northerntine's great king, repair!
He waits thy presence in the palace there."

The tails struck up a most harmonious noise. They did not appear to make use of any in-

* It must be well impressed upon the reader, that our hero, during the whole of these extraordinary adventures, was under the influence of enchantment, and therefore this will account for his more than human fearlessness; and sudden exhibitions of courageous daring.

struments but merely, as said before, wound the part of the tail above their head round to the mouth, and so brought forth most lively and enchanting tones. Charles observed too, that their sound of the drum was caused by a tail beating another top-tail about the head with a pair of sticks, and which answered all the purpose of a drum, without seeming at all to annoy the tail so played upon.

The fat tails hopped in a stately manner before the fair pair, they had each of them a red wand in his hand, which he waved as he hopped along. The great concourse of applauding inhabitants made a lane for the procession; the inhabitants, were, Thunderbolt observed, kept in order by quantities of blue tails, who seemed to officiate as police, and used staves.

They however, seemed particularly orderly in their conduct. Bands of music struck up near and afar; flags were waved from the house windows, and ere he reached the gardens of an immense enclosed palace, he observed three or four regiments of red and scarlet tails, armed with pikes, with a band of martial music to escort him to the palace of the king. Then, through lanes made by the infantry to permit them to pass, came a regiment of the guards, being very large scarlet and silver decked tails, having moustaches upon their lips and armed with swords, and mounted upon animals, upon whose back there was a kind of tower in which the guards sat, and were

kept safe from falling. These animals were in their form like huge pigs, about the size of English horses, almost as slight, but in all other respects perfect hogs.

The officer, as he passed Charles, gracefully saluted him, and then the whole regiment formed behind him. The cocktail, or colonel, was a very fine personage, of a spangled hue. The procession at length entered the garden, the flowers of which place showered rich and sweet perfumes about, though combined with a slight smell of cheese. The trees and shrubs were all of a bright scarlet colour, and the flowers and ripe fruits were green. Suddenly broke upon the view a wing of the splendid palace. The extent of the whole edifice being more than a mile square, and the gardens around six miles in circumference. This palace was of a beautiful structure, seeming, to Thunderbolt, built of precious stones. Awaiting the arrival of the young Englishman, were all the great functionaries of the state, who hailed the foreigner's arrival with marks of great deference, and bowed low to himself and Eliza, as they wended their way in a most dignified manner, through the vast halls of the palace of the king of Northerntine. The great tails, the *heads* of the state, followed; and Thunderbolt was ushered into the presence of the astounding aud most wonderful majesty of that part of the Moon, called Northerntine.

The king was of the shape of a human being, as far as the waist, there it ended in a tail above four feet in length, he being taller than most of his

subjects. He was seated upon a throne of blazing stones. Each stone was transparent as a diamond or ruby; but to add to their wondrous beauty, within them always circulated a fluid which had the effect of making them so dazzling as almost to blind our hero when he entered.

A small fountain of precious water played near the throne, into which some attendants would dip golden jugs every few minutes, and refill them, continually, except at very brief intervals, pouring the water down the throat of the king, who, to Thunderbolt's astonishment, seemed not to be at all annoyed with the strange deluge. Charles Thunderbolt found himself in a hall more than two hundred yards in length covered with precious stones. The apartment was surrounded by three rows of galleries which were filled with Lady Tails having ornaments about their persons, and also feathers. The hall was filled with thousands of noble Tails and officers of distinction.

Eliza led Charles to the throne, where bowing low, and making great obeisance, he said,—

"Devout and most gracious majesty! I have come from the land of the brave, which is the earth that gives you light by night, to do your most gracious bidding, which, to the best of my power and ability, I will execute."

The attendants permitted the king a reprieve from the deluge, as they had poured a double quantity down his throat just before, seeing that he was desirous to speak, and stood respectfully

with full jugs behind the throne, ready to shower again, the instant he had done speaking, or had issued his commands to the young stranger.

The king, courteously acknowledging the respect paid by the young Englishman, gracefully inclined himself, and said,—

"Stranger, welcome to the Moon! Know, fair youth, that, by a cruel ordainment of a vile and powerful enchanter, I cannot exist without the constant drinking of a certain water. You observe my body is only partly of human form, and the bodies of all my poor subjects are transformed to the frightful spectacle you perceive around, and are shaped as a cat's tail. The water is contained in a fountain within the fixed star Jupiter, which is continually guarded by demons and monsters of prodigious size and power.

"Thou art sent to my aid for the purpose of delivering me from the thraldom I am so unhappily subjected to, and of perpetuating my life to the usual length ordained to man in this planet, which is eighty years. May the gods of all the spheres take you in their keeping! I must possess a certain quantity of this water within two months from this time, or I shall die. I have only sufficient now to last me for that period; and that, not without the water of life be diluted, which causes me great suffering. To do me this service, I have already had prepared for you an aerial steam engine of prodigious power; the invention of a countryman of yours, to bear you to the planet Jupiter. You

must therefore order anything your ingenuity may devise; all the country is at your service to execute anything you may require."

Thunderbolt fell at the feet of the king in tears, so much did he feel for his unhappy situation. He was, however, overcome with joy at having the honor to work anything that would bring good to the monarch; and having signified his pleasure to do his majesty's bidding in a long and eloquent speech. Eliza said,—

"Gallant boy, thou hast the heart of Jupiter the king of heaven, the iron hand of Vulcan, and thou seemest to be imbued with more than common strength. Come forth with me, and instantly thou shalt commence thy adventurous undertaking. Thunderbolt was borne from the presence of the king; and with a throng of noble Tails they repaired to the court yard, where to his surprise he beheld a steam engine with stupendous wings, affixed to its body. He found also in readiness, some fire arms resembling those of English manufacture, and a suit of armour of great virtue, and possessing unusual qualities. He also observed that the North Pole was stuck in the middle of the machine, though it had decreased in size, not being more than ten feet in length, but he discovered that it was merely owing to the drawing in of its joints. He saw there was plenty of food stowed away for him, and after disappearing to see the inner structure and arrangement of the machine, a Tail presented him with a large oyster, saying,—

"Be careful of this oyster; its virtues are incomparable; preserve it as you would the partner of your heart, for it is she herself.

"What! my Eliza?

"Verily it is so! she hath the power of taking that form to protect you. Wonder not; unless she had first assumed that magnificent form, she could not assume others." So fare you well, called out all the great Tails as Thunderbolt stept into the car, which hissed furiously. The keepers cut the numerous ropes with which it was fastened to the ground, and instantly it vaulted into the air, with such speed as to be almost immediately lost to the gazers below, who were hopping about,—waving handkerchiefs,—playing loud music,—making the air resound with plaudits; and when the steam car had decreased to the appearance of a little star, the inhabitants thronged to their cathedrals, to pray for the success of Thunderbolt, the saviour of Northerntine, and the hoped-for preserver of its king.

We will follow the trackless route of the valiant young man. Soon the moon looked only as a small split pea. The machine flew almost as a streak of lightning, so powerful was the propelling power. Thunderbolt was not alarmed. He found guns, swords, powder, and many other necessary articles, stowed away for him. He arrived in due course at the planet Mercury, where he stopped a short time and took in some fresh water. He saw with surprise that the inhabitants of that planet were

of exceedingly gigantic stature, were covered with hair, and resembled Satyrs, though they seemed busied with ordinary occupations, and evinced no surprise at seeing either himself or his engine. The planet was soon left in the endless distance, and the car stood in the direction of another planet, where, when flying slowly over a river, Charles let down a bucket and fished up some water, not liking to land, as the inhabitants he saw were dreadful to behold, and seemed all to have hog's heads. When they observed the curious machine, they rushed in myriads forward, hurling their weapons, which fell short, as Charles, by turning a wheel, controlled the machine, and escaped them. Sometimes the car in going quietly over this planet would touch the top of some old tower, knocking it down into the crowded streets beneath.

The machine also knocked against a rickety house, about seven stories high, throwing it all down, and 7000 people, who were discussing the merits of different kinds of snuff, were soon crumbled beneath it to dust.

Through the dense clouds cut the vehicle; and a few days after Thunderbolt beheld a large luminous star at an immense distance, and which he inferred was the place of his destination.

Travelling with great speed, the star Jupiter was at length reached; and our hero landed right opposite to an immense castle, before which stood very large brazen gates. He saw, with some feeling of terror, seven griffins in the court-yard

being shod by cyclops. These griffins were frightful looking creatures, measuring about nine feet in height; their tails were sharp and tipped with brass. The castle seemed one blaze of emeralds, and of such vast height that Charles calculated it must have reached several thousand feet into the air. It had numerous windows, through which could be seen gigantic wretches of hideous shape moving about up the staircases and through the numerous apartments. The approach of Thunderbolt had not been seen, so he drove his engine behind a massive wall of golden stone, and then walked to survey this mammoth erection, and make, if possible, some acquaintance with the tenants. He drew his sword and went towards the gates, when he beheld written in flaming fire the following strange sentences in an unknown tongue.

ODSBUDWWIGG-BLICK.

Holdridobble bablam fik slapp pickklekickkle, kibddabblambigger, stilkilly ggabbledokk, dik ddibbledom, swurgabicodd, bak crick ssticcttacckk; fik swirkkz-mukkswick, jub jigo, fik crick dracklerunkleilling, gokick crick grabdubbice sockskickliburgling bok fallakinfiningg, ddrocckk rackettyburl afrag, boll crick vadabuss fik Gupiterky Castelaturettacogoo, crick vicogodik growscribfik badled scroggbikker, crick Magubburslkippaalokkipplalickmoswikle fick crick grabdubdie, Maji-

kickkdollyy Burstboiilerswack, bak sstogigg gokick sibblobb thacknigger crick, gggobblebbaldudd fiklo cricksabdum Moonog. Manysoulk gggobblebbaldudd bak crick Englibber Minchin fogugoodle crackcriddleslungslacken crick Sounddgrabgribble sttootslunum dumdikel.

BURSTBOILERSWACK.

Despairing of making out the meaning of such a remarkable language, so entirely different to any he had ever learned at school, he was about to give it up, when, to his inexpressible astonishment, he saw it interpreted into English by growing words of flaming fire beneath, and he read earnestly the following:—

TRAVELLERS TAKE HEED.

"Whatever fool of any nation of any sphere in the whole universe, is fool-hardy enough to venture hither, for the purpose of gaining a drop of the living waters from the great basin and fountain that springeth in the gardens of Jupiter's castle, the virtues whereof would break the enchantments of the great magician, Burstboiler, and free from their thraldrom, the king of the moon—the king of the moon's seven sons—and the English maiden, must blow the trumpet hung beneath."

BURSTBOILER.

"But, presumptuous fools, beware
The demons of earth and fiends of air."

Thunderbolt smiled, then blew a powerful blast through a gold trumpet that was fastened to a gate. The blast was so tremendous in its effects, that the sound shook the castle to its foundation; and it rocked with a gentle motion as if shaken by an earthquake, whilst immediately issued from all around, within the walls, and within the castle, the most terrible howlings. Presently the seven griffins being about six feet each in circumference, came towards Charles, but they were prevented from hurting him, by the gestures and commanding looks of an old man, who met them, and came towards our hero. He was a venerable looking individual, if a man ten feet high can be called so, looking about ninety years old. The white hairs were thinly bestrewed over his face, and he tottered along, leaning upon a staff.

"Child," said he, as the griffins at a distance danced about, and waved maces above their heads, and made hideous grimaces at the perilled boy—"Be not alarmed; they dare not harm thee!"

Thunderbolt hardly liked to trust himself with the old gentleman, but his countenance so open and inviting re-assured him. He looked as a man of knowledge, and of a good heart, not at all resembling the griffins.

"Child, come hither to me, thou son of undaunted

valour;—fear not those ruffians,—I have power over them, and also am the guardian of this castle, and true friend to the poor drooping king of Northerntine; he having in his youth saved my life from the fury of a wild griffin, whilst upon my travels in the moon. I will therefore lend you what assistance I can to aid you in your perilous adventures. Know then, my son, that I am under-governor of this great palace; and unto the gardens that contain the fountain of living waters; within that wondrous enclosure my power extendeth not. The guards of that forbidden water are snakes of frightful forms, griffins of enormous strength, and hellish furies hired from Pluto's dominions, by the great Jupiter himself, the god of this princely star. Although I cannot obtain for thee the living waters myself, I will be the sure means of doing so and safely too. Thou must know, poor boy, that the present forms of the good king of Northertine and his subjects are not their original ones. The king has long by a course of folly offended our deity, the mighty Jupiter, who, had it not been for my entreaties, would have devoured him and his ubjects by fire, and made waste their glorious land. As it was however, through the intercessions of myself, and a beautiful English girl, who was sent by the king of Northerntine to intercede for him, he relaxed somewhat in his wrathful but just intention, and remitted their punishment, and immediately transformed the whole inhabitants of Northerntine into things

resembling cats' tails, as you beheld them; and also altered the whole appearance of nature, and the king himself was transformed from the belly, downwards, his life subject only to one condition, which was the continual drinking of the waters you are seeking, a certain quantity of which was sent him by our king, with information from Jupiter to this effect;—that the fountain of living waters was in the heavenly star, and could only be got by a being from another sphere, and unless he obtained some ere a certain given time should elapse, he would cease to exist."

"Burstboiler, the wicked magician, had orders to grant Eliza, the English girl, free permission to travel through his territories, but when he saw her, he was smitten with her beauty, and fain would he have had her love, but she was already enamoured of an English youth,—yourself! and indignantly refused his advances. He became so enraged, that he instantly transformed her into a white swan,—quite unknown to Jupiter. She had the power given her by the monster Burstboiler, of translating herself every two months, alternately, to the moon, in her original form, but was forced to dwell the other two months in the gardens of the living waters as a swan. Every day does this bad magician pay court to this swan, and entreat its pity, but it curves its neck, pecks at him, and the soul of the injured girl glances from out her swan's eyes indignantly at the wicked captor."

Poor Thunderbolt listened aggrieved, but by his

countenance, showed the old man he wished him to proceed.

Then the old man cast his eyes upwards, and gazed admiringly upon the brave lad.

"About the time of the transformation of Eliza, the king, who had repented of his crimes, and was much beholden to the fair girl, inasmuch as she had saved them from the wrath of Jupiter, dispatched his seven sons to find her, as he had become alarmed at her continued absence; and at the same time, in spite of Jupiter's edict to the contrary, bade his sons seek the living waters. The youths arrived, made their way to the fatal gardens, and Burstboiler changed them one by one, as they dipped their jugs into the water, into black swans; and they will ever be subject to those transformations unless you, by your great prowess, destroy the power of the mighty Burstboiler.

For your protection, it was I who gave your fair Eliza the power of retransformation during the reprieve she has, every two months, from the magical sway of my superior;—thou hast her in thy pocket in the shape of any oyster."

So saying, he raised his myrtle staff in the air, and waved it three times; at the conclusion of which, he raised his voice, crying in a foreign tongue—

"Chowdow, redder, blacker, blue,
Injuno, pala, madder, mew!"

Then added,—"Spirit of the great source of the

living fountain of water, distilled from the stagnated pool of Acheron, come hither at my bidding!"

The place where the old man and Thunderbolt stood, gave way, and let them both gently down into a vault, where an angel form stood enveloped in a halo of living light.

"I am at thy pleasure, mighty jollysoul, and am ready to do thy bidding," softly said the spirit, whilst a smile of intelligence and goodwill played over his young countenance.

The old man commanded the spirit to conduct Charles through the court-yard, and point out to him the gardens that contained the water he was sent to seek; then he bade the young man kneel, and blessed him, after which, the old man departed, and the spirit moved away, beckoning Charles to follow, which he did, through long vaults and dungeons. When he arrived again in the open air, the good spirit crossed his arms, and said—

"Jupiter, the deity of this great princely star, assist this good and worthy young fellow to the attainment of his object." Then turning to Thunderbolt, he said, "the shell you have in your possession in the car has wondrous powers, and is capable of great expansion—may Jupiter protect you! I myself will assist you by my aid in the moment of peril. Ring at the castle-bell." The spirit then sank into the earth, whilst Thunderbolt not at all alarmed to find himself alone, tugged away at the bell. The peals that followed were terrific; the castle shook and trembled.

A huge griffin, with legs of brass and eyes of fiery glare, came forth as porter to the castle-gate. He held in his hand a large bar of iron, which he flourished before Charles in a menacing attitude. As soon however as he opened the gate, and before he was aware of it,—not at all anticipating such a manœuvre—Thunderbolt made a tremendous rush at the griffin's legs, which had the effect of disturbing his equilibrium, and he tumbled over on the ground; and such was the force of his fall, he being somewhat top-heavy, that he tumbled headlong into the moat, which surrounded the castle.

This griffin proved afterwards to be no other than Burstboiler himself, the governor of the castle and its domains.

The griffins that thronged the battlements on seeing their lord fall, darted fire from their throats at Charles, but it fell by a mis-direction upon Burstboiler's back, which caused him to writhe about in horrid agony, and to scream most piteously.

Burstboiler's scream took all power from his myrmidons, so that the griffins were struck quite powerless; they fell flat upon their faces, whining and howling.

Thunderbolt entered the hall unopposed, and marched through all the rooms without any impediment; nought assailed him but the groans of the poor demons who were sprawling about in all directions.

"By George of England!" exclaimed Charles triumphantly, "this is better than I expected; so

far so good; but, however, the worst part of the affair is yet to come." He rapidly descended the castle stairs and entered another court-yard. There he saw hundreds of griffins of the most hideous shape conceivable rolling upon the earth evidently in agony, without the power to raise themselves.

Charles stopped before a monster who was bleeding profusely from his mouth, and at intervals of the cessation, crying,—

"Thunderbolt who will hereafter be king of the Moon! Listen to me ere you attempt to obtain the holy waters."

"King of the Moon, he says I shall become;—nonsense!"

The griffin raised himself upon his hind legs, then opened his head, and took therefrom a large scroll, and handed it to the youth, who shrank back from touching it.

"Charles of England!" the monster continued, "I well perceive the amount of courage that arms thy heart against effeminate fear, but still thou art very young; therefore 'tis fit thou shouldst listen to my advice who am a griffin of long and dearly bought experience. Thou hast been entrapped, poor boy, into an undertaking in which many thousands of old veterans have failed; and entrapped too by a bloodthirsty king who no more requires that water to sustain his breath than thou dost. Thou art the victim of a painful illusion. The form whom thou fanciest to be thy dearly beloved Eliza, is merely a demon to allure thee

into perils which will inevitably be thy destruction. Therefore Charles Thunderbolt desist from this foolish undertaking and I will make you the greatest man in this princely land. Thou shalt have palaces to dwell in and armies to lead forth."

Thunderbolt gazed upon the miserable monster with disgust. He felt an inclination to sever his huge body from his head, but seeing him so helpless, he forbore to take advantage of the tempter.

Suddenly his steam car, which had been till then without, burst open the brazen gates, which afterwards fell into a thousand pieces; and with steady aim it moved towards the great insulting griffin, and in an instant came into collision with him, sending his body into fragments, and scattering them in the air. The fragments of the demon, before they fell to the ground, took the forms of hideous looking snakes, which crawled swiftly away, and the scroll burnt up with a stench, so that Thunderbolt was glad he had not touched it. The car stopped before Charles, who stepped into it, and then he directed the machine slowly on. After wending through inanimate lanes formed by sprawling griffins, who were gigantic creatures, half men and half hogs, others half men and half turtles, he came to a road leading through a wood scented with every perfume that delights the olfactory nerves in any land. The bark of all the different trees was of divers brilliant colours, and the foliage, to all appearance, of pure gold. The wild fruit, too, hung in clusters about, and the

turf was covered with a mass of most lovely roses of every colour, from deep black to white; and every individual blossom, tree, rose and shrub distributed to the surrounding air their rich perfumes. Thunderbolt was charmed with delight. He thought he could have lingered there, luxuriating in its beauties for ever. The woods were full of birds of all sizes and kinds, peculiar to this planet, and of the most gorgeous plumage. Fascinating, but harmless snakes crawled in stately motion through the rose-bushes, and wound themselves smilingly up the gigantic trees, whilst here and there, when a break in the thick woods became visible, might be seen the most beautiful models of female loveliness engaged in different occupations, some dancing, some making the woods resound with their songs of infinite sweetness, some playing with the fawns which abounded there; and a party of delicate nymphs dancing with long wreathed lines of roses in their hair, would come nearly to the side of the steam engine, and there with the most winning smiles beckon Charles to go and join them. Thunderbolt had remarked that the steam car had all this time made a whining noise, which he could not understand; and just as he was about to step from the car, allured by the form of his Eliza, who, to his surprise, he saw standing amidst a group of fair ones, beckoning him, with smiles he could hardly withstand, the engine gave a most startling screetch, and burst forward with considerable velocity, so that Thunderbolt could not descend.

The maidens glanced at the retreating vehicle, disappointed. This delicious garden, abounding as it did with all that could in appearance make a youth happy, extended more than thirty miles; and on reaching its extremity, the car stopped at an immense gate, which seemed to be formed entirely of white rose-buds, but, when touched by the hand, felt like iron. Thunderbolt saw through the crevices of the gate, with a feeling of transport and delight, another extensive garden, even more diverse than the one before described; and from its midst, there issued forth the most ravishing bursts of music; songs of birds resounded near and afar, and troops of elegant females were dancing upon the numerous velvet lawns, whilst fountains, seemingly of wine, ran near, in which the maidens would dip their diamond goblets to assuage their thirst. The most luscious grapes hung from gigantic trees which stood about, and in almost every conceivable shape. In the midst of this enchanting garden stood a lake, upon which sailed little whimsical craft of every shape and figure, guided by the most lovely maidens, their hair of rich auburn, and so abundant that they could hide themselves from top to toe within the beautiful covering. This, thought Thunderbolt, is the Heathen paradise or Elysian fields. Surely, thought he, there will be no difficulty in obtaining some of the desired waters! But hardly had those thoughts grown within his brain than a dreadful din like unto the clashing of cymbols sounded within, and was followed instantly

by unearthly shrieks and howlings; then the tramping of feet flying as if from destroyers, together with a swiftly circulating steam, which gradually hid from view all the delightful prospect so enchantingly grateful to our hero's vision. Our hero was confounded with the sudden change. He gazed around to take another look at the soft realms of beauty he had left behind, when to his horror and amazement he saw nothing but a dreadful swamp, full of decayed trees and dead bodies, upon which hideous birds were preying, whilst wild beasts of great size, and with countenances of frightful ferocity, were trying to make their way through the swamp, where hundreds failed, and sunk in the slush with fearful howls of agony, never more to rise.

Snakes of length exceeding fifty feet were coming forward in ranks, darting fire from their throats, whilst the air resounded with screams of monstrous birds with demon's heads that were engaged murdering each other, and preparing to muster immense forces to attack Charles and the steam engine.

Our hero buckled on his armour, which was of extraordinary proof, grasped his sword, placed a pair of pistols in his belt, and with somewhat of a trembling heart awaited the onset. He recollected the shell and placed that in his pocket. By a glance before him he there beheld that the Elysium within was changed as without. The gate before him was several hundred feet in height, and

of immense thickness. Through the gate came a most offensive effluvia, which was so powerful that our hero nearly fainted. It came forward in volumes of fire and smoke that darted through the gate, and so infected the air, that it became instantly alive with millions of small venomous flying snakes, who darted at Charles, and were enraged to find they could find no vulnerable part exposed to their fury.

Charles fell upon his knees and offered up a devout but hasty prayer, begging assistance from an immortal power in this fearful crisis.

Just beyond a green muddy-looking pool within the transformed garden, he could distinctly see lions of hideous form, foaming at the mouth, rushing about devouring every little animal they came near, and roaring most horribly. Then there were enormous snakes winding up and down the trees devouring each other. Dreadful yellings and howlings were intermixed with discord and blasts from distant trumpets.

Charles at length firmly said—

"Now engine, rush at the gates;" so saying, he let the engine drive against them. The collision was so awful that our hero, sword in hand, was pitched into the air, but he luckily fell with his legs across a monstrous bird that was flying then in the same direction. Thunderbolt grasped the bird tight, and notwithstanding its mighty efforts to upset him, he kept his hold, and the bird, enraged beyond description, landed in the dreadful

gardens. Charles then disengaged himself, but no sooner had he done so, than the bird opened his beak to gobble him up. Thunderbolt grasping his sword stood in a posture of defence, and at length ran the bird through. The blood spouted out in showers, and away screetched the wounded one, and was met in its way by an immense lion that took the bird with one gulp into his interior.

Fearful shrieks rent the air, discordant music travelled on the blast, and the air burnt as if it were one mass of fire.

Thunderbolt was glad to discover, however, his car near him; he stepped into it, gladly, and it moved along until it came to the pool, and there, by some uncontrollable fate, it rolled in and sank, whilst Thunderbolt, and the pole that had disengaged itself from the car, swam upon the surface. Floundering about, Charles observed his shell floating near him, and which, to his surprise, assumed the form of a little boat. With a shout of joy, our hero got in; the pole stuck itself in the centre as a mast, threw out ropes and a sail, and was soon going along this sea before a heavy wind; but here again he was doomed to annoyance, for rapidly before him came to view, full a hundred ships, each nearly two hundred feet in length, and manned with guns, and monstrous demons.

Almost given up to despair, our hero thought himself lost, but to his great, wonder stricken, and joyful amazement, he found his boat enlarge to a size, full three times greater than any one of the

enemy's vessels. The demons seeing this, sent forth a yell of disappointment, and opened a broadside upon Thunderbolt's ship. Their shot was of enormous size, each being as large as a bomb shell, so that Thunderbolt's head was in some little peril. Upon our hero's ship appeared, by some unaccountable chance, a whole compliment of English sailors, who, rejoicing in the strife, were all engaged clearing the deck, notwithstanding the firing of the enemy. Without a word, the jack tars worked under the direction of their officers, and exhibited that discipline so peculiar to English seamen. Thunderbolt, sword in hand, took the command. Tremendous broadsides were poured into the enemy so quickly, one after another, that they became panic-struck. The men-of-war were soon either sunk or destroyed, and ere Thunderbolt, in the fullness of his joy could give his thanks, the ship threw him out into a little boat, and vanished, seamen and all, in the air.

Thunderstruck, our hero pushed his boat over the water, and found himself on the other side of the lake. He returned thanks that he had come thus far, though he knew well, more dangers would assail him ere he obtained the waters.

The wild beasts that were prowling about, espied Thunderbolt, and growling, came forward to destroy him. They had got within a very few steps of where he stood, when the oyster rolled between, and enlarging in a most singular manner, caught them all in its shells, and crushed them to

a jelly; but however, a huge snake came stealthily along, swallowing Charles in one gulp, and mounted in the air. The North Pole seeing this, gave chase, and caught the serpent sitting upon a rock opening its mouth to gape. The Pole thrust itself into its throat, then drew itself instantly out again, so that our hero was vomited out of the snake's interior with great force. Falling luckily astride the Pole, he was soon set down in the place where he had been swallowed. No sooner was our hero upon the ground than an immense one eyed cyclops took him by the nape of the neck, and with a screech of triumph, threw him into a large fire, in which many others of his frightful companions were heating iron, for the purpose of making weapons of destruction. Luckily Thunderbolt's armour was of such a nature as to render him proof against the hot element; therefore, by great presence of mind and agility of body, he contrived to escape from it, although all the cyclops were dancing around him in great glee, and about to blow the bellows, and stir him up with long iron pokers The North Pole greatly assisted him in his escape from these fiends, for by giving each cyclops some tremendous blows on the head, his attention was diverted. Each of them, after a blow, became so enraged, that one took hold of the Pole, and smashed his brethren's heads, and so belaboured them, that they all died there and then, and they changed immediately into yellow snakes, and crawled out into the garden.

At the same time, that the surviving cyclops from the great exertions in using the Pole, fainted quite away, and was never seen more.

Thunderbolt, with somewhat of trembling, walked on through the dread gardens, and at every step he took, he trod upon whole heaps of little snakes entwined in one another. Monkeys of frightful form pelted him with heavy nuts, screeching terrifically, and had it not been for his helmet, Thunderbolt would never have lived to have written his adventures. Immense musquitoes, about three feet each long, carrying grindstones for the purpose of sharpening their stings, buzzed against him, endeavouring to discover some vulnerable point where they might infuse their poisonous venom; but their attempts fortunately were vain. Many musquitoes were cleft in twain by Charles's sword, which he slashed about with vigour, but the two parts of each of these tormenting insects, would immediately become two different musquitoes, and if he happened to cut up a horrid little grinning monkey, every particular piece would instantly assume life in the form of the same species, running off, shrieking, and beginning to gambol, as if it had been used to it before, so the more Thunderbolt destroyed, the more numerous became his enemies, since, for every one slash and cut, a dozen more opponents would arise to attack him. He once, in a great fit of wrath, cut a baboon of large size in ten parts, but without actually severing one part from another, so that each was left

hanging by a bone, or piece of skin, but for all, that, the whole ten pieces became instantly living baboons, though they were all joined together, and with a most discordant squeaking, they tugged different ways to disjoint themselves. In one part of the garden, the monkeys of numerous different kinds, and snakes, lay together in one mass, nearly four feet from the ground, and covered an area of four acres. Charles had to walk over these monkeys, who were in open war with the myriads of serpents. Sometimes our hero would tumble down, when he was immediately covered with the vermin, but at length, after dreadful efforts, he managed to get through, and there left them squalling and tearing each other piecemeal. This last adventure was so disgusting to our hero, that he was fain to sit down and recover his feelings, but as if the fiends of fury were determined to allow him no rest, the stones began to tumble over one another, and at length to grow into the form of scorpions, and take wing by millions, using every effort to sting him, and but for his armour would have soon put an end to the intrepid youth. He made his way breathless through the myriads of venemous insects, and leaned exhausted against a tree; but there he was doomed to be annoyed, for no sooner did his back touch it, than the branches broke down, raising about him a forest of wood. Then the tree itself fell, with an awful crash, being torn up by a dreadful gust of wind. Every branch, however, changed to

some horrid looking creature, which walked or flew off screaming. Then the heaven above became burning red, and flames darted about in all directions. Meteors of wondrous size glanced along the sky incessantly, turning to blood upon reaching the ground. Dragons vomiting forth black pestilence, rushed hissing through the red air, and thunders of deafening sound rent the canopy of earth, whilst the trees were felled by the hot piercing winds that desolated the gardens, and seemed to scorch every animal it came across, and roasted them instantly to cinders. Our hero, terrified, sought shelter in a little open cave and laid his face to the ground, as the hot tornado spent its fury over his poor doomed body. Knowing that it would be useless in this moment of distress to give way to fear, he uttered a prayer and lay still, whilst the good oyster spread itself into an impenetrable form over the mouth of the cave, and Thunderbolt, with some little sensation of awe, heard from without, the hissing of roasting serpents, the crash of gigantic trees yielding to the hurricane—the roaring of lions burnt in the furious scorching elements and their dying groans—the thunder in the heavens—and the rumblings incessant beneath him. Then through the cracks in the cave could he see the glare caused by the fired atmosphere, which appeared to be one mass of flames, and before our hero had courage to peep from his hiding place, the winds and other elements had done their work, and what was, a few minutes

before, a living forest, had become one black confused mass. All nature was a scene of destruction though perhaps the aspect it had previously presented, being such an abuse of it, it was not at all to be regretted. After the destroyer had passed over, the sky assumed again its glorious blue. The sun shone out with renewed brilliancy, but upon a desolate and miserable desert, with no sign of the waters Charles was in quest of. The oyster decreased to its usual size, and the mouth of the cave received the pure air again.

The breath of heaven blew through the cave fresh and pure. Our hero unclasped his blackened helmet, wiped his perspiring forehead, and gladly permitted the breeze to play through his raven locks, and cool his parched face. He now began to feel the pangs of hunger and thirst, but knew not how to appease the one or assuage the other. Casting his eyes around he found himself in the midst of a vast desert, bounded alone by the horizon, the devastating effects of the shower of fire and parching winds were every where to be seen. Whole heaps of cindered monkeys, snakes, lions griffins and demons lay around him, the dust of which was sometimes blown about in the air by the cooling winds that had sprung up since the tornado. This dust, to the astonishment of our hero, he found to be a kind of seed, and observed wherever this seed fell, a small sprout almost instantly sprung up from it; and whilst our hero was debating within himself what course to take

to obtain food, a forest was growing up around him, and he watched it with emotions of wonder, almost forgetting the keen sensations of hunger and thirst that assailed him in the absorbing interest caused by this new spontaneous phenomenon of nature. Before one hour had elapsed he discovered himself to be surrounded by the most beautiful trees nature could produce, all in full fragrant blossom, which, before his very eyes, blew away, and the fruits formed, grew,—grew,—and reddened and ripened; and all around him hung grapes of large size, pomegranates, oranges, breadfruit, plums, apples, and pears, from trees and vines of all sizes and shapes. Rejoiced to discover all in a moment that his desire of assuaging his hunger would now be accomplished, he felt a thrill of pleasure, and plucked hastily a large apple, so red and yellow that it seemed to say,—pick me,—eat me. Our hero sat down upon the ground to eat it comfortably, and opened his mouth wide, and pleasurably took a mammoth bite, but, as if he were doomed to be cursed by beauty as well as ugliness, an asp, concealed within the apple, bit his mouth. With a shriek of agony, our hero turning ghastly pale flung the apple from him, rushed about screaming, and the pain caused by the venom being so unbearable, he threw himself upon the ground.

Whilst tearing his hair in the intensity of his pain, all around him, every fruit assumed the appearance of hideous faces, laughing boisterously

and jeeringly at our frantic youth. The trees, too, moved from their places, assuming the forms of gigantic demons, and danced around to the tones of discordant music that burst forth in every direction.

Poor Thunderbolt was maddened to desperation. His mouth became swollen, his eyes started from their sockets; his groans were shocking, enjoyed as they were by the dancing fiends, whose laughter increased with the poor tortured wretches cries.

His face became blue and his body swelled to so great a size that the joints of the armour burst and fell off his body. He called for help till he could call no longer, and swollen up to nearly twice his usual size, he became motionless and his senses left him. Then the oyster which had witnessed this scene of horror, rolled forward, caught Charles in its mouth, and made its way to a pool of brackish mineral-looking water, into which it plunged with the unfortunate dying man. The oyster swam backwards and forwards with its burden, until the blue hue gradually forsook his face, by reason of the virtues of the medicinal water, and the swelling began to subside. The oyster then bore him from the water and placed him inside his steam car, which had arrived on the spot.

Thunderbolt was in great pain, and there he lay, guarded by fire from the steam engine, which discharged flames from its mouth, to keep off the

demons, who furious, crowded about. On the third day after the accident the pain subsided, and our hero was enabled to sit up. The oyster shell had formed itself into a canopy over his head, but now that he was better took its original form. Thunderbolt found there was another suit of armour inside, within which he encased himself, and having armed himself with a sword and pistols, he gave notice to the engine that he should like to proceed, as his vigour had returned, and he wished to lose no time in obtaining the living waters. The car understood the notice, shut in its steam, hissed a little, and then began to move, although thousands of demons danced about, hurling stones and balls of iron at Charles in the car, who was protected, however, by the shell, which enlarging itself, shielded him from the missiles. Thunderbolt ate and drank from his store, and felt fully nerved for the ensuing troubles he expected would very soon thickly assail him. The engine in its terrific speed rode over thousands of demons, who, frightened by its approach, shrieked in affright, and sprawled about, struck senseless with horror and fear.

The car at length drew up by the side of an extensive lake, in whose centre bubbled a small fountain. Swimming within were twelve stately red swans, but having, instead of heads natural to those birds, heads like hogs, and covered with bristles. They were of gigantic size, nearly six feet in height, and as they all landed and arrayed themselves to attack Thunderbolt, they presented a

formidable and terrible front. At that instant the oyster uttered these words, as Charles drew two pistols and presented them at two distinct swans, should they make further signs of aggression.

"Charles," said the oyster, "my time is expired and I must now resume my form of a white swan, until you succeed in reversing my cruel enchantment by obtaining the living waters. Farewell, Eliza never will forget thee."

So saying it gradually assumed the appearance of a swan, and walked with stately motion to the lake, and then dived in and was lost to sight. The hoggish looking birds did not attempt to interfere with her, but, flapping their wings, they all came forward with open mouths to make short work of the daring boy.

Thunderbolt felt grieved at the oyster's departure, but hastily dismounted from the car and prepared to attack these monsters; so kneeling down, he fired and knocked two of them over. They grunted terribly and gave up the ghost. The other ten enraged by the fall of their hoggish brethren, came onwards with terrible velocity, and no doubt would very soon have dispatched our friend, but the engine puffed out a large quantity of steam, thus hiding Thunderbolt from the sight of the swans. Disappointed, they flew at the car, which opened its door. The whole of the frightful creatures popped their heads into the fire within, which burnt them immediately to cinders; and when the steam cleared away, Charles beheld

with the liveliest emotion of joy that the dreadful birds lay killed. Now, thought he, if in this lake is the water I require, I will have some of it. He ran to the car, got out a jug, and walked forward towards the pool, looking about him at the same time very cautiously; but seeing nothing near likely to prevent the consummation of his hopes, knelt down, and whilst in the act of dipping the jug into the water, a tremendous stone dungeon arose and enclosed him. Thunderbolt finding himself baulked at the moment he imagined his hopes were to be realised, threw the jug, in a fit of rage, at the wall, where it broke into a thousand pieces, every piece of which assumed the form of a toad, and there they sat about looking very demure on our hero, who vented his disappointment and rage in loud complaints, rushing backwards and forwards in his fury, and treading the toads beneath his feet, the toads not liking this, spat at him; which insolence and temerity on the part of these animals added to Thunderbolt's madness, and he trod about the vermin more fiercely. The toads became so swollen with fury that they grew to the size of oxen, as in the fable, so that at length, to Charles's horror, he found himself wedged in his dungeon, by the extraordinary bulk of these disgusting creatures, who, however, with their increased size, lost the power of injury; and they did nothing but grunt, and roll their stupid eyes about. Suddenly the roof of the dungeon disappeared, and then there rained down meteoric stones and cannon balls,

interspersed with dogs, cats, and pitchforks, which, falling upon the toads, smashed them to a jelly. Thunderbolt thought that his last hour was come, but he still endeavoured to shield himself as well as he could, under the terrible masses, and luckily the dreadful rain subsided in a few minute afterwards, and when Charles looked up from his filthy retreat he observed the mass of jellified toads crumbled to a kind of dust, which dust immediately became blue, green, and golden coloured flies, that flew off in myriads; whilst a tremendous burst of trumpets assailed his ears as the dungeon disappeared, and a volume of white vapour veiled everything. Wonder-stricken, our hero awaited with impatience the next horror he might expect. He however could perceive nothing but a white and dense mist, obscuring whatever was beautiful or horrible without. He was led to hope that his trials were ended, for the most ravishing bursts of music rushed through his ears from every part, sometimes intermingled with chorusses of male and female voices.

Listening with alternate sensations of hope and fear, Thunderbolt gradually fell into a state of stupor. How long it lasted, he never learned, but when he awoke he found himself refreshed, and gazed with wonder and surprise at the scene which met his transported gaze; though he ever thought that anything too good in appearance might still be but deceptive after all, and therefore the sense of his past trials somewhat deadened the pleasure he felt when he beheld the lovely scene about him

He stood and surveyed the whole with feelings beyond all expression, transfixed with astonishment. A thousand recollections of childish readings rushed across his brain. Descriptions of fairy land, and realms of magnificence and splendour, all of which he had set down as fable and fiction; and, without reflection or contemplation, had firmly protested that all works of the kind were drawn alone from the imagination of the brain, without any natural foundation to warrant their actual existence. Sorry within himself that he had ever put down every work of the kind as fiction, and therefore without natural groundwork for its relation, he consequently, determined for the future to act upon a very different plan; as from what he had already undergone, he was well warranted in supposing that there are many works extant, however marvellous, which are far from untrue; as witness the extraordinary relations contained in this amusing work of Charles Thunderbolt, which may be considered as fully substantiating that great truth, written as it was many many years after the present situation of our hero in search for the living waters. Our readers must excuse my digression, we will quickly revert to our tale, or rather to my hero's tale, for all must recollect, that I am not the author, I am merely engaged by Thunderbolt himself to arrange his manuscript for publication as well as I am able, though some of his writing is uncommonly difficult to make out. The scene was indeed dazzling, that met the enraptured gaze of

our noble young Englishman, and such that it entirely took away his speech for a time, and he stood gazing and gazing, more wonder-stricken every moment, as some new gorgeous phenomena of nature met his astonished vision.

The golden fountain of living waters was before him; a fountain so high that it seemed to touch the rosy-tipped clouds above. It sprung from a basin nearly a mile in circumference, and was adorned by most elegant statuary of mammoth size. Within the basin, and up and down the fountain, sported fish of every variety of colour, and of large size. Flying fish of the most beautiful hues buzzed about the waters, where swam seven white swans, ever and anon curving their delicate necks to drink the pure flowing stream. The fountain reflected "like unto the rainbow," the rays of a gorgeous sun, which like a ball of fire, fifty feet to appearance in circumference, was shining upon it and blazing in the partially clouded heaven, whilst from its golden bosom, it sportively threw above and below its rays of varied hues; and every scene of green, plain, and mountain, was tipped with the fire reflected from this mighty resplendent orb, the sun of the mighty star Jupiter.*

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* It is the same sun that shines upon the Moon's earth, though it appears, when viewed from Jupiter, of much larger size; owing, Thunderbolt supposed, to some secret phenomenon of nature, known only to the scientific ones of Jupiter. My readers are aware this is a singular fact, because the sun

Mountains of gorgeous colourings, upon which stood castles, all built either of sapphires or of amber stone, crowned their summits; whilst grapes of luscious variety ripened on the sky-capped mountains which towered above, and flowers of rich and rare luxuriance, of sizes foreign to the earth, bloomed in gardens of fairy like plan. Enticing bowers, too, unparallelled, decked the scene; while jasmines of large flower, climbed and entwined themselves amongst rose-bushes, in full bloom, with the honey-suckles and other sweet flowers, altogether blending their odours, and enriching the bracing air with their grateful perfumes. Woods of remarkably shaped old trees grew around, upon which circled vines, bearing fruit like unto pomegranates; oranges, citrons, melons, and every

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is at a greater distance from Jupiter than it is from the Earth.

It may be owing to a wise ordainment of a supreme power, to whom distance and space are as nothing, and the people of Jupiter being, perhaps, a more advanced race of beings than those of many other spheres, that they are permitted to behold the Sun in a greater degree of glory than less favoured ones.

The arranger of these manuscripts begs to inform the reader that Mr. Thunderbolt has, since the writing of these adventures, spent many years in the star Jupiter; therefore, no doubt, if he should ever be prevailed upon to publish his adventures there, many inconsistencies and remarkable phenomena of nature, described in his adventures in the Moon, may be satisfactorily cleared up, and made intelligible, as well as amusing to the public.—DELORME.

variety of tropical fruit in abundance ripened there, and the scene rendered doubly fascinating to our hero, not only by the sounds of brilliant music from invisible sources, but by the warblings of singing birds, thousands of which, dressed in their gayest garbs, of bright glossy plumage, were giving out tunes of wondrous sweetness, as they sat perched upon the neighbouring trees. Horses, the colour of fawns, trotted merrily in troops through the wood and grass-covered plains, and were engaged in playing numerous antics, sometimes joining with a herd of sportive antelopes, gambolling with them, and bounding about with the glee so becoming to wild, joyous, and uncurbed freedom. Cats of extraordinary beauty purred about Charles, as he reclined upon a marble seat, within a bower of honeysuckles and jasmines, the fragrance of whose sweet blossomings cheered his spirits, and touched his soul to tenderness. Then large dogs would come and lick his hands, protesting their delight by repeated waggings of their tails; then lay themselves down at his feet, basking in the beams of the gorgeous sun. Two fine cats got upon either shoulder, and there they sat, cleaning their paws quite contentedly, whilst a very handsome and sleek scarlet pussey walked into his lap, and commenced a superior kind of tune for one of its race. Charles felt pleased, yet still with fear that all this scene of fascinating enchantment might be only to allure him to some new horror. He was therefore rather afraid to appear too pleased, but the poor cat looked

so imploringly into his face, that Thunderbolt, having a natural love for cats and dogs, could not help but pat and pat again, the sleek and delicate animal, which, to exhibit its satisfaction and pleasure, purred very much louder a song of uncommon sweetness,—that is,—for a feline animal.

Then, at length satisfied with its couch on Thunderbolt's lap, it lay at full stretch, and comfortably composed itself to sleep. A basket of delicious fruits was now placed in the tent by invisible agency; and Charles took a peach from out the basket, and, lest there should be an asp concealed, first broke it open. Seeing nothing, to his gratification, but the luscious fruit itself, he ate of it, and found it good. Then he commenced at the grapes, and made a good meal of other fruit, and began to feel himself very happy.

"Now," said he,—"another trial for this precious water. May Jupiter prevent any disappointment to my wishes, that I may save the poor king." He then strode towards the fountain. Music burst in continued strains—the birds sang louder and sweeter. The cats began to tumble each other over in sport,—the sun shot out its glorious and resplendent rays from his fiery bosom with increasing force and splendour. The fountain shot up its living waters—the flying fish gambolled. The horses neighed, as they rambled to and fro, the antelopes bounded upon the neighbouring hills, and the various flowers poured out showers upon showers of rich perfumes.

A voice from the fountain broke upon the ear of the entranced listener, Thunderbolt, and he recognised it to be from his beloved Eliza. Speechless, and overcome with rapture, he gave ear to the welcome sounds; and as he stood upon the brink of the fountain, his noble form in an attitude of entranced attention to the sound, he was reflected in its spangled depths.

"If thou hast courage enough, dive into the waters, and preserve thy Eliza, and gain thy prize!" said a voice like unto Eliza's.

Not hesitating a moment, he dived in, and sank immediately to its depths; but the waters decreased as he sank, without wetting him, and when he reached the bottom he found himself on a beautiful car, covered with a canopy of gold cloth, in which was seated his dear Eliza. He knelt at her feet enraptured, pressed her to his bosom, and fell into a flood of tears; so overcome was he with joy at the fulfilment of his hopes,—for he observed a gold barrel in the car, which contained the waters he had been sent to seek! He was delighted that he had overcome the power of the great magician, and had rescued his beloved one from the cruel enchanters sway. Also he blessed Jupiter above, that he had not only done that much, but had rescued the king from his doom, and his seven sons, fine young men, who were all seated in the car, from the wrath of the wretched fiend, Burstboiler, who had from a malicious feeling transformed them into swans, because they went in search of the

precious waters, now so heroically obtained by the Englishman.

After he had given way to his unbounded rapture, the king's seven sons fell at his feet, and thanked him for their wonderful deliverance. Charles bade them rise; and after mutual exchanges of joy between himself and Eliza, he said,—

"We had better now depart for the moon, for I long to preserve the good king's life, and to render him happy by the sight of the desired water. Ah! the car is my faithful engine, who, so often has worked my deliverance. It is endowed with sense, as well as power; so prepare for the start, now I will turn this peg, and we shall mount." Thunderbolt turned the peg, and as he said, the car covered with streamers and flags waving in the glorious breeze, mounted in the air, and from below arose hundreds of little winged cupids, and the goddess of fame with her attendants, crowned the lovely pair with laurel. Thousands of beautiful birds like unto the earth's birds of paradise, flew about them, and one lark arose far into the sky alone, sending forth into the solitude of air its witching strains of melody and joyousness as if appealing to heaven for the still further preservation of the hero, and thanking it for his success. Less and less full were its marvellous notes heard, for it disappeared as a speck in the vast expanse of the etherial blue, seeming to vanish as a herald speeding to the satellite afar to announce to the king of the moon his deliverance.

As the gorgeous car arose, an invisible multi-

tude shouted songs in praise of the pair. The music swelled with the freshening wind in strains of enchantment, not to be heard in any other planet. The castles of saphire, ruby, and amber glittered dazzlingly beneath in the glorious sun. The fountain played higher, and its basin was again filled with the precious water. The North Pole flew into the car covered with streamers and planted itself in the centre. The poor animals beneath seemed to have lost a friend in Charles, for there they were assembled in groups looking as if wondering at the departing vehicle, as it grew less and less distinct to their astonished gaze. Charles looked almost with regret at the magnificent land beneath him. As the car winged its course for many days over the planet Jupiter, he saw such extraordinary scenes and sights as kept him in wonder and startling astonishment. The mighty car soon got up to its highest speed, and was in full flight towards their destination,—that object which we on earth observe to sail so calmly along the blue heavens at night, and, which not only affords us light, but so feeds the earth with it, as to render every object she shines upon more beautiful, though perhaps more solemn in appearance,—the pale,—the ever wandering moon.

Thus Thunderbolt, by an unshaken faith in an over-ruling power—a determination to overcome difficulties—an unyielding strength and presence of mind,—accomplished the most difficult task ever entrusted by a Moonite king to a being of the earth.

Thus it proves to my kind indulgent readers, whether children of small or larger growth, how much may be done by perseverence and an unconquerable determination to yield to no obstacles, however formidable at first sight they may appear.

CHAPTER III.

The king of the moon awaited with increasing impatience the return of Charles Thunderbolt with the precious water. The excitement within that orb was tremendous. There were but three days more of the two months to expire; and many noble tails and their dependants feared Charles had met with some accident, as they had expected his return about the middle of the month. The king was exceedingly ill owing to his medical attendants having from necessity diluted the liquid more than usual, to prolong his life, if possible. His majesty therefore became weakly, and he dreaded his overhanging fate; yet indulged great hopes, that his preserver would return in time to ensure his existence. An immense observatory had been erected, and telegraphs at certain distances, all over the country, from one end of Northerntine to the other. Noble tails were constantly upon the watch for his appearance, both night and day,

but no signal of his approach had as yet been sent to the royal observatory. The cathedrals of Northerntine were crammed with the populace who flocked there for the purpose of imploring Jupiter to preserve the expected water-bearer. The clergy tails were constantly prostrating themselves day and night. All the hills around the cities, of which there were three, were crowded with expectant gazers, looking through telescopes,* directing their enquiring eye to the star Jupiter. But although the glasses were most excellent, the gazers could distinguish nothing approaching, and were ever doomed to disappointment. Thousands of friendly giants, who had come to Northerntine to spend the holiday from friendly quarters, made a great deal of money—in fact, more than paid their expenses—by bearing the Northerntiners upon their shoulders, for the purpose of looking from a higher elevation than they could when upon the ground, to catch a glimpse of the expected car with its important freight. Windows and house-tops were likewise at a premium. Chairs stuck on the tops of tables were also in great request, from which the excited spectators might possibly obtain a momentary gaze. Upon this occasion too, the towers of Northerntine were filled by expectant and heartbroken courtiers, friends of the king.

* The telescopes were the property of itinerants, who amassed very large fortunes upon that especial occasion.

called himself Hanson. Well, the king took a great fancy to him,—told him that the hideous forms they then wore were not their original ones, but the work of a dreadful magician,* who, from men like unto himself, had transformed his subjects into tails, and he, the king, partly so; and this vile magician, not content with that, so ordained it that the monarch should not live, unless by the continual drinking of a certain water, only to be obtained in the planet Jupiter; and which could not be got but by a being of the earth. He also told him that he had sent his sons to obtain some, but they never returned; and many thousand of other moonites perished in endeavouring to reach the star. The fiendish magician had, after the cruel transformation of the Northerntines, left with him a few gallons of this precious liquid, which to the present time of my tale was almost exhausted.

Burstboiler, the great magician and guardian of the living waters, having heard that a being of earth had been sent to the moon by a greater power than himself; and fearing that he might be sent to obtain the waters, worked more evil spells, and changed poor Hanson into a most frightful monster, a little time before the arrival of Thunderbolt, who, by the ordaining of Jupiter, left the moon in search of the waters, unchanged, and as

* The king would not believe that his and his subjects transformation was caused by Jupiter, although he himself had sent Eliza as ambassadress to appease Jupiter's wrath.

we found, after frightful perils, succeeded in obtaining some.

Well, this great man, Hanson, stood by the king's bedside and did what he could to comfort him. A description of this transformation may be amusing before we proceed further.

He was a curious formed animal,—for animal he certainly was to all appearance,—he being no more like a human being than a man is like a porcupine. If this extraordinary being had his proper appellation he would be called a porcupine, for his body was covered with a sort of pointed quill, which the king had used for pens. It made no difference in the number, though ever so many were pulled from him, as they grew again instantly in the vacancy. His head was much of the human shape, shape I say, for fixed in the centre of a huge forehead were two eyes, exactly over one another; his mouth came next, being between the eyes, and his extravagant nose which by measurement was a foot long, and at the extremity was mounted with an inkstand, and was always full of a black matter which served the purpose of ink. Therefore he was denominated the king's royal black liquor bearer. Having described his features I will proceed with his body. From his chin downwards was one mass of quills, covering a body as black as jet, glued to a pair of legs as red as a deep vermillion. He had no feet, but a pair of hands fixed to his legs, seemingly by a kind of spring His arms were yellow, with feet as if nailed to them.

When he retired to rest he took himself to pieces, and only laid his head in bed. He was more than ten feet high.

"Black-liquor bearer," said the king feebly, "we would be alone with your grace some few moments."

The room was cleared of all except the Black-liquor bearer and a single attendant.

"Thou art a magician, my friend. When thou wert transformed, to make up somewhat for thy hideous figure, great powers of prophecy were granted thee; canst thou forsee our fate? Shall we live over this day?"

"Your majesty," said the Liquor-bearer, "there are hopes; young Thunderbolt will arrive yet."

"But *will* he arrive!"

Great king,' replied he of the liquor, "I have not power to foresee events which are kept hidden from mortals by a wise and overruling power for a good purpose."

The poor king groaned, and the water attendant poured just one drop of the waters down his throat, which had the effect of reviving him a little, and he faintly cried,—

"Hanson, are you there?"

"I am, your gracious majesty," returned Hanson softly.

"Do not leave me," gasped the king.

"I will not, sire!"

"What hour is it?"

Hanson strode softly to one of the immense win-

dows, drew aside the curtains, and saw that night had fallen over the moon, and nought could be distinguished without but the glare of the beacon lights upon the hills around the cities as far as the distant horizon; whilst a rustling and moaning wind blew in gusts past the windows, and a low rumbling noise was heard above, like unto the gathering of a storm, with the mutterings of distant thunder. A few large rain drops patted against the glass as the illustrious Liquor-bearer closed the curtains of the windows, and walked back softly to the couch of the fast departing king.

"Night has fallen, your majesty," whispered Hanson.

But the king answered not. Hanson seeing he was asleep, seated himself at a table, took a quill from himself, made a pen, dipped it in his nose, and wrote a bulletin, which he handed to the single attendant water-bearer, and bade him deliver it to the proper authority without. This was done. The crowds in the ante-chamber read it with anxious looks. Then the bulletins were printed and distributed to the populace, and they silently mourned the impending fate of their king, for they saw he was no better, and gave up all hope of his deliverance being effected through Thunderbolt's means, as this was the night preceding the last day he could possibly exist without a further supply of water.

The king slept; and Hanson remembered a prescription so celebrated in his own country,—the

invention of the celebrated Morrison; so during his sleep he made up a couple of pills, which he placed in the king's mouth, hoping that when he awoke he would swallow them unawares.

The king awoke in a short time, and by dint of good luck swallowed the pills. Hanson trusted they would have the effect of restoring him for a little time.

"How is your majesty?" whispered his faithful physician.

"Alas! we are very ill. We have had a fearful dream; we thought we had swallowed two moons."

Hanson could not help smiling; no doubt, the moons were the two pills, thought he.

"'Tis an excellent dream, your majesty, and forebodes great good."

"What are the news? will the water come, think you?"

"Your majesty's subjects are never ceasing in their exertions to discover the bearer's approach."

"Open the window-curtains that we may take a last gaze at our glorious kingdom."

The hideous but droll liquor-bearer did as desired, and drew aside the curtains. The king lay raised by a doubled pillow, he strained his eyes to see something of the scene without, but all was black as pitch.

"You have not done as desired, your grace!"

"Your majesty, the curtains are withdrawn."

"Alas! Alas! am I blind then?" in piteous accents, cried the poor despairing monarch.

"No, your majesty, the heavens are darkened; does not your majesty hear the tempest howling?"

Suddenly the glare from an electric flash lit up the interior of the solemn chamber, revealing the king, with his yellow, agonized visage, straining his eyes in the direction of the window, where the liquor-bearer stood holding back a massive velvet curtain.

This mighty intense glare of lightning displayed for an instant the whole scene without to the gaze of the three in the sick chamber.

There was the street, still crowded with thousands of upturned faces, whilst hundreds of torches flickered here and there, and the monstrous building, or observatory, was crowded with human beings, some of whom, notwithstanding the threatening state of the elements, were engaged looking through the night glasses; whilst upon all the neighbouring hills stupendous fires blazed, and beneath them, the tops of steeples, towers, turrets, houses, were crammed with the anxious inhabitants eagerly straining their eyes through the darkness for the slightest sign of the approach of the desired object.

The lightning became more frequent in its flashes, and at length was followed by the most dreadful peals of thunder, shaking castle, house, and tower to their foundations. The rain pelted upon the devoted heads of the populace in torrents, and from rain changed to hail stones of immense size, as large as cannon balls, and when the lightning

again lit up the expanse without, its character had changed. Hanson gazed upon the scene with horror; and when the roar of the thunder ceased at intervals, the palace resounded with the hurried tread of the inmates, and their shrieks and bewailings caused by the hail stones, which massacred thousands, killing them every where; and those who managed to escape, flew to their retreats. The observatories were deserted. The large telescopes were broken to pieces. Roofs of houses were either smashed in, or blown off, the fragments finishing the carnage the hail had begun.

The lightning flashed, hurriedly flash upon flash. The thunder seemed to enjoy the destruction, and appeared to laugh in its furious crashes. Down came the hail in torrents, pelt! pelt! breaking heads, smashing bodies, crushing hundreds in heaps,—and amongst them, the nearest of kin to the throne. Shrieks and bewailings rent the air. The beacon fires became extinguished. Wild beasts broke loose from their cages, and rushed down the streets roaring, tearing the human tails to pieces in their fury. Horses, cows, and bulls, broke from their stalls, and became mad and trod hundreds to death in their furious course.

"What is the cause of this?" cried the king, gasping.

"The heavens alone can tell!' exclaimed Hanson;—"but calm yourself, oh! king, await the end."

At this moment, an immense dragon flew to the

windows, blew a trumpet, and Hanson seeing it fancied it was a courier with news, and opened the window. A parchment was handed him, and away sped the dragon. The furious winds rushed in the room; flashes of forked lightning entered, and scorched to a cinder the water-attendant. Backwards and forwards flew the windows. Peal! crash! again roared the thunder, seeming below, as well as above, and reverberating in endless echoes over the doomed cities. After dreadful efforts, Hanson closed the windows against the raging elements, and going to the bedside of the king, he looked at the manuscript.

"Ah!" cried the king, "my doomed is sealed; it was the death dragon. 'Tis ever so, before any of our race leaves this life. Read it!—read it!—oh!" and the poor king groaned, and fell back exhausted. But Hanson placed a phial to his lips containing some powerful elixir, poured a few drops between his lips, and whilst he undid the parchment, the king somewhat revived, and having begged Hanson to read, lay, calmed by the powerful effects of the elixir, to listen to the contents, which Hanson, having drawn the night lamp near, prepared to read.

"CHRONICLES OF THE MOON!"

Commenced Hanson, in a clear low voice, which the king, with intense interest, gave ear to.

"Revelations of the great magician of the planet Jupiter, and the moon."

"And it came to pass, that in the court of the king of the moon, there lived a great and surprising magician.

The king of the moon in his youth had been given to wickedness; and he excited the wrath of his god, the great Jupiter, and he grew more wicked the older he became.

And the lord of Jupiter, directed his great magician to transform his subjects into cats' tails, and also to transform the lower part of the king himself, into a cat's tail.

And he also directed that the king of the moon should not live but by the drinking of a certain water, which could only be obtained in the planet Jupiter.

And none but a being of earth, could obtain it for his majesty.

So the magician left with the king a small supply.

Verily, this supply became nearly exhausted, when Jupiter sent an English youth, by name, Thunderbolt, to his help, and he went in search of the living waters.

And in course of time, Thunderbolt did gain the waters; he also did rescue the king's seven sons from their punishment of transformation into white swans, to which they had been subject.

And Thunderbolt rescued his bride, Eliza, from the same fate.

And the king of the moon's life had ten days to run, when Thunderbolt started for the moon.

And the moon became eclipsed, and Thunderbolt missed his course.

And the king of the moon died on the last day of the month.

The king groaned deeply, but Hanson read on.

Jupiter purged the land of his wrath by a great storm.

And Thunderbolt arrived at the moon one month after the king's death, and he succeeded him upon the throne, under the title of THUNDERBOLT THE FIRST.

Jupiterky Magistrickkerr,
Filos Gridegruddle.

When Hanson had read the prophesy, the king was instantly changed to a human form, and died that moment. Hanson to his wonder and surprise, was retransformed to his original manly figure, and all the tails without, who survived the hail-storm, were that very instant changed to their original forms of beautiful men and women, differing only from Europeans, by having small wings upon their shoulders, of a most beautiful texture. All nature that had undergone a change, was likewise brought back to its original beauty. When the morning broke over the city of Northerntine, the intelligence of the king's death had reached to the furthest quarters of the cities, and the grief they evinced combatted with the exceeding joy they felt at their

having assumed again their original manly form. The poor tails that had been killed by the storm the preceding night, were all burnt quickly. The king was burnt with some little ceremony—the usual method of disposing of the dead in the moon; and ere the twelfth day from the death of the late king had arrived, all was in busy preparation for the reception of the king whom Jupiter had himself appointed. Every citizen received a copy of the prophecy, and all were unanimous in their approval of Jupiter's choice, with the exception of some disaffected relatives of the late monarch, who were of opinion that the Duke Blusterpate, cousin to his late majesty, had the best claim to the throne. The disaffected party, who were not very numerous, were however silenced for a time by the whole voice of the country.

We must now revert to the newly elected monarch, who, unconscious of the exalted post and great honor awaiting him at the place of his destination was speeding with the swiftness of the wind towards the moon, at which place all the telescopes to be found were put in requisition to discover his approach, whilst whole bands, consisting of thousands of aerial moonites flew forth to escort him to his kingdom.

CHAPTER IV.

Thunderbolt, with his beloved one, the fair Eliza, and the king's seven sons, were all very comfortable together in the car, and all the anxiety Thunderbolt felt was, in fearing he might not reach the moon in time to save and prolong the life of his majesty. However, he reckoned that if nothing should happen to impede their course, he should make port a couple of days before the expiration of the month, which contained only twelve more days; as when the chapter commences, the car had been upon its journey eight days, and its speed now was awful. They were guided entirely by the light of the immense yellow orb hanging in the air, so that when a cloudy day hid its face, they lost way. It was upon the fifth day of the journey, after supper, when they were splitting through the universe with terrific speed, the golden moon shining full and gloriously in the unbounded distance, and not a sound heard in the awful stillness, common to so high an altitude, except the hissing noise caused by the steam engine puffing its steam, and the rustle of its tremendous wings through the star-spangled canopy of a thousand earths, as the mighty engine so bravely ploughed the untrodden track of air, that the king of the moon's seven sons thought together, they would enjoy one of their national games. The youngest son was a black and sinister-looking

moonite, and he had been gloomily revolving in his own mind, the little chance of his father's life being saved, and the much less chance he would have of ascending the throne, whilst he possessed six elder brothers. So thought he, if I can possibly get rid of my brothers, my fortune will be glorious, and I shall not be doomed to servility. Well, I will seek a chance; I will either when all are asleep, pitch them out of the car, or in our national game, which I have no doubt they will amuse themselves with, kick them into eternity. It happened that the eldest son of the king of the moon proposed that very game; and it was gladly joined in by all. This curious pastime was of a most peculiar and dangerous kind, but was common in the moon, among all ranks and classes of the people. It consisted in one chosen from the number, hanging from a flying machine, and the rest who participated in the game, hanging in rotation from each others legs; and the last one had then to climb up until each reached the car in turn. When the nature of this game was explained to Thunderbolt, he was much alarmed, and begged they would desist from such, as he thought, most dangerous feat; especially as they were then riding right over the dominions of Pluto and Vulcan, and if they fell, their destruction would be inevitable; and the attraction of gravitation was so great from that fiery place, as to draw all foreign unfixed objects from the boundless space into its vortex.

They would however, listen to no persuasion,—so they cast lots who should have the "hang of honor," and to the joy of the youngest brother, it fell upon him. Therefore he got out with alacrity, and hung from one side of the car, and Charles insisted upon tying his hands to it. Then the brothers, loudly laughing, descended one by one, until the last was dangling in the air. The youngest brother, quite against the rules of the game, kicked the next one to him with all his force, in the mouth, and on the head, so that in his pain, he unconsciously let go, but not before, with a violent tug, he had taken with him the kicker's legs, and to Charles and Eliza's horror, they beheld them whirling towards the burning Lake; in the region of destruction beneath. The Tenant's of the wonderous machine were overcome with terror. What! thought they—should they be able to tell the king of this disastrous affair! Hardly had this dreadful catastrophe happened, and Thunderbolt was about to undo the cords that bound to the car the hands of the ill-fated youngest son, than Eliza terrified, pointed out to Thunderbolt an immense bird, nearly twenty feet in length, coming with open mouth towards them. Charles hastily seized his magic pistols, that lay near, and ere the bird reached the car, he planted a bullet in either eye, and of course blinded the monster. In its fury, it tore away the remaining portion of the king's

youngest son, and flew off with it, with frightful screams, towards the dominions of Pluto, exulting, though so dreadfully wounded, in his having in his talons, as he thought, poor Thunderbolt. This bird was the spirit of the late king of the moon, who winging its way to another world, thought to intercept Charles, and prevent his being king, from a feeling of deadly revenge he entertained towards him by reason of his not having arrived at his dominions in time to preserve his life. This bird, when arrived at his destination, found that he had carried away the body of his own son instead of that of his intended victim.

With much difficulty our valiant Hero brought Eliza, who had fainted from terror, to her senses again. He bade her cheer up, as they were not far from the moon, and might yet hope, he thought, to reach it ere twenty-four hours passed. She was soon consoled when she learned that the bird had left her beloved unharmed, and with one hand in that of each other, they now watched with increasing interest, the scenes around them, as ever and anon with looks of mutual affection, vows of love were exchanged, and ere the vehicle had made many thousands of miles further in its seemingly interminable course, they had both determined to be wedded immediately they could arrange matters in the moon. They both gave over troubling their minds

about the death of the king's seven sons, and as they bent their gaze towards the object of their destination, their ideas became centered in the important duty they were entrusted with, which was to get to port ere the two months had expired. Thunderbolt calculated by the size the moon appeared to him, that he must be not less than a day's flight distant, and he hoped, if nothing impeded his present rate of progress, to be there in time to preserve the poor king's life; but how was he astonished when he beheld a shadow pass across the face of the moon, hiding her whereabouts from his sight, and soon darkening the whole sky around. He became in a state of much anxiety, because he was too well aware that to miss his direct course for ever such a short period, would render his getting to the moon in time to save the king's life, a thing totally impossible.

The sky for hours continued dark; and when the sun shone, he was only then enabled to guide his car, though he could not possibly tell how many miles he had gone out of his proper course. He argued truly the cause of the phenomenon was nothing more nor less than an eclipse.

We will now leave them pursuing their way as well as they possibly could divine, in the direction of the moon, whilst we hasten to record the preparations making in that fair satellite for the reception of the voyagers; and it must be borne in mind by the reader that the vast distance of space traversed by the car, was owing, though unperceived by

Thunderbolt, to translation, though he thought it was steady motion.

The king of the moon had been burned seven days, and his memory had been almost cast from the minds of the people, since, with his reign, the populace had very few agreeable associations; and through his conduct it was, they afterwards learned, that his subjects had been subjected to that cruel transformation, as Thunderbolt first saw them. With his death they had assumed their original forms, and they rejoiced accordingly; and finding that it was the command of Jupiter that our hero was to be made king, they yielded gladly to the edicts of their god, and determined to receive him in the warmest manner, with such triumphant rejoicings as should prove to Jupiter and Thunderbolt their joy at the proper election of a sovereign. Big with burning enthusiasm and heartfelt joy, the nobles of Northerntine bustled about to get in readiness the panoply required. All the neighbouring states of Northerntine were signified of the forthcoming event, and each desired to send some contributions to the imperial city, to aid in the great and splendid work contemplated. Messengers were dispatched to invite the kings and heads of various countries within quick reach, A winged courier was sent to announce the forthcoming event to his glorious and dignified majesty the king of all the Pig-heads, and his sweet perfumed majesty the king of Wagtailland; and also to Scortchbelly the the sultan of Turkeyland; and likewise to king

Oxhead, being the king of all the great giants who dwell in a country called Tartarland, a mighty race of people.

Invitations too were sent to the emperor of Tea-land; also to the Prince of the Fighting Demons, a race of men and women, the upper part of their bodies being of iron, and they having but one eye, and that looks right through the head.

Couriers and messengers of all kinds were dispatched to all the other kingdoms and civilized nations in the moon. An especial messenger was sent to the Elephant King, a particular friend to Northerntine, and who, though of quite a different species from the acknowledged human race, was much beloved by the nobles and people of that kingdom; he having married a daughter of the late king. He was an ally of Northerntine, and he could in time of war send to their assistance 20,000 soldiers, all formed in the shape of elephants; they walked, however, quite upright, and what would have been the fore legs of those animals were, in these beings, very long arms, capable of increase or decrease of length at will. These beings were very powerful in battle, and generally acted the part of mercenaries, almost always in company with the race next to their land, called the fighting demons; a further description of these will come in the course of the tale.

The damage done by the fearful hail storm to the city of Northerntine was quickly repaired.

The palace of Northerntine was refurnished in a most peculiarly magnificent style. The greatest part of the furniture was formed of the most expensive wood to be found in the moon, inlaid with emeralds of immense size. In some rooms the furniture itself was made entirely of emeralds, and inlaid with rubies, with velvet cushionings. The pillars of all the halls and rooms were of jasper and porphery, and the ceilings of pictures of the warlike doings of the moonites, and all formed from innumerable precious stones. Upon the floor lay carpets more than three inches thickness, and musical instruments were every where carelessly laid about the several apartments. The exterior of the palace was one blaze of transcendant light, being from one end to the other one mass of precious stones inlaid in every device. A hundred fountains played in the gardens of the palace, one of which was more than a quarter of a mile in circumference, and the design was magnificent. In the basin of this fountain were small but beautiful vessels, manned by children, and swans and wild fowls of gorgeous plumage crowded upon the waters. The foliage of the trees was not green, but of various bright colours, and their fruit mostly green when ripe. The river that fed these fountains and the reservoir flowed through the principal city, and was crossed by the most magnificent bridges, for many miles. The river through this city was a mile in width, and bore upon its light green bosom the finest navy in the moon, and thousands of merchant vessels from

all quarters, with other craft common to the principal rivers of mighty kingdoms.

For the people of Northerntine were a naval power, and by means of their marine force had not only preserved themselves from aggression, but had conquered and added to their vast dominions large and valuable territories, which circumstance accounts for the exhilirating sight the river now presented. However, unto the day of the late king's death, the ship's had lain idly in the river, as through the strange transformation of the people they were rendered totally unfit to work their own vessels, and they had been obliged to have there ships of war manned by a foreign and friendly power. The transformation of the inhabitants of Northerntine into the unsightly tails described already, commenced about two years since; and luckily at a time when they were not only at peace with all the civilized powers of the planet, but had many allies, who, when the dreadful judgment came upon them, assisted them to a great extent, particularly the giants, a race inhabiting an island in one of the great waters, or, as called in the moon, the milk sea, so that at the present moment of our tale the river Foam presented a more than usual sight of bustle and activity, as the original seamen had returned to their own craft, and were now busily engaged, under the able direction of their commander, in rendering the river, as others were doing the land, triumphantly worthy of the forthcoming great occasion. No punishments were

allowed, except for criminal offences; the offender was merely discharged from his employ; and such like offenders generally, when their spleen had puffed off, returned to their duty with double alacrity. The universal temper was so good, owing to their having thrown off their degrading forms of tails, to assume the image of perfection. The principal city of Northerntine was really a city of palaces, and the labouring people lived in another city, from which they never thought of venturing, except for the purpose of building, or other artizans work. This was the city of labour, and it adjoined another city called the city of trade. The city of labour, as it was termed, was situated over the river, and was surrounded by a high wall, which hid the roofs of the houses. The building of houses was undertaken always by the government, and built according to a particular plan devised by a great engineer, so as to ensure moderate comfort and health. Every house was built of stone, and contained a garden behind it. The inmates paid rents according to the trade carried on, and the profession exercised, and were forced to adopt a peculiar dress, which would bear washing, and was made of a kind of stuff which was not likely to engender dirt or disease. Particular attention was paid to drainage, and through the cities of trade and labour, in one or two very wide streets, there were canals into which the sewers all ran, and so carried off the refuse. Like unto Amsterdam, a city of the

earth, cleanliness was carried to such an extent, that a spot of dirt could hardly be detected upon the exterior or interior of the houses. No carpets were allowed in the cities of trade or labour, as the sanatory commissioners were of opinion that carpets were apt to render small rooms unhealthy, besides that they accumulated dust of every kind, and retained odours, caused by the working of the different trades. Every street was eighty feet wide. The city of trade, to protect itself from any chance of engendering disease or scents from the city of labour, was divided from that quarter by a high wall, and the river was crossed by drawbridges, which were let down early in the morning, but drawn up always before nine o'clock in the evening, when every labouring man who resided in the city of labour, was constrained to be at his house ere the stroke of that hour.

The city of labour, as said, was constructed of stone, and vigilantly kept perfectly clean by the overlooking of the necessary authorities. Each family occupied one house, and paid a certain rent to government, either by money or labour, as required. No begger was ever seen, as all helpless people were immediately notified to proper authorities, who arrested them instantly, enquired carefully, and without harshness, into their concerns, and, if really helpless, they were either educated to a trade or profession at the expense of government, or set to easy work. The harshness of any official was punished more severely than almost any offence

excepting criminal ones; and seldom was an example of cruelty either to men or animals known. The natural temper of the people inclined to amiability. About a mile distant from the city of labour, upon a mountain, surrounded by a deep canal at its base, stood the hospitals belonging to Northerntine; they were divided from each other by very high walls, overtopping the buildings themselves; and to prevent contagion from one to the other, immense fires were ever kept burning around each, and large fans upon the summit of the walls in still weather, continually worked by engines, to form artificial wind. There were also better class hospitals, all under the direction of government, where any case of disease from the palace city was instantly removed; as government medical officers, chosen yearly, and re-elected by the people, if liked, entered every house once a week, and if the family were all in health, and did not wish their domestic repose disturbed, they had merely to sign a certificate, which satisfied the medical inspector. A case kept unknown to the doctor was severely punished, whatever might be the station of the parties responsible. By these means, which had been in force ever since the people of Northerntine were a nation, the cities were kept in a constant state of health, and epidemics, owing entirely to the cleanliness observed, as well by the enforcing of strict authority, as by the inclination of the people themselves, were [illegible] in Northerntine, though they raged

wofully in other kingdoms, and made often the nations suddenly powerless. One other reason of the non-prevalence of epidemics was, that all around this favoured land which was about 2,000 miles in circumference, was one range of volcanos, always burning a pure flame, and which kept up a continual current of air, and opposition to the entrance of foreign disease.

There is an evil in the cities and other habited places of earth, which, though hardly perceived by the people, engaged as they are in continual diversions or pursuits of business, which, little as it is thought to be the cause, is the bane of all society, and interferes with the peace of domestic life. I refer to those necessary accompaniments to the domestic establishment, called servants, whose greatest pleasure is oftentimes to repeat the discussions of their superiors, and with a version of their own added, spread from family to family, the roots of all scandal and ill feeling. In the country, called Northerntine, they have a particular system for the training of servants. They are educated from children, by government authorities, and their parents or guardians have to pay a small stipend weekly; according to station. They are taught everything necessary for the particular branch of domestic use they are especially intended for, and for the services of one of these necessary beings, a certain sum is paid to government, besides a moderate salary to the servants themselves. They are, from custom immemorial, neither taught to

read nor write, those qualifications being considered not only unnecessary for their happiness through life, but really an evil; and scandal, or repetition of table talk, of domestic scenes, that occur in their employer's house seldom occurs, as even by themselves, such conduct is held in the greatest abhorence, and if perpetrated, is severely punished.

Thus Thunderbolt has said the best and most exemplary servants, are to be found in the moon, in the quarter alluded to, and the memory of the great man—the founder of the system for training servants—is held to this day in the greatest veneration, and monuments are erected, not only in the great public parks, but in conspicuous parts of the metropolis. (It will perhaps interest our readers to know, that the records of those ancient dates, say, that the founder of the good system for training domestics, was named Thunderbolt; he lived more than 3,000 years before our hero—was removed from the earth to the moon.)

Thunderbolt's manuscript contains a long and detailed account of this grand system of training servants, as he thought it might be useful to his country, but as our tale is very long, I have, of necessity, expunged a great deal, which, though it might be interesting for those who find a trouble in obtaining good domestics, would be of little interest to those who are more ready to swallow with gusto, the relations of the more personal proceedings of the great hero; therefore we will

return to the account of the great preparations making to receive him.

We have now to describe, that gorgeous and incalculably magnificent portion of the city;—termed, in Northerntine, the city of palaces; and which was well entitled to that appellation by the unusual and grand specimens of architecture in its buildings, both private and public, which it presented, especially to the eye of a stranger. The side of the river upon which this glorious city was erected was a gentle slope, gradually rising to a considerable height, upon which for a space of many miles, this wondrous emporium of the whole moon was built; containing within its exquisite precincts, untold riches, and a race of people highly civilized and superior, both as to formation, powers of mind, and equanimity of temper. The personal appearance of these noble ones of the creation, in this quarter of the moon, were far superior to the middle, or common order, besides they possessed the power of flying; their wings being larger than those of the lower classes; for the wings of the latter were always kept clipped by order of government, and the people were not allowed to permit their proper growth until they had merited that great privilege, from their having either invented something wonderful for the use of mankind, or done some deed worthy of immortality. Therefore, a great man, or one who had done deeds worthy of that appellation, might always be known by the length of his wings

which permitted him to soar in the air, and fly many miles without rest; and for the purpose of rest and refreshment, immense towers, above two hundred feet in height, were erected in all the cities and provinces of Northerntine; and to be allowed the free use of their wings was the sole ambition of all classes there, above those of domestics, and by constant perseverance it was very often attained before the middle age, which, in that globe is forty, the average duration of age of both men and women being about eighty years.

It is singular, that since the transformation of the Northerntiners from hideous figures to men and women, the smell of cheese, which was perceptible to our hero when he first set foot upon the moon, had quite gone off, and actually to the astonishment of the oldest inhabitants, who always remembered the scent from their childhood to have been prevalent, and which tradition had accounted for in a most extraordinary manner. The chronicles say, that the moon was once upon a time, a mere sea of milk, for ages and ages, before a living being was known to exist. Jupiter being enraged with a daughter of Vulcan, whom he wished to espouse, had recourse to a stratagem. She was of such extraordinary swiftness of wing, that he could never succeed in catching her; and being a bit of a flirt, loved to lead him a wild goose chase. And one day, the fair wandering goddess, was slowly skimming over the sea of milk, and old Jupiter flying with might and main

in pursuit, and almost breatless with exertion, he caused the hitherto calm sea to rise in tremendous waves, one of which overwhelmed the fair coquette, and she descended with the deluge. Being out of her element, she could not rise. Old Jupiter hovered about her, laughing at the misery of the poor maiden, who was entirely at the hoary god's mercy. He then told her that he would keep her eternally there, unless she consented to become his own; and if she would bless his love, he would make a land from the vast sea of milk, which should be an inheritance for their children, and their issue for all time. Coyly, she at length consented, and the god converted the milk into cheese of a yellow color, containing valleys and mountains, which, after a time hardened, and by the action of the atmosphere changed to various beautiful substances. For fifty years Jupiter lived with his bride upon a stupendous mountain of hardened cheese, which wore the appearance of a mighty emerald, and around and about the lovliest garbs of nature decked the surface of the soil. He caused a whole plain of cheese, some hundred miles in extent, to putrify, and the corruption gave life to cheesemites, which gradually assumed the form of animals of all kinds, who made their way to the regions afar, and adorned the numerous forests with their spontaneous and uncouth appearance.

He made various seas, converting the substance into liquid, and the cheese upon the banks, he turned into mites, which, sinking gradually into

the sea, became fish of all kinds; so that all the animals of the sea and earth were formed from cheese. The human beings were the children of Jupiter, and these children became very numerous and were a happy race, but their peace was to some extent destroyed by an unfortunate circumstance,—Vulcan had missed his daughter, and with a host of his cyclops, he sought through the universe for her. Having learned with indignation that Jupiter had borne her to the sea of milk, he made his way thereto, and surprised the pair in their castle upon their mountain; and Jupiter had just discovered that his spouse had formed a design of eloping with a tributary god. Stung with her treachery, he pronounced a malediction upon herself and her children; and would have immediately sacrificed her to his fury, when Vulcan siezed her, and upbraided Jupiter for carrying off his daughter; and he vowed war against him for ever, and all his created ones. Jupiter answered not, but caused the earth to open and swallow the father and daughter, and as he departed for his celestial empire, he called forth fires from the bowels of the moon, which continually burnt upon the mountain, where Vulcan and his daughter lay embedded, and which extended in one great volcano nearly around that part of the moon, called Northerntine, most of which elevations were generally flaming furiously.

Jupiter left the moon, sorrowingly, for he had loved, and trusted the daughter of Vulcan, and it

is said, he did not smile for 1000 years after the occurrence.

This is the fabulous account they have of their creation; and it was certainly borne out by the fact, that many portions of the moon still exhibited specimens of the original soil, which had all the taste and smell of cheese, though they date the circumstance of the creation more than 5,000 years back; and what is most wonderful, they have retained the same belief, being all impressed with the same notions. They have no wars on account of creed, and the prejudice arising from various ideas of religion do not there, as in many more favored earths, form the continual groundwork of bitterness and endless troubles.

Having accounted for the cheesy phenomenon; and recent smell of this portion of the moon, I will now proceed to relate its present wonderful appearance, which in truth, no more resembled cheese, than a beautiful woman of earth, does clay, which she is often reminded, is her formation; though I cannot perceive, for my part, what matter could form a substitute for the clay, which is used to prepare so lovely a porcelain looking being, as that surpassing inimitable creature, woman.

The royal palace was situated about two miles from the river, and was surrounded as before described, by a garden, grounds, and private park, more than twelve miles in circumference. The gardens of the palace stretched to the river, and a canal was cut there, which enabled the royal barges to

anchor at the very gates of the imperial residence. The palace was of a greenish appearance, but inlaid in every part with precious stones of enormous size, in every kind of beautiful device imaginable. The architecture of this splendid edifice was indescribable, and would strike,—as it did upon an after examination, our hero,—any being from earth, with almost superstitious wonder. Its towers were above two hundred yards in height, and formed resting places for the aerial nobility, or those nearest allied to royalty, and were formed to the very summit of a red transparent stone, through the interior of which ever ran a kind of circulating liquid of that colour, which, when the sun shone upon it gave it an appearance of dazzling inanimate life, of such splendour, as is quite unknown in the earth. In that globe a diamond as big as an egg, would purchase a kingdom, whilst in the moon, it is in such immense blocks as to form the building material of the dwelling places of some of the opulent. There were ruby and emerald rocks, and high mountains of sapphire stone, and other invaluable material, like the precious stone above described, which were of a doubly dazzling appearance, by reason of the wondrous fluid circulating within them. Most of the palaces of the great nobility were built of emerald stone, and the immense frontages were adorned with colossal statues of the great ones of each family. All were surrounded by large gardens, full of statuary. Particularly might be observed, the statue of Jupiter, represented upon

a burning mountain, condemning Vulcan and his daughter to the bowels of the volcano, where they are now supposed to be confined in great torment, until such time as the great Jupiter shall think fit to release them, and turn the whole moon again into a sea of milk, which is believed by the inhabitants of most quarters of the moon will at a distant day take place. They therefore continually implore Jupiter to continue the punishment of the wicked Vulcan and his daughter, that his children may be preserved in their land for ever. Every great man, when dead, has his memory commemorated by a statue of emerald placed in the great temple of Jupiter, which is in the centre of the city of palaces, and which magnificent building was a hundred years in the construction. The interior of this mammoth edifice was such as to convey to the spectator a sense of overwhelming awe, and a full conviction of his own littleness. It was used for the crowning of the kings and queens of Northerntine, also for their tombs; and in numberless urns were contained the ashes of the burnt dead bodies of the monarchs of Northerntine. This building was only open twice in the year, once upon the ninth of November, the anniversary of the day of the transformation of the milk sea into the beautiful country it now is, and of the marriage of Jupiter with Vulcan's lovely daughter; and also on the fourteenth of August, which day is the anniversary of the dooming of his wife and her father to the torments of the flaming volcano; and no

king or queen is crowned but on one of these days, though he is invested with the perogative of royalty immediately upon the death of his predecessor.

There were in this favoured part of the city more than 70,000 houses built of precious stones, surrounded, as before said with gardens of extraordinary beauty, and though astonishing to behold, some of the most splendid palaces were entirely overrun with jessamine, many with various coloured roses, and other flowers which entwined around the pillars, and three parts of the year these flowers were in perfect bloom.

The duke of Blusterpate's palace was trained to the height of about one hundred feet with the most superb fuschias, which, contrasting with the green emerald building stone, and the ruby statuary which faced the mansion, had an effect peculiarly striking, and being then the middle of July, the gardens were decked in their most gorgeous colouring, and fed the breezes with their richest perfumes. These of the dukes of Northerntine were all composed of emerald enriched with statuary formed from the ruby. The residences of the next class of nobility were formed of living amber, enriched with emerald statuary. The palace of the prime minister was the only one that was formed from the white diamond stone, which had the effect of lighting up the objects around it for some distance. The varied statuary of this sumptuous edifice was formed of black marble, and their shadows were re-

fleeted in the diamond stone in niches of which they stood. This splendid palace was surrounded by massive pillars of amethyst, encircled by white roses, and the garden in which it stood abounded with innumerable kinds of those same loveliest of flowers, trailed in a thousand fantastic shapes around oak trees, and mighty elms, and reaching to the very topmost branches of the loftiest of them. Bowers of great beauty were entirely formed of the rose bush, and the fountains that played in the garden, reflected the flowers of various colours, and their many different hues redoubled the natural beauty of the scene.

The residences of the inferior nobility were all provided with flying towers, and the buildings were composed principally of emerald and other precious stones, alternately laid above one another, and the statuary was of beautiful torquoise, or of many other kinds of invaluable material.

All the palaces, from the royal one to those of the gentry, were encircled by several tiers of balconies, the supporters of which were generally from the sculptor's hand. Each mansion had its carriage way and its stabling. There were many beautiful promenades for the use of the nobles and gentry, and only those classes were admitted.

Some little distance from this stupendous city stood the great cathedral, surpassing in splendour and finish of architecture, any other buildings in the moon, excepting the temple of Jupiter. These cathedrals were also select. The city of trade

had its cathedrals, which were equally magnificent, and the city of labour had its churches of an inferior build, though notwithstanding, they displayed great chasteness and elegance of design; and the first day of the week, which very strangely corresponds with the earth's seventh, was set apart as a general holiday, and for the exercises of religious observances, which, to the credit of that great people, was seldom or never interrupted.

There were extensive barracks where the soldiery were stationed, within a little distance of each particular city. In the city of palaces were quartered in some capacious barracks, the cavalry guard and other household regiments, besides a formidable regiment of giants from another quarter of the moon to the number of 2,000, being men above ten feet in height, and covered with natural scale armour. They were men of very inferior intellect, and capable of little education; they possessed an invincible attachment to their paymasters, and were never known to desert, when hired for any certain period. Had these giants been men of great intellectual power they could have done great mischief, and no doubt would; but as it was, they were like faithful dogs, provided they received their pay regularly. They rode on tremendous elephants which differed, however, from those animals of earth, by possessing, instead of the heads common to them faces like unto eagles, with beaks curved and of great length and strength. They served well for purposes of show; and the reader may conceive

the unspeakable magnificence of their gigantic appearance when in procession, and arrayed in the panoply of war.

Conceive the gorgeous scene presented by the city at this time, and then, kind reader, if you cannot permit your imagination to soar far above the present description, it will fall infinitely beneath the splendid spectacle it displayed when undergoing adornment for the reception of the new king and the peerless Eliza, the partner of his heart.

CHAPTER V.

The twelfth day after the burial of the late king was memorable for the arrival of the various potentates of the civilized portions of the moon.

First arrived the wonderful king of the Pigheads, with a train of courtiers and their attendants, bearing with them curious wild animals and other valuable presents for the elect of Jupiter.

The Pigheads were a martial people inhabiting a very spacious country; their appearance was really startling, being widely different from all other people in the moon, inasmuch as their bodies were remarkably corpulent, and their heads and faces resembled that part of a wild boar, and at the age of twenty-three all the males had two tusks growing from their under jaw, and their heads,

from infancy, were covered with red matted hair. The hair of the upper classes, however, was finer, and their teeth whiter. The females were rather more delicate in appearance, and their hair was light yellow.

His majesty of all the Pigheads was a very fine Moonite—that is considering he had a pig's-head upon his shoulders—both as to height and expression of countenance. He alone, of all his countrymen, was permitted the privilege of dyeing his hair black,—and his wife, the beautiful queen, possessed a most fascinating expression of countenance, and was the only female possessing the privilege of dyeing the hair a light green. Her height was majestic, and had it not been for her rather questionable physiognomy, she would have been worthy of comparison with Mark Antony's fond Cleopatra, queen of Egypt.

This great party were accommodated in the king's palace. Their attendants were quartered amongst the gentry about, who were all eager to show how great an honor they felt was conferred upon them by the presence of the great king Boarscull amongst them, therefore my readers may judge how comfortable, and how much at their ease the good Northerntines caused them to be.

The next potentate who arrived with his numerous court and glittering attendants, was his sweet perfumed majesty, of the kingdom of the longtails, which kingdom was called Wagtailland. King Waggletail was unmarried, and brought in his

train many valuable presents for the king of Northerntine.

To a being of earth, the appearance of the wag-tailers would have excited much merriment, as they were very curious beings to look upon. Their faces were as proper men, and their height moderate, but each individual possessed a very long black tail, about six feet in length, which trailed upon the ground, and wagged at pleasure.

The king and the courtiers, ladies as well as cavaliers, had tail bearers, who bore their tails as pages do the trains of the nobles of earth, but what was most extraordinary about these people was, that there was always a beautiful perfume lodged by nature within the double teeth, which scented the air with an odour like that arising from musk and lavender water mixed.

This curious but most amiable and stately king, with his courtiers, were entertained by lord Hanson, who was now prince regent of Northerntine, in his palace called the palace of the prime minister. His numerous attendants found welcome homes amongst the gentry.

Then came the mighty monarch, Deadsack, sultan of Turkeyland, with his lovely sultana, and a numerous and most magnificent train of male and female courtiers.

The appearance of this mighty potentate and his sweet sultana, and their retinue was of a most gorgeous character. The people of Turkeyland were like other human beings as far up as the

neck, but there, nature stuck upon their broad shoulders, heads resembling those of turkeys, with the comb and sugar plums natural to the neck of those birds. They were however, stately to look upon,—wore turbans upon their heads, and were habited in most splendid costumes. They rode upon turkeys, fifty of which they brought with them to astonish the natives of Northerntine. His majesty and the sultana, with their nobility, were lodged by the late king's cousin, and their attendants in the villas about.

The arrival of the friends of Northerntine as he was called, having been a faithfully ally for many years of this great people, was hailed with the liveliest demonstrations of joy.

This friend was the great king Mountain, the ruler of a race of giants, dwelling beyond the volcanos, in a most mountainous, but extremely healthy country, some of which people before the arrival of their king, were spending certain holidays in the cities of Northerntine. The height of these people was ten feet, they were habited either in dressed skins, or brass armour. This king was lodged in the royal palace, with his court, and his attendants were well cared for.

The arrival of the great celestial emperor of Tea land, was also considered a great event by the natives of Northerntine. The people governed by this king were a race who had kept their country free from foreigners; their faces were like the beings of earth, but their skin was of a deep scarlet;

their cheek-bones were very high, and protruded beneath the skin. They were a bigoted and suspicious race of beings, and until this time, their king could never be prevailed upon to accept an invitation from any other country, or permit his people to do so. He was sumptuously cared for with his numerous retinue, and the presents they brought with them from their sunny land, were all in the way of teas, and a very grateful present lord Hanson said it would prove to the expected king.

Upon the sixteenth day of the month, the great Fighting demons, made their appearance. They came to the barriers of the kingdom of Northerntine mounted upon dragons of black iron, which were of terrific speed. The prince of this wondrous people, who came from a land of volcanos, was a man frightful to behold. Like all his men, his statue was gigantic, being more than seven feet in height.

The upper part of the prince's body was of porous iron, to the depth of an inch around his flesh. His face, though capable of all expressions, was covered with that metal given him by nature. He had but one eye which went right through his head from his forehead to the back part of his skull, so that he could see behind and before, and all about him at once. The rest of his body seemed to be composed of a kind of black leather. The people he governed were likewise composed of the same material, and were said to be descendents of Achilles, and like to that earthly

man of prowess, their only vulnerable part was the heel, and the slightest wound there becomes mortal, and no surgical art can save them from speedy dissolution.

They always take great pains to guard that part, but to do so is a difficult matter, as the heel will scarcely bear anything to touch it. They rode on immense dragons, which animals were found about the rocks, and were easily tamed. These men were mercenaries, and always ready for hire, and when hired, were generally faithful to their employers. The prince of this mighty and formidable nation, with his court, was lodged with the minister of war. His retinue were gladly received by those who had room for their accommodation.

Apartments had been prepared for another particular friend and ally of the Northerntiners, who was by name king Jollytrunk, king of Elephantine; the people of which kingdom were hardly of the human species, being, as before told, shaped like Asiatic elephants, but of less size. However they had long arms instead of fore legs, and walked upright; and what was indeed more singular still, these beings rode milk white elephants, they themselves being clad in metal armour which fitted tight to their forms; and they had the power of making their trunks not only the means of containing liquid, but of serving all the purposes of musical instruments, and they were formed into bands, according to the tone of each instrumental trunk.

They were a good humoured people, could laugh, sing, dance, and act like any other more human-looking beings. They were particularly dignified in their demeanour. They had in their train another species similar to themselves, but of a dwarfish size, not being more than two feet each in height. These were however, a distinct nation, and under the especial protection of the larger species between whom there existed a mutual fondness. These people arrived in due course, and I must not omit to mention that the king brought with him his peerless queen, who was a daughter of the late king of Northerntine, for whose death she greatly grieved, but she found herself constrained as an act of duty to Jupiter, to attend and welcome the successor whom that deity had himself selected.

She also, as well as the other potentates, who had come from distant lands to honour the elect of Jupiter, had a great desire to see the being of another world, who was to be king of her father's dominions.

The king and queen of Elephantine, and also the prince Littleboy of Dwarfland, were most cordially welcomed by the nobles and worthy people of Northerntine.

Thus we find all the great expected company had arrived, and we may wonder at the harmony existing betwixt so many powerful people assembled at one time. Yet when it is remembered that all these people were of one religion, and all had an awe for the great governor, whom they

deemed was Jupiter, who dwelt in the star bearing that name, and that a fiat from him was law, and little enquired into; when it is also to be understood that lord Hanson's fame, though he had been there so short a time, had reached to the farthest civilized regions of the moon, and that he, by his beneficent acts had been of such service to the community, it is not to be wondered at, that through his diplomacy, so many of the most powerful people should hail and accept the invitation with joy. A copy of the commands of Jupiter had been sent by couriers to the various powers when the invitation was forwarded, and none questioned its authenticity. Besides the letters in the original of the strange chronicles were always flaming, and they firmly believed none but an immortal hand could have formed them. Of course there were a few discontented spirits with whose disatisfaction Hanson had to combat, the principal one of whom was duke Blusterpate, the late king's first cousin, and Hanson could only quiet him by promises of pecuniary advantages, of which, when all things got into a settled state, he said he would assure him, so duke Blusterpate determined he would conceal his real feelings till such time that he could see some advantage might accrue from their indulgence. Indeed his instigators to rebellion became lukewarm as the amusements increased, so Blusterpate pocketed his wrongs, seeing he could get no sympathy from any, and went about doing good—because he could not help it. The great nobles

and gentry from the provinces of Northerntine poured into the city, and the peasantry also flocked to take a part in the coming grandeur. They found a lodgement in either the cities of trades and labour, or in the environs. The markets around all the cities were crammed with stores of provisions from all quarters of the earth, and my readers may be assured that the consumption was tremendous.

It will be necessary to inform the patient reader that although the various cities had been exclusive before the transformation of the people, yet when that awful event took place, these restrictions were unheeded, but however, since the retransformation, the law had been put in force again immediately by proclamation, though of course to a limited extent, owing to the preparations being made in each city for the reception and coronation of king Thunderbolt; and upon the sixteenth day of the month, lord Hanson generously issued a proclamation which abolished the law of exclusiveness until after the crowning of the king. So all people were gratified and pleased, and every one, from noble to labourer was busy either in preparing for the approaching festivities, or in making their country friends comfortable. It had been prophesied that Thunderbolt should first be seen upon the morning of the thirtieth day of the month, so that it allowed plenty of time for the embellishment of the cathedrals, the adornment of the temples of Jupiter, and the landing of wine from the wine countries, to feed the fountains of the palace gardens, into

which every class of the people were to be freely admitted, from the day of the landing of Thunderbolt to the coronation. Every palace, tree, fountain, and public building, in each of the cities, were to be hung with lamps of divers colours. Gigantic bonfires were to be lit upon the neighbouring hills, and from the top of the flying towers, rockets were to be shot in the night. All amusements were to be free to the public, and all companies allowed to join in the processions which were to be formed in honor of the great approaching event. So whilst the people are all in high glee, and full of expectation, whilst the vessels in the rivers are being decked out in flying colors, whilst every bridge is undergoing adornment and preparations for illumination, whilst vessels cast anchor, loaded with distinguished visitors, and into the cities thousands and tens of thousands of people are pouring from the provinces, we will revert to the expected new king of the moon, and hasten to meet that great conquering hero, as my readers doubtless are anxious to see how the wonderful youth has progressed since we last spoke of him.

* * * * * *

And I can assure my readers, that I, Mr. Delorme, am quite as anxious as they are, to discover the whereabouts of our hero.

A knock at my study door.

"Who's there? Come in."

"Please sir," says my starched up footman—the

owner of the knuckles that disturbed me in the pursuit of our hero, and who brought me back again to the minor things of earth—

"The taxgatherer's here, sir!"

"The taxgatherer be bothered! go to your mistress, tell *her*, I will not be disturb about taxgatherers."

"I've told Mrs., sir;—she's curling her hair, sir, and says, she shall decidedly not come, sir!"

"Good gracious me! does she expect that I will be disturbed every now and then by such nuisances as taxgatherers?" "Curling her hair, indeed! I should like to know which is of the most importance, she curling her hair, or my finishing this book? I know which the world would say. Go away, John—shut the door."

"Perhaps it a'nt the taxgatherer, sir—he didn't say what he wanted."

"Why, what do you mean? You told me it was the taxgatherer."

"I thought so, sir."

"Why?"

"Because he's got a book and pencil in his hand, and looks so precious cadaverous about the gills, sir."

"You silly fellow, ask his name."

"Yes, sir."

"Well John—who is it?"

"He says his name is Mr. Clutchtin."

"My attorney!—tell him to walk in. Ah! ah! Mr. Clutchtin, how are you? Quite well, eh?"

"I'm sorry to say, that 'quite well' at this present time, Delorme, cannot exactly be applied with any foundation of incontrovertible truth to my rather excited mind," replied Mr. Clutchtin.

"Dear me!" I exclaimed,—"nothing gone wrong I hope? Mrs. Clutchtin not ill—eh?"

No, sir. Mrs. Clutchtin could boast at the precise moment I left her, of being unquestionably 'quite well.' Mrs. Clutchtin, owing to her excellent management of the waist, is never liable to the pressing ailings of most of her sex. But however, to speak of Mrs, Clutchtin, though she is a woman worthy of much consideration, is a subject totally foreign to the present weighty matter I have called upon you to discuss."

"Nothing the matter with your children, I hope?"

"My children, Mr. Delorme, owing to their mother's most excellent management, are also entitled to be characterised as being 'quite well;' my children, much as they are favored by your kind enquiry, and much as they are worthy of consideration, friend Delorme, are subjects quite foreign to my present disturbance of mind."

"Well, that is comforting," I remarked, with much appearance of thankfulness spreading like a burst of sunshine over my clouded countenance, imagining that any other trouble but the ill health of one's self or family might be easily got over."

"Take a seat upon the sofa, Mr. Clutchtin—wait a minute though, until I pick up these scattered

sheets of 'Thunderbolt's Adventures,' that are lying about; take care, please, you have got your foot upon the emerald palace; that's right; now sit down; and let me be made acquainted with the trouble that has so agitated your generally settled state of mind."

I had observed with surprise that as I was busy picking up the scattered sheets of "Thunderbolt's Adventures," the lawyer's brow grew overspread, like the face of earth when a thunder cloud darkens it and veils the sun.

The attorney seated himself, and as I made myself also comfortable in my chair, and rang for the footman, Clutchtin laid one finger of his right hand upon the table between us, and was begining a relation, when John entered with a bottle of claret and glasses. John knew by my style of ringing what was required.

"Sir, you are fond of claret; now John, tell your mistress that the gentleman is not the tax-gatherer."

The attorney bristled up.

I continued however,—"and say she must get tea ready in half an hour, as our friend Clutchpin,"—

"Clutchpin,—I beg your pardon, sir, my name is Clutchtin."

"I beg yours; I'm bad at names;—say Mr. Clutchtin will honour us with his company."

"No, no, no,—can't wait a moment;—tax-gatherers are always in a hurry, you know."

John however departed with the message, and I could hear him chuckling as he went along the hall.

Clutchtin heard it too; which I could very well detect by a sudden glance of anger he cast at the closed door, as the chuckle reached his ears; but however, I knew him too well to notice it, and being aware what an excellent heart the gentleman possessed, deeply embedded under a thick surtout of bluntness and nervousness, I handed him the bottle, and declaring he never indulged in business hours, he slowly poured himself a goblet full.

"Very good wine," said I, "pure vintage."

"Mr. Delorme," said the lawyer, impressively, as he drained the goblet, which I immediately refilled, notwithstanding his pretended orders to the contrary.

"Mr. Delorme,"

"Sir, I am all attention."

"Well, sir, I beg you will for a few brief moments, dismiss from your — otherwise well looking lips, that extraordinary smile, which I beg to remind you, as your senior in age and worldly experience, is unbecoming a gentleman when engaged in important discussions with a man of business, such as you know me to be."

"I was not aware that I was smiling in an unbecoming manner;" returned I gravely.

"No, pardon me, I did not venture so much as to insinuate that Mr. Delorme *could* smile in an unbecoming manner, I merely beg to say that

my mind is at present so big with important matter, that gravity of countenance would be more gratifying to me at this moment."

"Well, Clutchfee, take another glass."

"God bless me, Delorme, do not make so many extraordinary transfigurations of my cognomen!"

"What did I say? *Clutch-tin* did I not?

"Upon my word, Delorme, I really shall get a little out of humour with you; but however, my dear young man, you see me here."

"Undoubtedly!" said I, interrupting him, and endeavouring to look as becoming as possible.

"Well, you see me at this, I may say unseasonable hour, when perhaps you might be engaged in the bosom of your wife."

"Yes, engaged in the bosom of my wife,—pardon me,—but—'

"Excuse me, sir, I was about to add, and your family; but I really believe the confounded manuscript that you are engaged about, turns your head as it does all my clients."

"Yes! after tea I'll read you a bit."

"Read me a bit!" exclaimed he with vehemence, "you know, Mr. Delorme," continued he, with controlled anger bursting within him, "you know;—upon my honour this is too much! You are aware, or at least ought to be so, from our long unbroken friendship, that I have ever conceived a most thorough respect for your abilities; and, my dear sir, take the advice of one who feels a fatherly affection for your interest—"

"Interest, yes, by the bye, this is the day that you are to pay me the four per cent interest on that mortgage upon old Captain Appletub's property."

"Pray don't joke at such an important crisis, Mr. Delorme, or I shall become out of patience with you. Permit me in a few words to deliver what at present so much annoys me. I am sorry to say, Mr. Delorme, I say I am sorry to say your publication of that ineffable trash called 'Thunderbolt's Adventures to the Moon,' is doing a great deal of harm, and—"

I *was* indeed taken aback; but looking at him with widened mouth, I permitted him to proceed; though this unlooked for intelligence somewhat disconcerted my preconceived and well warranted notions, that the first book of Thunderbolt's adventures was working the very reverse effect to what my friend seemed to imagine.

"You must excuse me; you must excuse me, I say, and I fervently hope you will do so; and that what I am going to say will not, or rather is not intended to convey to your mind any idea that I presume *you* to be the author of that, I really *must* say, *trifling* work; therefore whatever I may urge against your countinuance of the said stuff,—I hope you will acquit me of any intention to affront you personally. I merely say from what I have seen of the effects of your friend's work, that it is calculated to do much harm to the community at large. You will not be offended with me I hope!'

"Oh no!" said I calmly, feeling extremely desirous of hearing his evidence against my pet of the time, which certainly the work in question was.

"Pray coutinue, Mr. Clutchtin, I am eager to to be apprized of the harm the work has done, since it is rather unexpected, as, at your house last evening, I observed Mrs. Clutchtin, the four Misses Clutchtin, and your son Master Clutchtin, all laughing outrageously over that same stuff. But Mr. Clutchtin must have a perfectly tangible reason for what he is about to urge in opposition to the continuance of the work; therefore I am, as I said before, anxious to be made acquainted with it."

Mr. Clutchtin folded his arms, took a pinch of snuff, part of which odorous dust, fell upon his brown seedy looking coat, and a minute portion settled steadily upon his shirt, not at all adding to its whiteness.

"Delorme," said he, "an attorney is a man, who ought at all times to feel himself in the position of a parent to his clients."

"Mother or father, Mr. Clutchtin?"

I must inform the reader that I dearly love a joke, and do not, as is not the case with joke manufacturers in general, mind a joke at mine own expense.

"Both, to you, Mr. Delorme!" returned the lawyer sharply. "for I think you need both."

He couldn't help smiling a little, and he proceeded, eyeing the manuscript sheets of the work in question with anything but an eye of approval.

"Two adverse gentlemen came last night to my house to see me, and one of them was a good client of mine; and I very well perceived that if the case in dispute came to be settled through the aid of law, I should gain a good round sum; and having a wife and children to support, you are aware it was a consideration, especially as the opposite party seemed determined to accept of no compromise, but was bitterly enraged against his opponent, who I may say is a gentlemanly man. It happened unluckily, sir, that my wife, good woman, as we will allow her to be, entered my study to tell me tea was ready, when catching sight of Mr. Pitchitin, my client's opponent, she cordially recognised him to be her old sweetheart; then, without a hint to me, entreated, and fairly pulled him into the drawing-room to the tea table. I was therefore necessitated, much against my inclination, I may assure you, to beg Mr. Barley-meal to honour us also with his presence at the family board. He complied, and both gentlemen,—though by their looks dreadfully opposed to one another,—besieged my wife's ears the whole time, she feeling, I perceived, in her glory. Then the conversation turned upon 'Thunderbolt's Adventures to the Moon,' which book, most invitingly, I may say, lay upon the tea tray,—so eager has my wife always been to study its,—in *my* idea,—worthless contents. I was rather pleased that the conversation took such a turn, as I thought their own legal differences would not be made a subject

of conversation—for you are aware that my wife has spoiled two or three very good cases of mine; quite unintentionally, of course. Well, tea was cleared away, and Pitchitin actually volunteered to read aloud, which he did, and so greedily did Barley-meal swallow what his opponent read,—that he, my wife, and my four children took not the slightest notice of me. It was quite useless my attempting to get in a word; similar to a poor convicted prisoner, who after being found guilty is asked by the clerk of the court if he has anything to say,—and before he can open his mouth. the rough constables hustle him away, after a brief sentence of the judge, immediately following the clerk's question to the prisoner,—so was it with me. Feeling naturally indignant, I walked out of the room, whilst Pitchitin and Barleymeal, wife and children were bumping on my new velvet chairs, and laughing till the tears oozed from their eyes. When I got into my study, I was continually disturbed by the peals of laughter that broke from the drawing-room, especially when John took in something such as wine, cakes, &c."

I chuckled to myself when the worthy lawyer was delivering his intelligence, but kept a grave physiognomy, and motioned him to proceed.

"Well," let me see, what was my last word?"

"Cakes!" said I.

"Oh! ah? cakes. Yes, well, I sat down to write. and got through a little, when inclination led me again to open the drawing-room door, and

there to my surprise I beheld the two foes shaking hands, whilst my wife stood by them actually crying, thinking of course that she had done a good action. Both of the foes rushed to me immediately I entered. Each seized a hand, shook it violently, and declared that he never had met so agreeable a legal gentleman, or any one so well calculated to settle differences without the last expensive appeal, as myself. *You* understand, said Pitchitin, what books are best calculated to settle misunderstandings between foolish people! Why I declare that it might have cost me two hundred pounds if I had not been put into good humour with that enchanting work! I must have another laugh. So Pitchitin and Barlymeal, sir, from accidently reading that trivial work you are publishing, came to amicable terms with each other, and lost me the best lawsuit I ever beheld in perspective. Now, sir, is that not a melancholy instance of a trivial, foolish, insignificant book, causing strong, stern and wise men, to make fools of themselves; bursting with such peals of laughter as were enough to nock my house down, as it did my nerves; and after the two had sworn eternal enmity! Upon my honour, I may say, that during the whole course of my steady, successful, and well-paid practice, I never met an instance of the kind before, and that," said he, "painful as it is," interrupting me as I was about to speak, "is not the only instance. The other day, sir, a boy was brought up before Mr. Justice Hangboy, for steal-

ng that very book; yes sir, that very book! Thunderbolt's Adventures to the Moon.' I say, sir, and would you believe it?" the case, though a small one, is not settled yet, and why? this is the fact, sir. The judge wished to see what induced the boy to steal a novel, and opened it to read for that purpose. No sooner had he done so than he dropped the book, which was picked up by the sheriff, and he, the grave judge fell back, roaring with laughter. The sheriff eagerly opened it to see what had caused this strange outburst of merriment from his lordship, and he himself dropped upon the bench and roared also. Alderman ——— much annoyed at the interruption to the proceedings by so unusual a circumstance, also took a curious gaze within the volume, and indulging in a terrible fit of risibility directly after tumbled against and overturned a very old officer. The whole court was in a state of wonder.

Mr. Boreall, the counsel for the prosecution then got hold of it—his mouth wide open with silent astonishment, and he read whilst his learned friend Mr. Deafenjury, looked over his shoulder. They went almost immediately bump on the seats hiding their faces in their hands to suppress their evident mirth. Thus the book went from barrister to barrister, from attorney to attorney, who all joined in the uproarious merriment wagging about to and fro, as if their exertions of laughter were too much for them. Then Mr. Prejudice, the foreman of the jury wished to see it, whilst the little urchin

at the bar was chuckling with a broad grin. The jurymen read it; the spectators in the court read it; the strong-voiced usher read it; and he joined all the rest in continued peals of laughter, and the strong-voiced man's risibility helped very materially to send the sounds into the other courts, from out of which the judges and gilded aldermen ran; then the barristers; and they in their turn got possession of the book for a peep, and though all indignant, joined in the continued and merry peals of laughter, until they decreased to little squeaks. The case was adjourned, and in the hue and cry was published an account of six prisoners who had made their escape during the confusion.

"Now sir, there's ridicule to bring a great court into! and merely from a *sight* of that book. I am confident, after what I have told you, you will think fit, without further advice, to discontinue the publication of a work which is calculated to injure the legal profession, and bring into disrepute its most august supporters; therefore I will leave you, and I sincerely hope that you will call in the books already circulated, and pack Mr. Thunderbolt and his manuscript off to the moon, from whence he came. Good evening, good evening, Delorme, and I leave you with the firm conviction that you will do every thing that your country requires of you, and your duty to her now is, to destroy that said work. Good evening."

"Good evening," said I, ringing the bell, and out walked friend Clutchtin, worked up to a great fury

by his own talk. I let him go without any remarks upon what he had said. The effect of his discourse was such as at first to cause me to indulge in successive fits of laughter, and when I related the circumstances at the tea-table, it would have done the hero good to have made one of our cheerful party. My wife could not get the tea to her lips for laughing. The old footman kept giggling, and spoiled his well starched cravat. I never felt in such glee, and I soon determined to have another edition of the first book launched from the press, and when my stately old father-in-law entered to spend the evening with us, he came to the conclusion that myself and his daughter were two fools, because we could not tell him what we were laughing at. But as I do not really wish to monopolize all the laughter to myself, I sincerely hope that my kind readers will join our cheerful family laugh, regardless of any serious gentleman who may appear to them in the shape of a rich old uncle, or fidgety father-in-law. With this sincere wish, Charles Delorme throws down his pen, draws his fingers through his hair, leans back in his elbow chair—rings for a cigar—lights it—fair fingers concoct him a glass of negus—smiling eyes dwell pleasingly upon him—a blue-eyed child climbs to his knees—and as the simple dear little innocent plays with his watch chain, she says,

"Par, have you finished Mister Dunderdolt's Adventures to de Moon?"

"No,—but my little pretty one," cried I, press-

ing her tiny graceful form in rapture to my breast, "I have finished the second book."

And now permit me, indulgent reader, to conclude with those expressive lines of one of the most profound thinkers of the age, which indicate how excellent a thing laughter is, and therefore how much a book calculated to provoke that anti-spare specific, should be appreciated by those who not only look to be amused, but who secretly, if not openly, desire to be comely, fat, and full of the greatest blessing of life—good, strong, and sturdy health.

"No man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether irreclaimably bad. How much lies in laughter? the cipher key, wherewith we decipher the whole man! Some men wear an everlasting barren simper; in the smile of others lies a cold glitter as of ice; the fewest are able to laugh, what can be called laughing; but only sniff, and titter, and snigger from the throat outwards; or at least produce some whiffling husky cachinnation, as if they were laughing through wool. Of none such comes good. The man who cannot laugh, is not only fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils, but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem."

END OF BOOK SECOND.

BOOK THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

We are entered now upon the third part of this marvellous relation, and before I proceed, or launch my readers into the whirlpool of the succeeding adventures, I will say a word or two about the past. No doubt some of my kind readers have already discovered many facts in the foregoing part of the story, which, without some little explanation would lead them to suspect they were unworthy of belief, and the following, even more marvellous revelations to be still more so. To ascertain for themselves, the truth of the whole I should sincerely recommend them to take a voyage to the moon, or if they dislike the thoughts of so uncertain a journey, considering the present inefficiency of conveyances, either to await the perfecting of an aerial machine, (which we have little doubt government will contract for, providing the contractors for the voyage can warrant indemnity from accidents of wind, weather, and circumstance, when such a route is ascertained to be practicable,) or to consult, accuse, argue, and wrangle with the hero himself, when they can catch him; for he, like other great men, who by dint of chance and opportunity have gained an enviable reputation, is to be *got at* sometimes.

But I earnestly recommend my numerous friends, young and old, to send in their cards quickly, as myself and Mrs. Delorme plainly perceived the last time we had the pleasure of an interview with our hero, by a certain growing wildness about his face, an increased sparkle of his eye, and a restlessness in his gait, that he was becoming impatient of the trammels of our earth, to which he had been so long unused. We spoke to him ourselves of certain incredible things in the first part of his adventures, and why he had not given us a little of the peculiarities of the inhabitants of the moon, and their language. He answered me shortly with the following—

"I have been, Delorme, at much trouble, in rendering the narrative, and dialogue as easy as possible to the comprehension of the *young*, and I am quite confident that grown up people, will pardon me (on that account) if I have translated the tongue of an unknown earth, into the commonly used one of our own."

Now then little girls, little boys, and jolly good natured papas, mammas, bachelors, and maidens, make yourselves easy by your fire-sides—tell John to snuff the candles—for it is a cold night without—snow falling fast—fire blazing within—anticipation of punch and snap-dragons before supper—every one cosy. There are blue eyes and happy faces—dark eyes and stolen glances—and all ready to listen to dear Lucy, who has volunteered to read the expected tale.

Suppose also the linen draper's assistant has just reached his garret; just popped a lucifer match amongst the wood in the grate—pop! pop! snap! snap go the flaming sticks; the screw-faced landlady brings in the tea service—wonders the hard-worked man looks so happy, as the poor fagged one throws off his great coat—rubs his hands, —perpetrates a joke for the first time this six months—snuffs his candle—pulls his chair up to the fire—places his legs on another—cuts himself a piece of bread and butter—pours himself out a cup of tea—means to be happy, and—by the blessed sun! opens a book he bought in the Strand, when coming home, and commences eagerly to devour. with his bread and butter, and cheering tea, the contents of the "Adventures of Thunderbolt in the Moon."

May he enjoy it! for certainly I could sacrifice much for the enjoyment of those who work hard, early and late, and for so little reward.

CHAPTER II.

The mighty winged-machine in which rode Thunderbolt and his much beloved Eliza, continued its course with inconceivable rapidity.

The appearance of the heavens when they were

darkened was very beautiful, as there arose four moons, (each of which was of a different colour and brilliantly luminous,) the attendant night lights of the immense planet Jupiter; in fact, he observed for a long time that the machine was making way through regions of innumerable globes.

Thunderbolt was torn by the most conflicting emotions, for it seemed to him, that all his exertions had been fruitless, and he constantly bemoaned his fate, and thought the people of the moon would accuse him of neglect, and take summary vengeance on him for the failure of his purpose, whereby he feared they had lost their king; and had it not been for the comforting solaces of Eliza, he might have died of grief, or thrown himself in despair from his car. But she represented to him in such comforting words, the weakness of deploring the ill success of an undertaking which he had done his best to bring to a fortunate issue, that he acknowledged with gratitude her constant arguments against his foolish yielding to grief. Nevertheless, he could not divest his mind of a certain feeling of sorrow and regret, though he endeavoured as much as possible, after her remonstrances, to banish the unhappy reflections from his mind, and as his conscience acquitted him of blame, he was better enabled to do so than if the failure had really occurred through his own negligence. By what had seemed to them an eclipse, the car had lost its way, and many days elagsed ere it again got into the right track; and now it was full two days' journey to the

moon, which gradually enlarged as the aerial machine neared that lovely globe, the increasing splendour of which much affected Thunderbolt, and drove away the uneasy feelings that agitated his breast for the time, which gradually gave place to those of wonder and admiration for the object before them.

It was now the middle of the day, and the universe was light, and the moon which looked pale in the distance seemed as an immense suspended luminous ball, with indications of vast risings upon its capacious surface. As they neared the object of their destination, it grew larger, and soon disclosed its beautiful varied scenery, consisting of high volcanoes, green covered mountains, forests, and seas of vast extent, rivers, towns, cities and villages of different aspects and appearance; one half of the globe was veiled in darkness as the other shone in the light of the sun. Thunderbolt and Eliza gazed upon this wondrous scene with rapture indescribable. Neither could explain to the other the varied feelings that pervaded each of their breasts. Their thoughts were big with holy aspirations, and down each cheek rolled tears of emotion, as they sat together in the aerial carriage, almost forgetful of their own existence. The wondrous machine somewhat relaxed its speed, but continued its flight steadily, the rustle of its wings alone disturbing the stillness of space.

Gradually the light-clothed mountainous moon became enveloped in mist, which appeared to rise from off its own surface, and eventually to hide the

globe itself from view, whilst the mist took the form of luminous vapour, and burst at length into the full splendour and shape of a fiery body, throwing its beams upon other globes which shone as moons and stars in the boundless realms of the universe. Into this luminous vapour the car burst, and seemed to be cutting through myriads of sparkling particles, to the astonishment of the voyagers. After many hours had elapsed, they left the luminous mist behind them, and beheld, to their great joy, that they were not above six hours journey from Northerntine. They found themselves exactly above that country, and saw the towers and the whole region about, with its palaces of precious stones shining in the sun, whose rays were warm upon the land. They presently saw to their astonishment a number of beautiful aerial creatures coming towards them, waving flags as they approached. Thunderbolt was struck with amazement at seeing angel-looking beings coming from the realms where he had left a community of tails. He could not control his astonishment, and he stood in the car, gazing upon them, the blood suffusing his face, not being capable of understanding the difference, whilst Eliza whispered in his ear;

"Put on a bold front, Charles; they come not to harm you; behold their countenances radiant as the sun! See their apparel, they wear the garb of peace; they bear the laurel branch in their hands. Where they come from I know not; see

one bright being approaches with a laurel wreath; how beautiful his form; how fairy like the texture of his wings!"

The car stopped in its course above the land of Northerntine, to await the approach of the winged nobility, who came on in one large train, taking precedence according to rank. They seemed habited in white dresses fitting closely to the body, bedecked with starry spangles; their wings moved gently, and seemed to be of a glossy texture, not formed of feathers, but covered with a beautiful white silky down. Each held in one hand a flag with his name inscribed in golden letters, and in the other a fresh laurel wreath. The countenance of these noble flying people were beautiful to look upon, and the hair that bedecked their heads was all of a deep glossy green, reaching in curls below the waist, and floating in the gentle air. With the nobility was an inferior winged grade, dressed in green spangled tight fitting vestments. Their countenances were excellent, though a little spoiled by their lips, consequent upon their following the profession of music. Their hair was red, though beautifully glossy, aud of great length.

These last described ones were blowing through wind instruments tones of exceeding melody of a martial kind. And their enlivening strains reassured Charles as to their peaceable purpose.

Behind these were a detachment of that wondrous nation called the Fighting Demons, led by the magnaminous prince himself, and all mounted

upon their dragons. The whole train shouted in glad huzzas as they reached the car, which kept itself suspended in the air, whilst with a joyful noise it appeared to be getting rid of long pent up steam, as a vapour burst from out the valves of the engine with great force, and vanished in the air.

Thunderbolt modestly went forward to receive the principal moonite, and he entered the car with his relations, the Thickracks, or dukes of Northerntine. This great man immediately fell upon the neck of Charles and kissed him. Though he drew back for an instant, surprised by seeing the whiskers and beard of our hero, (for the people of the moon have none), which gave him a most startlingly majestic aspect, and exclaimed, as all testified their great surprise, and knelt and made signs of admiration and awe,—

"Lac Chackerackk, grat Jupiterky!" which being interpreted is, "I see the chosen in the likeness of Jupiter!" as that god is always painted by them with whiskers and moustache, which they had never seen before to adorn the face of mortal man.

The Thickrack, though the most powerful nobleman of Northerntine, was awestricken, and he, after kneeling and bowing repeatedly, arose, and taking reventially both the hands of Thunderbolt, hailed him as the saviour of his country. whilst the train that followed, hailed him King of Northerntine, shouting in wild huzzas,—the musicians

sending from their instruments ravishing sounds of music. After which the Thickrack, or Duke of Lurdane,* placed a laurel wreath upon his head, and threw over his shoulder a robe of royalty. Then, after having saluted the beautiful Eliza, and embraced her with emotions of profound respect, he placed a wreath of laurel also upon her head, and explained the whole cause of what seemed to Thunderbolt a most unaccountable proceeding. Duke Blusterpate harangued Charles in a most flattering manner, and would kiss his hands and feet repeatedly, continually pouring forth his expressions of love and veneration for both the illustrious strangers. It was somewhat inconvenient for this great nobleman to kneel, as he was rather unwieldly in appearance, consequent upon his long custom of dining at public dinners. He, however, seemed so full of loveable regard for the saviour of his country that he fain would express his love for Jupiter's elect, although, as he often ventured to hint, he had once entertained a hope of becoming king himself.

Thunderbolt was fully sensible of the vast and overwhelming honour done to him, yet so sudden and unexpected was it, so foreign to his anticipations, that for a time he could not express his feelings; but at length he, in a dignified manner, thus said,—

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* Lurdane, the name of a Thickracking, or dukedom of Northerntine.

"Mighty men of Northerntine! Your intelligence has so surprised, your homage so overwhelmed me, that it would be impossible to express how deeply it has entered my heart, and laid therein a foundation of everlasting gratitude. I kiss the hand of affection with you all. This lady will join with me as my queen, and we shall both endeavour to render ourselves deserving of the honours so lavishingly conferred upon us, by a constant attention to the welfare of our subjects. Pardon me saying more at present. I cannot find words to express my sense of devotion to the cause of your great nation, nor can I conceive in myself any great quality deserving that preference which the mighty Jupiter, has so signally shown for me. I can only say in conclusion, beloved nobles of the land, over whom I am to preside, that my care for your welfare shall more than equal that for mine own."

Shouts of triumphant joy followed the brief words of the king elect, the great Thickrack and other nobility, again pressed about him, and the ally of Northerntine, Yougab, the prince of the Fighting Demons, was presented to him, and that iron-bound being testified his devotion by bowing backwards several times, and striking his iron covered face with his mailed hand three several times after. Then the nobles and the prince seated themselves in the car, and the music again resounded, the flags waved in the wind,—the car shut in its steam,—its wings again got into gentle

motion,—the spangled train followed.—and they gradually neared the City of Northerntine, which presented a most exhilarating and animating sight, worthy the pen of an immortal hand. Thunderbolt was delighted, and Eliza's beautiful face was suffused with joy. The nobles paid her the most delicate attention,—particularly Blusterpate, who was quite fulsome in his flatteries, and actually complained of being hungry, amongst his other important disclosures. The younger nobles smiled, but they could carry on no further conversation, for as they neared the aerial tower of the royal palace, all became deeply intent, especially the objects of the present celebrations, on witnessing a bird's eye view of the wondrously magnificent scene beneath.

CHAPTER III.

Now it was, that real joy beat in the hearts of the inhabitants of that favoured part of the moon, styled Northerntine. All the country for hundreds of miles around, witnessed the approach of the monstrous engine, whirh when first it appeared in the heavens, looked like a comet. The gladdening intelligence of its approach was heralded to the Thickracks of the land, and also to the next in

rank, styled Blucducks (meaning earls,) and also to the Gryldoos, or marquisses, and so on in due form to all the rest of the Dykledoos, (nobility), and Slappslungs, (gentry), of Northerntine. Hanson had been elected, since the death of the king, Regent, or Durlfrick, of Northerntine, and at this time the great regent had taken up his abode in the royal palace. All the foreign kings and princes, who were visiting the city of Northerntine at that time, testified much pleasure in the society of the great regent, and earnestly offered their homage to him. There was something about the young Englishman, and his sudden and strange appearance amongst them, that awed all about him, for he had been brought to them by a messenger of Jupiter, some time before the translation there of Thunderbolt, and recommended by that deity to the protection of the King of Northerntine, who at that time with all his subjects was undergoing the frightful penalty of transformation. Hanson, imbued as he was from the first with immortal powers, served the degraded monarch vastly,—saved him from the aggressions of his neighbours, and hired men of other nations to do the manual labour, which the natives were rendered incompetent to execute, by reason of their frightful figures.

Burstboiler, the magician of the planet Jupiter, afterwards succeeded in transforming Hanson, though not exactly to a tail which he *would* have done, had it not been for the overruling power of his master, but to the frightful figure before described.

However, when Thunderbolt succeeded in gaining the waters, the great magician's power declined, and when the king died, then, to the wonder, joy, and surprise of the people of Northerntine, he and all of them became as they had been before the curse of punishment had been inflicted upon them.

When Thunderbolt first arrived at the moon, Hanson had been absent upon a diplomatic expedition to the Prince of the Fighting Demons, therefore he had no opportunity of seeing the wonderful youth, whom he afterwards learned had gone in search of the precious draughts, and he had neither the most distant idea then, nor had he at the present time of our tale, that the King Thunderbolt now expected, was his old schoolfellow Charles Thunderbolt. However he felt a warm desire to throw himself at the king's feet, out of gratitude for the wonderful good he had brought about for all. Having been matured in England, of course he differed in his inmost opinions from the Northerntines in the outward semblance and characters of religion, but observing that what they did profess to believe, they strictly acted up to, at least as well as imperfect human nature can,—and that no dissensions arose out of their belief, he particularly guarded himself against exhibiting any signs of disrespect either for their observances or ceremonies, and by reason of this, and by his urbanity and zeal for the public good, he so won the admiration and hearts of the people, that had not a king been already appointed by their supreme governor,

Hanson would have been elected by the unanimous voice of the whole nation to fill that exalted station. He had done wonders during the last two months. The cities which had become partially neglected were restored; public business that had been stagnated through the incapacity of the transformed people, was now as brisk as before the awful event happened; wondrous alacrity had been shown, too, in the beautifying of everything, to render it fit for the first reception of King Thunderbolt. Hanson, surrounded by some of the illustrious foreigners and nobility and ladies of Northerntine, awaited the landing of Thunderbolt and Eliza, upon the summit of the royal aerial tower. It was a most lovely day in the height of Spring, and the sight presented on every side was inconceivably gorgeous. The sun, much larger than it appears to tho people of the earth, was in all its full radiance, shining upon the diamond, emerald, ruby, and jasper-crowned palaces of the royal city. It is a fact well worth knowing, that the sun, (from some phenomenon which even the moonites are not able to explain), presents upon a fine day, a sight even more enchanting than it does upon the earth; for though it wears the appearance of a large globe, yet it is always of a burnished red, and continually without ceasing, clearly or not, according to the atmosphere, exhibits to the wondering and never tiring gaze, a constant succession of rays, partaking of the most brilliant and varied colours, and which flash around it from out its burning bosom, colouring all the

scene with the reflection of its rays, and feeding every precious stone with redoubled brilliancy, shining in the gardens of the palaces so as to make everything rejoice in its splendour.

The streets of the imperial city were crowded with the joyful inhabitants, as well as the summits of the palaces, which were decorated with innumerable flags and streamers. But the most beautiful sight was caused by the congregations of lovely females, who crowded in the gardens of their respective palaces, some in pretty boats upon the lake, others in parties, flying in their little aerial cars, and preparing at an appointed spot to welcome their deliverer. Their aerial carriages were formed in the shapes of different animals, according to the owners rank. Some were fashioned as gilded swans, with eyes of precious stones. Others as eagles, dragons, lions, tigers, and all propelled by wings, and the concentration of a power not yet brought to perfection upon the earth.

The women spoken of were exceedingly beautiful and delicate in features and formation, as indeed most of the Northern ladies of the moon are. They are generally slight in make, are wingless, but possess capabilties of the greatest cultivation of mind, and which are taken advantage of, though not to the deterioration of their more feminine qualities, such as tenderness, and affection for their partners and children, and submission to the will of their husbands. There are seldom any instances where a wife of that kingdom tortures her husband

by sullenness, extravagance, or constant grumbling; and the greatest consolation a man has amidst his troubles, is the knowledge that when he reaches his home his wife will be sure to meet and welcome him with a smile, and console and caress him. Not like in some other earths, where the care worn face of a husband, distracted by affairs of the world, of which the wife can form no conception, is construed by her to indicate anger, and by those premature imaginings, she fans the flame by wrangling, instead of trying to smother and tame the fierce spirit, by the well-timed caress and influence therefrom. Alas! how much more happiness would be ensured in married life, were the wife to determine if she could not really be free from suspicion, to appear so. "Trifles make up the sum of human happiness," and I may add to those unmistakeable words, that they are trifles *alone* that do it in every state of existence, as I have known some of the best-hearted creatures living spoiled by one single fault, which has been the constant successive cause of wearing annoyances between really affectionate parties who are mutually aware of the high qualities each possess. For instance the one party will oblige the other greatly by perhaps a large loan which may actually rescue him from the severe frowns of poverty. The obliged one is full of thanks, gratitude and love, and fails not only to express himself so, but is ready to show it by deed, as well as word; when the lender, carelessly, perhaps before other persons, wounds his pride by some remonstrance

better said in private, or is too big with his own importance and self opinion, even to humour the other by listening to words of reason; stinging him with indifference, when the heart is ready to burst, or coolness upon trifles, because they are *trifles*, when perhaps,—aye, it is the case with the warm-hearted,—that that little exhibition of amiability required would have been more grateful to the heart of the borrower, than the loan itself, although it saved from poverty. The consequence is, though both hearts are big with esteem for the other, love is nipped in its growth, by that too frequent mistake of ones own,—self sufficiency. But, however, again for the tale, and the reader will perhaps excuse me putting in now and then a little philosophy, as it seems to come naturally. Thus much, then, for the principal portion of the moon,—the ladies, who were still full of rejoicing, as well as the male part of the community, that they were no longer formless beings, but radiant in the image of perfection. They had smiling long-lashed black eyes, silky flowing hair, that hung down to their feet, entwined with flowers, and ornamented with brilliants of beautiful devices; necks as white as could be wished in the highest bred dames of England, and were stayless beings, too, dressed to their shape, as nature seldom in fault, made them; with ancles and sweet lilliputian feet, peeping always, and wearing sandals as the Roman ladies of old.

There were also assembled upon the summits of

the towers and mansions around a good sprinkling of the fair sex eager to do honour to the new king, and his lovely companion, who really was more beautiful than all the moonite ladies put together.

Within the mansions or palaces of the nobility and gentry great preparations were made to entertain the noble guests, who themselves were drunk with joy, not only that all around was festivity, but that they had got away from the trammels of their governments for a time, and were certain of draining the deep cup of pleasure to their hearts content. The hosts of the different illustrious guests who crowded the sumptuous halls, had certainly some trouble with these variously—mannered people. For instance, the sultan of Turkeyland *would* chat with the maids in the kitchen; and a great Thickrack's lady actually discovered his beak or mouth too near a lovely maid of honour's lips, not to be suspicious. When remonstrated with in a jocular manner, he only said that he had missed his way to the hall, and got into the kitchen; and it was the custom of his country to exhibit his admiration of female beauty in the way he had unluckily been found out doing.

This sultan was a good humoured witty fellow, and I cannot but think that the Thickrack's lady was a little jealous; but, however, it was certainly *infra dig*, and no doubt the great sultan thought so upon reflection, as he was never found out committing so unkingly an act again.

The great emperor of Tea-land, a country where

the customs are totally different from the kingdom in which he was now a guest, was also guilty of some of his own customs, much to the annoyance of those who were unused to them. For instance, he was found squeezing the feet of a great lady of title, to endeavour, as he said, when discovered in the act, to bring them into proper shape and proportion; he was also found in the kitchen, surrounded with all the cooks and maids of the palace, showing them how to make a new beverage, which he desired for his drink, instead of the wine usually drank, and which he was concocting himself in a very novel manner,—by first putting into a basin a quantity of curious dried leaves, which his officer, a Mannailer of twenty tails, informed them was called thickle, or, in English, tea, and were the leaves of a bush that was very plentiful in their land; and when gathered at certain seasons were dried and used for common drink amongst the Tealanders. So this emperor had taken his crown off, and placed it upon a table where a cook had been making a pudding; then borrowed a cook's cap, placed it on his head, tied before his jewelled breast an apron, and commenced making the decoction. When the fumes arose from out the basin of the hot beverage, the cooks, male and female, fled from the odorous smell, much to the irritability of the great emperor and his twenty tailed Mannailer, and when they came back with fingers up to their noses, some of them were with great difficulty prevailed upon to taste of the—

to them—nauseous stuff; and when they did sip it, they became deadly sick, vowing the great emperor had designed to poison them. So that amongst much confusion and gabbling of tongues the great man was constrained to escape from them, and he did so, wondering at the want of taste of these worst of barbarians, as he deemed them.

Even the great noble or host of the palace heard of the circumstance from his servants, and he became rather suspicious of the great Tea-maker, and watched his movements narrowly; especially as that circumstance was only one of many exhibitions of the force of habit and custom. I must also inform my readers, that his Mannailer, important and influential as he was, became during the scene described, so amused with the horrible and wry grimaces made by the kitchen people, whilst sipping the tea concocted by his sublime master, that he was constrained to give rein to an irresuppressible grin, which so enraged his celestial majesty, that he immediately, there and then deprived his subject of one tail, which he effected by lugging one of those necessary adjuncts of rank out of his head himself, with his own imperial fists.

There was his majesty of all the Pigheads, his queen, and his retinue, all full of glee and good humour, determined to make themselves happy, and others also; and his sweet perfumed majesty of the Waggletails, who was by the bye a great favorite at court. Being a jolly-looking bachelor, especially liked by the ladies, some of

whom had an eye to the sceptre he wielded. These mighty great ones of the moon had posts of honour assigned them in the great procession, which was to be formed at a certain hour for the purpose of escorting the expected king elect, and his bride, through the streets of the imperial city; and also through certain streets of the cities of Trade and Labor. The several kings with their queens, were to head these different retinues, including besides the afore-named mighty ones of the shining orb. Deadsack, the sultan of Turkey-land, with a whole harem around him, and foremost in the train his beautiful sultana; king Mountain and his gigantic warriors; the emperor of Tea-land; the prince of the Fighting demons, and his remarkable retinue; and all the Northerntine nobility and gentry had come in from the country to do homage to their new master. These were accompanied by the ladies and their numerous attendants, and all brought plenty of money to spend; the needful thing most desired when enjoyment is sought. Ah! what a difference in the aspect of the country since the retransformation! Actually when Thunderbolt arrived in the moon, an odour as of cheese had met his nose, but this now was quite gone.* The palaces were dull to

* After chronicles have said of that circumstance that the retrograde motion of the people, brought on by the increase of sin, had marvellously caused the moon to retrograde in a like manner; so that when our hero landed, it was gradually

look upon then, were covered with dust, and fast going to decay. The vessels lay unused in the waters; the river itself seemed partially stagnant; the people rendered incapable of manly exercise, had become enfeebled; but now all was bright; the air was no more cheesy, but perfumed and fresh; the palaces of diamonds shone dazzlingly; the gorgeous flowers bloomed, with the refreshing dew ever early upon them. The sun blazed with its many colored rays more enchantingly than remembered before; the breezes blew over the land perfumes from spicy realms, and at night time the stars shone with redoubled brilliancy. Meteors roamed in the heavens, and two comets of tremendous length of tail and circumference of star, shone with a light green hue, blazing in the illumined sky. So that nature as well as art were doing their utmost to repair the aforesaid sad state, and the star Jupiter was observed since the death of the king, to enlarge in the heavens, until it grew in appearance to the size of the sun, and from its bosom it shot forth rays of a golden color, which lighted up the realms of space with remarkable loveliness. The earth too, which gives light to the moon, seemed to reflect some of Jupiter's brilliancy, for its generelly luminous green color was shaded with golden lines.

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returning to its first milky state; but Jupiter's wrath was now appeased, and through his favour, the improvement was quick and decided, untainted by the past.

When Thunderbolt was seen nearing the landing place, the intense excitement of the people, both foreign and native, grew so great, that they could hardly contain themselves.

They shouted, threw their feathered caps in the air, waved handkerchiefs, picked pockets, knocked one another down, kissed, bawled, danced, sang, swore eternal friendship to friends and foes, forgave enemies, made promises to each other of a pie-crust kind, fell into loud rhapsodies, sometimes of crying, sometimes of laughing, but ere long, every eye was strained towards the coming car. In the midst of this tumultuous excitement, the procession to meet the great expected one approached. Loud calls of trumpets were heard, and the scarlet coats of the military were seen in the distance, hastening from the royal palace gardens. Slowly they came, seemingly wedged amongst the populace, who were endeavouring by the aid of numerous officers to form a line of road for the procession to march and meet the king. The numerous towers and their gilded summits were crammed with enthusiastic multitudes all laughing, talking, smiling, and gazing untiringly at the royal car, surrounded as it was by a variety of fantastical aerial carriages, with music sounding continually. Over the vast crowded city, of a sudden crashed many a peal of tuneful bells, showering melody over the joyful heads of the myriads of inhabitants beneath, and greeting the approaching king and his bride elect, with a proud

and high sounding welcome. Now came amongst them according to the orders of Hanson the Durlfrick, or regent of the kingdom, some regiments of his own organized military, formed from the natives of Volcano-land; a race of giants, and every man of them about ten feet in height. They were arrayed in scarlet coats, overlaid with brass scaly armour, rounded about the neck with costly sapphires. They had a bright belt of leather about the waist, with a buckle of brilliants. Their legs were encased in red cloth, with stripes of brass armour. Overlaid upon their head was a cap in form of the turret of a castle, made of red brass, and inlaid with very costly rubies. A bunch of feathers, formed like flowers, fell over the top around their magnificent head dress. The faces of these warriors were rather curious; their eyes being formed somewhat like a snail's, they were red too, and their hair which parted over very low foreheads, was of a deep red hue, and fell in great shaggy locks over their sboulders. Their noses were of enormous length, protruding a foot from the cheeks, and each nose was hung with quantities of rings and blysbishes, or charms, against the evil one, or genii of their volcanic land. The most extraordinary feature that these gallant warriors possessed was the mouth, which instead of under the nose, was exactly parallel with it upon the left cheek, and of course to beings unused to gaze upon such funny-looking strangers, these men did not look exactly handsome. Their

horses were gigantic in proportion to themselves, and covered with mail, and gorgeous trappings. The duty of these gallant men was to arrange themselves singly at certain distances from each other, to keep the vast concourse of people from pressing upon the royal cortège. After these, magnificent fellows had arranged themselves in order, the colonel, chosen from his brothers to that high office on account of the length of his nose, rode up and down the lines and was much admired by the populace.

A blast of trumpets sounded, and through the lane made by the giants came a troop of nobles habited entirely in one blaze of rubies, and amber stones inlaid upon white velvet, in most beautiful devices. Their milk white steeds were also covered with gems, and their manes and tails woven with artificial roses; whilst over their curved necks and heads flowed a profusion of feathers resembling those of the ostrich. In their centre was one who attracted all eyes, the observed of all observers, and amidst the spangled glittering throng, he, though dressed so plainly, seemed a more exalted being than the companions of his staff. This was no less a person than the Durlfrick, who was now going to meet his king in the great square of Palms. Hanson was habited in striking contrast to his staff, as he was dressed from top to toe in an English gentleman's suit, with a star glittering at his left breast, and one upon either shoulder, which is only worn by one bearing the rank of Durlfrick.

We will now leave the great Durlfrick, hastening to meet the king, followed by a vast procession, including carriages, containing the great ladies of the land, and all the distinguished visitors that were entertained in the luxurious city, and revert to Thunderbolt and Eliza, who were so soon to be enthroned as king and queen of the moon.

CHAPTER IV.

Thunderbolt was enraptured with the incalculably gorgeous and entrancing scene below. To observe so much glory exhibited for him—to behold soldiers arranged in garbs of peace—mighty potentates assembled in a land distant from their own for the purpose of doing him honor and paying him homage—to see castles and palaces decorated with the luxurious hand of art—to see lovely women anxiously with gladdened eyes showering their glances of approval and delight upon him—to see the air about swarming almost as thick as bees with innumerable varieties of little aerial crafts, to behold a city so gorgeous, that the mind could hardly realize its truth, formed entirely of precious stone, of architecture unrivalled in any city of any sphere—to behold that city literally swarming with human beings richly

habited—to see flags flying, banners waving—music bursting from out thousands of glittering bands—shouts of welcome rending the air—to observe an immense river leading to a sea, crowded with large and small vessels entirely covered with flags and streamers—whilst in their rigging the sailors stood cheering ever—to look around the cities and see the volcanoes burning, and on mountains of green and flowered verdure—castles built of emerald, shining dazzlingly in the sun, and crowning their summits, eager gazers waving flags, sending forth into the line a shower of welcoming strains—this excitement flushed his cheek and nerved his soul to receive it with dignity. He had habited himself in a beautiful garb of blue velvet, and upon his head was placed a coronet, overtopped with crimson-tipped white feathers. Eliza had received some peerless dames into the car from their own state aerial carriages, and they had habited her in most delicate vestments, and upon her head placed the crown of a bride elect of royalty. So the car was now permitted to descend in the square of Palms, in a space kept free by the military, and no sooner was the vehicle seen to emerge from a crowd of others, than one universal shout of joy rent the heavens, and amidst the joyous bursts of welcome, incessant waving of flags, raising of banners, and showering of nosegays, the car descended to the green velvet-like sward, and there stood their king elect, and his beautiful affianced bride the very personifica-

cations of youthful royalty, receiving, with smiles of amiable and thankful dignity, the loud and enthusiastic heartfelt welcomes of the grateful people—grateful in this wise—because through the obtaining of the waters, they had been brought from a most degrading to an enviable condition. Thus from that cause, as well as from their obedience to the will of Jupiter, every heart beat in unison, and sent up to the heavens inward prayers, and thanks to the 'cause of all. At the moment after the descent, the beloved Durlfrick came forward to welcome the Europeans to the moon, in the name of all the people. The Durlfrick, dressed as an Englishman, knelt without taking much survey of the young king's countenance, but the king himself was observed to lose somewhat of colour the instant he observed his singular dress and countenance; and as Hanson poured out at the king's feet a long and eloquent welcome on behalf of himself, the nobility and people of Northerntine, the object of the laudatory address could not but whisper—interrupting the flow of eloquence that proceeded from his mouth—the name of Hanson! That nobleman looked up, amazed, and became suddenly pale; for that single familiar cognomen, whispered in old and well-remembered tones, laid bare to himself a heart full of early recollections, which crowded instantaneously to his mind. Banishing for a moment the whole thoughts of his present high position, and thunderstruck, he gazed upon the countenance of the king, who eagerly

read upon the Durlfrick's face, the marks irrepressible of his early schoolboy days, the smile of mischief, not quite hidden by the traces of thought so different a position had stamped upon his brow. Eliza too had caught sight of him, and she beheld with wonder the apparition as she thought of one of her boyish lovers. The ladies of the court crowded about her, and took her attention to them, as many pressed forward to kiss her hand.

The king was almost mute with joy, and might for another moment of generous impulse have fallen upon his old schoolmate's breast, and hugged him there and then. The recollection of the storm,—the death of his poor uncle,—the dismasted vessel, with his ghastly schoolfellow leaning over its side, tearing away to sea in the lightnings glare,—and the angel with him in the moon,—burst altogether to his mind, coupled with wonder and joy, not only at seeing him alive and well, but to be first welcomed in an unknown sphere by that very schoolmate, occupying, as he appeared to do the highest position in the kingdom he was to govern. Really his presence of mind, or rather the presence of mind of both were brought to the test, and as soon as they could speak, and their pent-up feelings had somewhat subsided, with a grasp of the hand indicating unspeakable pleasure and intense emotion, one whispered the name of Hanson, the other that of Thunderbolt. The words spoken were in the same old familiar tones of the play ground, just as at a meeting after the holidays, when home-sick tears are

brushed away, and each looks forward with delight to the old association being renewed in the coming boyish games,—pleasures and sorrows incidental to those early and never forgotten times departed. Both were big with the important mission granted them—both regardful of the eyes that were fixed upon them,—both mindful of the dignity akin to their stations, regained after a moment's emotion their former presence of mind; and what the king did to return his thanks and acknowledge his deep sense of the wondrous trust reposed in him, was shown in his raising Hanson with a majestic dignity, and in a speech, brief, concise, and elegant, he spoke the emotions of his heart amid the deep silence of the vast concourse of his brilliant subjects. Hanson was then presented to Eliza as the chosen of the king's heart. Her beautiful face was suffused with sweet smiles, as she saw in the young nobleman, and first of moonites, the youthful Hanson. He kissed her hand respectfully, and welcomed her, with many graceful well timed compliments, to the land of wonders. Then she expressed her acknowledments in a flow of language, which proved to the mighty Durlfrick how well fitted she was to fill her share of the throne. Then Hanson presented the different kings, queens, princes, and illustrious strangers who had come from lands afar, purposely to show their respect for Jupiter's edict, and to pay him homage. The sight of so many curious beings somewhat worked upon the monarch's brain, and he fain would have

laughed at the ridiculous appearance of the stately pair, ycleped the king of Turkeyland and his queen, two beings who paid their obeisance in a well-bred manner, but their turkey-heads nodding, and their beaks moving, were so sensibly ludicrous, that had Thunderbolt been in any other position than his present exalted one, he must have laughed outright, especially as in his inmost heart he had a great appreciation of fun and comic humour. It was as much as the lovely queen elect could do to restrain her laughter, for when the Turkey-queen curtseyed to her, and kissed her hand tenderly with her beak, she had to bite her lips, and when the portly self-opinionated king of Turkeyland came forward to pay his obeisance, with a smile upon his countenance, and his sugar-plums upon his neck, blushing red,—good gracious! how did she repress her risible faculties! Had it not been for the Thickrack Blusterpate's timely intervention, a laugh she must have had; but the high-bred moonite dames observed her difficulty, and skilfully saved her the shame. And indeed at that moment her attention was demanded by other equally remarkably-formed human beings, for next was presented by the regent Hanson, his majesty King Mountain, the faithful ally of Northerntine, with his long nose, as he boasted of the longest by two inches of any of his own race, his red eyes, and his wide mouth, situated upon the left side of his face. The king courteously received his expressions of welcome, spoken with a sound most woefully

nasal, and himself had, whilst accepting his powerful homage, to bite his lips. The Durlfrick was ever grave and stately, and exhibited no signs of mirth, though there might be perceived a little twinkling in his eyes. Eliza mastered her inclination to mirth, and accepted his homage in a queenly manner; and he strode on one side quite satisfied that there was not another king as handsome as himself in the royal throng. Thunderbolt exhibited much sign of pleasure at the attractive appearance of the monarch of Elephantine, in shape, as he was, like unto an elephant, about seven feet high, dressed beautifully, and carrying his trunk over his left arm. With him was his queen, a daughter of the late king of Northerntine, a very beautiful damsel, and she well became the crown that surmounted her regal brow.

In turn was presented the king of Wagtailland, he was a fine looking man, and his long scaly tail was held by two beautiful young wagtail pages, whose tails in turn were borne by two smaller elegantly dressed and well-bred youths, and their little incipient tails were borne by a very small wagtailer, whose little funny black tail dragged upon the ground, as statelily he followed the train, when the noble king moved away after the presentation. His countenance expressed great satisfaction after the ceremony, and his tail wagged so hard, that it was as much as his majesty's tail-bearers could do to keep tight hold of it. As every noble stranger was presented, and the crowd

recognized them individually, they gave loose to deafening shouts, which honour the great ones applauded and seemed mightily to relish.

The emperor of Tea-land was then presented, and his wife also, who not being able to walk on account of her having no feet to walk upon, was carried in a sort of palanquin, and she made her obeisance along with his magnificent celestial sublimity, who both passed by in their turn, fully satisfied with the more than gracious reception they had met with.

Lastly was presented to king Thunderbolt, old king Oxhead, the most venerable looking man yet of all the potentates presented, and who had only lately arrived from a distant region. Perhaps the people of earth would contradict Thunderbolt's statement in describing that great monarch as a venerable looking man, simply because his head was like the head of a fine ox, with the exception of a long beard of silvery hair, and long flowing locks of white. If they do I cannot help it. His queen, too, stranger still, had a head and face exactly like a young heifer, which was quite white, whilst the king's was red. In other respects they were as other human beings, and were not looked upon as very singular by the Northerntiners. These also bent low before the English youth, and his future wife, and as they walked away they looked with satisfaction upon the assembly, who cheered them lustily. Eliza was more and more amused, but certainly she felt a little disgust at beholding

the wonderful and dainty king of all the Pigheads with his beloved queen, presented to the king. These two magnificently attired beings, had heads shaped exactly as pigs, differing from those animals in one or two small particulars, inasmuch that instead of ears common to a porker, the king had long donkeys ears, as had all his male subjects, and the queen's ears were partly like those of mules, and partly like unto those of a deer; and like hers were the ears of all the females of that curious region where they dwelt. The king was very corpulent, and there was something about his physiognomy which led observers to imagine, withal he had a great reputation for valour and martial feats, that there lurked in that said visage of his something which bespoke a strong inclination to amuse himself by eating, and this indeed was the case whenever he could find an opportunity, regardless of both dignity and etiquette. We have only now however to speak of his present demeanour. When presented to his majesty of the moon, he grunted something not to be understood, made several bows, and caused the queen to bow quicker, by pushing her head up and down with his hands; then, because she happened from affectionate interest, to look at the handsome young and bearded king of Northerntine, he grunted some cross unintelligible words, which made her hold her head down with shame, and they went through their part of the ceremony with very little credit to themselves, and the mob never cheered

them at all. The old king only curled up his lip, got amongst a knot of his own pigheads, and then in the midst of this most gorgeous scene, all his group squatted upon the ground, when his prime minister of state, who was with his suite, brought from out his capacious pockets, and so did the others, quantities of eatables, and without caring for groans or hisses, commenced to devour and grumble, then drink and laugh loud, careless how far they were infringing the rules of polished society and etiquette, demanded in the presence of the greatest and most powerful monarch of the moon. The Durlfrick observed their behaviour, and would have expostulated with them upon their unseemly conduct, had not Thunderbolt signified a desire that the Pigheads should not be interfered with; so they laughed, sang and ate, whilst many other illustrious foreigners were presented, and then the native nobility came in turn, and as each was recognised by the vast mass of spectators, they received thunders of enthusiastic plaudits, and bowed their grateful acknowledgments.

Soon the ceremony of the expected presentation was over, and a most magnificent carriage drew up by the side of Charles, and his beloved Eliza. Harnessed to this superb carriage were eight majestic dragons, in shape very much like horses about the bodies, but their legs were like unto a lion's, and their heads of frightful make with staring eyes like burning coals. They were covered with variously colored scales, and upon

their backs rode eight fighting demons, as these people had the privilege of first drawing a new king in their own carriage, and by their own animals. Their harness was of leather worked with very precious diamonds in shapes of flowers, and upon the heads of each of these formidable carriage dragons were little silver fountains, which shot up from a silver basin, water of different colours. These wild looking monsters snorted as they were held tight in by the postillions who were clad in scarlet and gold. Fire seemed to issue from the throats of these dragons, and their tongues, forked and long, protruded from their mouths, as they tore up the ground with their paws, and curved their scaly necks, testifying their impatience to be gone; and at every move of these beings, their necks gave out a thousand tints as they brightened in the gorgeous sun shining in unusual magnificence, and causing to shine with dazzling and inconceivably gorgeous unparalleled grandeur, the palaces of precious stone. Not a cloud was there to taint its brilliancy, but the whole scene was canopied with a blue so transparently etherial as must be witnessed to be adequately conceived.

The presentations over, the procession commenced moving through the vast throng which was agitated to an extreme with emotions of gratitude, wonder, and delight, at beholding the long expected monarch. They would fain have rushed round him to have testified their devo-

tions by shaking his hand, but they were kept back by the exertions of the gigantic soldiery, assisted by several troops of native horse, and innumerable constables. The eyes of the people were not only gratified by beholding their new king, but they were amused and delighted at the curious foreign potentates and their ludicrous looking retinue. The procession moved thus, —the Durlfrick rode a white steed, heading all, then came a detachment of mounted giants, with their band playing, habited in jewelled brass armour, followed by, upon a large bay steed, sinking under a weight of ill arranged caparison, the great important-looking fat duke Blusterpate. Behind him, upon white steeds, came a brilliant troop of the highest in the land. Then followed the dragon-carriage containing the objects of all this devotion; the minister of war's carriage, containing that great functionary and his lady; carriages of various ministers of state; and those of the nobility, with escorts of soldiers; and the prince of the Fighting demons, heading his terrible troop mounted upon their flying dragons. Then came in procession, that most curious of people, the dwarfish elephant men; with prince Littleboy at their head, and all mounted upon small elephants. Then their allies, the gigantic elephantiners riding upon splendidly caparisoned white elephants; followed in splendid order by the other curious potentates with their numerous and varied retinues. Thousands of banners were raised, numbers of gilded flags

floated from every residence, and streamed from every venerable tree about; all of which trees were hung with festoons of roses, and the streets were covered with arches formed of boughs mixed with flowers in a thousand fantastical devices. The great fountains in the public squares were ornamented with flowers, and the water could be seen playing between the rows of them; some of the fountains ran wine. One thousand of the fairest of females flew over the procession, they were virgins of the temple of Jupiter; who of all the ladies in the land not excepting the noblest, were permitted to have their wings uncut. These beautiful beings were habited in white; and bore above the royal carriage long lines of roses, and one, the principal virgin of the sacred temple, bore two laurel wreaths, which she in due time placed upon the brows of the king and queen, amidst the maddening and joyous shouts of the vast sea of people, crowding street and palace summit;—concluding the procession, were gentry of Northerntine, and public companies. All around, and following the lovely maidens, floated innumerable carriages, tenanted by elegantly attired and noble ladies; and it would have done an Earthite's heart good to have witnessed such seemingly heartfelt and grateful joy, and exhibited with so much heartywill, by such an immense populace. It was laughable though to see with what difficulty duke Blusterpate kept his seat upon his steed. It would have been comfortable for himself had he been some-

what less capacious in bulk, and if his thoughts may be told, he did not much relish, bumping up and down upon his saddle, nor the occasion of it; neither did he particularly enjoy the scene about, nor with much satisfaction witness the enthusaism of the multitude, in the reception of one whom in his secret heart he thought to be an usurper. And dared we reveal a private conversation he had had with a certain king of the Pigheads privately a few evenings previously, our readers would not much admire this great man, but however, as all was joy, except his rankling mind, we must not hazard disagreeable conjectures which generally lead to portentous forebodings, and so might spoil our own enjoyment.

The sun shone brighter, the wind whistled tunes amongst the trees, bands struck up, welcoming harmony everywhere, maidens sang chorusses of delighted gratification, and the long line of devotees of the temple sent up thanks to Jupiter to testify their gratitude for the hero's arrival, and for the good he had so magnanimously brought about. We return to the procession which moved amidst the vociferous plaudits of the millions assembled through the principal streets of the three cities, and it was nearly nightfall before Thunderbolt and Eliza were received into the palace of royalty. A banquet had been prepared there, in honor of the elected king's arrival in the moon; to which, by Hanson's orders, all the illustrious personages then in Northerntine were invited, and they had all

promised to attend. The poor were well regaled by their employers, and it being fine weather at the time, fetes of extraordinary magnificence were given; and at the conclusion of the great feast in the palace, Thunderbolt and his bride elect repaired to the summit of the aerial tower to witness the extraordinary festivities going on beneath. The Durlfrick accompanied him, with the king of the Pigheads, the sultan of Turkey-land, the emperor of Tea-land, duke Blusterpate, king Mountain, king Wagtail-land, and prince Yaugab of the Fighting demons, and a few of the nobles of Northerntine. Thunderbolt hardly able to realize his present high position, took the hand of Eliza, and with emotions, which none but one in the same position could feel, gazed upon the enlivening and strange scene below him. The earth had risen high in the heavens, and shone upon every object beneath, with a subdued green light, and when the noble English pair looked upon that orb, their souls felt big with rapture and adoration. Who—that has been in lands, even upon that earth, at a distance from his native shores—that has not felt, when gazing towards his far-off home, a bursting emotion of longing indescribable within his heart?—an insatiable desire to tread again that beloved soil which received the impressions of his infant feet?—and how much did the sensations of Thunderbolt surpass those in intensity, when he beheld his native sphere as a moon in the heavens, and could hardly hope ever to make it his home

again! The big tears rolled down his cheeks as he pressed Eliza's hand within his own, and thus expressed his deep sense of feeling which was fully responded to by her, although silently, as they each found it impossible to speak their emotions. Hanson saw that their attention was absorbed as they gazed eagerly on their own far-distant home, and he carefully forebore to disturb their meditations; and when he glanced at her refulgent body, which was to appearance four-times the size of the moon when viewed from the earth's surface, he folded his arms, and dropped his head momentarily upon his breast; for recollections of his beloved native sphere shot like fire through his brain, as they were, alas! blended with the fear that he never should behold his home, or meet his kin again. The other part of the company observed the earth as earthite's do the moon, and wondered whether it was inhabited. Ah! little knew some of them whose birthplace it was!

The din of rejoicing rising in noisy sound disturbed their meditations, for every one was engaged celebrating the auspicious event of Thunderbolt's arrival. Upon mountains miles beyond the cities, immense fires continually blazed, and from the different aerial towers, fireworks burst on high, assuming beautiful forms as they lost themselves in the air. The bells of the churches rang constant merry peals, which echoed sweetly in the distances afar, blending in delightful harmony with music played with

wondrous skill. Routs, balls, suppers, games, and all kinds of amusements were proceeding within the residences of the nobility and others, who had most of them returned to their own homes after the royal banquet, which was over at an early hour, and had received their numerous friends, all enthusiastic in the cause of the extraordinary rejoicing.

The exterior of the palaces which could be seen amongst the beautiful trees, were covered with illuminations, and flitting to and fro midst music and revelry, were gay and fantastically dressed moonites, who, whilst flying in the air, carried fireworks, which they let off as they sailed along.

The eyes of the two entranced gazers rested on the noble river, upon which shone the beams of the majestic earth, and vessels illuminated were borne along upon her sparkling bosom. The scene was indeed not only new but enchanting. No spectacle in any sphere could vie with the one they now looked upon. Thunderbolt admired it exceedingly, and when his first emotions had subsided, he entered into conversation with some high bred dames who had joined the party, and after they had all together mutually expatiated upon the gorgeous sight presented to their eyes, Thunderbolt gave his beautiful bride into the charge of the Thickrackess Blusterpate, and he retired after bidding all a brief farewell, to sleep away the remainder of this exciting day; and it was not till an early hour in the morning that the festivities had closed, and the inhabitants of the cities of trade and labour had both

entered their respective cities, and the watch had raised the drawbridges. Thus ended this glorious day;—a day that will be remembered by the good moonites to the end of time, and handed down to posterity, as the first sign of returning prosperity to that great race. We will now close this chapter, as we have matter of great importance, following that already related, and which must be deferred to a new one, as old grandfather Johnson begins to yawn, and fidget about in his antique arm chair,—"a sure sign," says Mrs. Readwell to her group of interested little flaxen-haired, peach-cheeked children—"a sure sign that your grandpapa thinks it's high time I left off reading, and you were off to bed. There, Sarah, take the little dears to bed. Now, Percy my darling, don't cry. I'll promise you, if you behave yourself, and go to bed like a good child, that you shall hear some more of the tale to-morrow night."

"Ma," says the little boy blubbering,—"I don't like to doe to bed alone."

"Why child! nothing ever comes to injure good little boys; now look how good your little sisters are, see how nicely they go to bed; there,—come kiss grandpapa;'—and the tender mother, too fond of her only boy, puts him forward to kiss the old gentleman. The little one pats his grandfather's wrinkled face, and when he kisses him, says,—

"Grandpa,—I don't like to doe to bed—I'm frightened dat de ting of de Pigheads 'll come and take me away."

Then the kind fond old man takes him upon his knee, presses his smooth dimpled cheek to his bosom, and reads him a little lecture upon the folly of being alarmed at ghosts or goblins. The infant listener being convinced, and soon off to sleep, the mother bears him to his little bed, and soon leaves him, joining with the rest of the drowsy world in the old nasal melody, incidental to that state of pleasant repose; and as I feel sleepy, I will hasten to join the little innocent, and so close the chapter.

CHAPTER V.

The illustrious people of the moon hailed with joy the appearance of the handsome Englishman the next morning, and all again, both native and foreigner, testified the most lively devotion to his state and person; and the Durlfrick proposed that Thunderbolt should be crowned king upon the ninth of November, in the great temple of Jupiter, which would be opened only for that one day. It was also signified, as the king's pleasure, that the same day should witness the marriage of himself and his beloved Eliza. The nobles and people were made glad with this intelligence, and the celebration of that event was to surpass that of his

arrival. The Durlffick was to resign the regency. In the meantime the head council of the nation met to discuss the necessary subjects consequent upon so great a forthcoming affair, and they passed a bill, enabling the regent to conduct the ceremony according to his taste, will, and pleasure; granting him an immense sum of the public money to defray liberally the attendant expenses, and to continue the entertainment of the various illustrious men and other strangers then visiting the court of the regency. All people of note, such as authors, who were held in the highest esteem; musicians, engineers, mathamaticians, antiquaries, geologists, astronomers, and other votaries of the sciences, were presented to the king, within a week after his arrival, and with their conversation he found the most absorbing interest and pleasure, and especially with dramatic authors, as he held it as his opinion that a man who could write a good drama, possessed a fund of varied knowledge, and the power of concentration above all other literary men.

The priests. or whirlgigs, of Jupiter met also a most cordial welcome from Thunderbolt, and being men above middle age, and all renowned for goodness and self denial, he found many of them really worthy of veneration. After these came, next in importance, the members of the medical profession; then those of the legal, and so on through all the professions; then the representatives of commerce and trade, all of whom went away individually

pleased and gratified with the gracious and feeling reception they had met with, and also somewhat astonished that this new monarch possessed a certain quantum of knowledge upon each and every calling they pursued, so much so as even to hint that some of theirs were capable of improvement, which he himself could suggest.

A week of such doings elapsed, and Thunderbolt determined to enjoy a little quiet before his coronation; so he signified to the regent, that he desired to live in privacy for a short time, as the late adventures he had undergone, strong as his constitution was, were now producing a reaction in his system, and he thought that a short time spent in retirement would restore him to his usual vigour of spirit, and give him the nerve requisite to take in hand the difficult reins of government. So the good Durlfrick continued his rule as regent of the realm, whilst Thunderbolt and his beloved Eliza, enjoyed themselves in examining the wonders of the royal residence, and the gardens around it. Part of these gardens was enclosed and strictly private, and though there were many distinguished visitors in the palace, they did not walk, except by special invitation, in that charming spot. When Thunderbolt and his lovely maiden found themselves alone in the gardens, for the first time unfettered and free since the late fatiguing doings, nothing could equal their childish glee and expressions of joy. They could scarcely believe they had got out in the still and sweet paradise. They

looked almost astounded as they stood upon the emerald steps, and surveyed each other's familiar lineaments with more than usual interest and earnestness.

Until this time, their adventures had been so all-engrossing that neither had thought how the other had become an inmate of the moon, so that now it did strike them, they looked enquiringly upon one another, to be really sure that each was what the one took the other to be. They had seemed to love as a matter of course, as if that emotion were brought on by circumstances which had thrown them so unexpectedly together. I gave a description in the first part of the work of the young man, and there was now very little difference in his appearance, save that he had a more manly look, and possessed a well grown beard. He was still exceedingly youthful in aspect, with a smiling mouth, and winning dimples. His manly beauty was much heightened by his present becoming apparel, which set off his noble and commanding, though slight figure, to great advantage. He was habited in a suit of green velvet, elegantly adapted to his form. A star of precious stones glittered upon his left breast. Around his waist was a belt, inlaid with rubies, and surmounting his pearly brow was a rich cluster of brown locks which fell over his shoulders. He had on a green velvet cap with a star of brilliants, and over it drooped gracefully a green feather tipped with white.

Eliza I have not described; and my pen, I confess, is incapable of doing her justice. But, however, I invoke the aid of a fairy inspiration from that queenly race of guardian genii, for she is well worthy of that honour. She was not too tall, but tall enough; with limbs as round as those of Venus, and as pearly white as ever nature's primest model boasted; and with a face that wooed the very flowers to ope their buds and smile; for they could not but think her one of their highest order, as she trod near their rich parterres, and her breath outvied their rarest perfume. Her face was stamped with the mark of royalty, blended with an expression as sweet as conscious excellence could give, combined as it was with nature's rarest handiwork, and that endearing aspect which is alone caused by infantine simplicity, overspread her winning countenance. Over this face, of which a goddess would be envious, there fell in clusters of long flowing ringlets, showers of bright and precious hair. She was decked plainly in white. At the waist glittered a bunch of ruby and diamond roses, with emerald leaves; and encircling a throat, dazzling to gaze upon, was a necklace of similar shape and form. Upon her head roguishly sat a small white velvet cap, topped with a superb green shining feather.

These two favoured though deserving mortals stood surveying the enchanting scene that extended itself far and wide amongst the old and venerable trees, and flowered elysium,—and after

they had wondered, and admired, and commented upon each others perfections, they strode hand in hand into the gorgeous garden, passing such flowers, as earthites have no conception of. By the side of crystal fountains, with statues of emerald, lakes of transparent water reflecting tree and fountain and statue in their lucid depths, they wound their way, holding converse of things past and to come; laughing, singing, and actually running, alarming the many beautifully plumaged birds from their resting places, and causing to sing and twitter numbers of the warbling tribe. Beautiful tame animals of the antelope species trotted about, seeking notice, which was fondly accorded them, and they bounded about with joyful freedom and conscious liberty.

The fond couple at length entered a grove of lofty trees shaded from the sun. Through it, wound gracefully a rapid stream, which was covered all along its margin with the most curious of polished looking shells. Immense flowers bounded the banks about, and on the lofty trees birds continually sang, and nuts ripened; some of which fruit overspread the ground beneath. Within the stream could be seen quantities of the finny tribe darting about and pursuing each other, ripling the water, in their sport; and without fear of the angler, as in that stream fish were never caught, for with it and its finny tenants a legend was connected, and they were carefully preserved and fed, being taken care of by an old moonite woman,

who lived in a little fantastically shaped wooden cottage, which could be perceived a few hundred yards up the winding rivulet.

The royal lovers seated themselves near the water upon a bank overgrown with violets, which lent a grateful and cheering perfume. There they reclined, and Charles sought in Eliza's eyes for the love he knew dwelt there. She gazed upon him, speechless at first, with love unspeakable, feeling too happy for words. The morning air, soft and balmy, bearing odours from neighbouring groves, kissed their cheeks, and murmured musically in the trees as it passed through. The happy pair thought the scene like to one that they had frequented as children upon earth, big then with infantine love for each other, and fancying the world was contained alone in themselves. Home then, was the subject; fond parents; their regret at their loss; old times of games, joys, and mutual sorrows.

"How were you brought here?" asked Thunderbolt of the lovely girl.

"I cannot inform you," said she in return. "I remember not how or by what means, I found myself in the queen of Northerntine's chamber, when I awoke one morning, as I thought from my usual nightly repose, before the poor creatures were transformed into the frightful distortions of human nature in which you found them. I enquired of course for my father and mother, and looked about for my own locality, but lo,—all was

changed! I discovered myself to be in a chamber, seemingly made of precious stones, and lying in a bed of the most costly description; whilst standing smilingly over me, were two splendid looking beings like unto angels as I thought them, having wings upon their shoulders. At first I imagined I had lost my senses, and then seeing all so clear to my wondering vision, I fancied that I had been taken to the king's palace in London, but when I observed the wings of these creatures around me, this convinced me it was not so. They spoke to me in the kindest tones,—explained to me my situation,—said that I had been sent them by Jupiter, their great master, to dwell in the moon with the king and queen; which great people they told me in the most affectionate tones they themselves were. Of course I could not at first credit what I thought to be such nonsense, and I got out of my bed to look from the windows. Parting the sumptuous velvet curtains I gazed without, and beheld a scene of such surpassing wonder and novelty as quite overcame me. Struck motionless with a feeling akin to terror, I dropped, as I was afterwards informed by the good queen, senseless into her arms. I became very ill, and many days elapsed ere I recovered my senses. When I did so I was fully convinced of the reality of the scene, and sometimes a thought darts across my brain, like unto a dream obscured by time, that I was brought to the moon by a curious animal who treated me very kindly."

"What!" cried Charles, deeply interested, "was it a green dragon?"

"A green dragon!" said Eliza, smiling; "what, I suppose the same one you have described that bore you here? Ah, no, I think not, I really cannot distinctly remember what kind of conveyance brought me to this distant sphere; all seems a dream; and I really have no recollection of such an amiable monster having been my companion; all as I have said seems veiled in obscurity."

"'Tis very strange, but I can assure you" earnestly answered Thunderbolt, "that my relation of the strange circumstances connected with my translation here of which I have already told you, are no chimeras of a disorded brain,—no, no, no! Methinks, dear Eliza, that I see the droll green dragon, cooking my gruel upon the mountain. Oh! that was so droll. I can never forget him; and then the sea,—full of fried fish, and his calling himself Eliza!—ha! ha! ha! ha!—and playing his fiddle upon the iceberg too, whilst his guests and Christmas visitors, the white important looking bears were dancing around a fire blazing away furiously in the centre of the iceberg, ha! ha! ha!"

Eliza broke into a ringing laugh, she had heard before of these ludicrous situations of our wonderful hero. At this moment came hurrying along towards the pair, a very old woman. In her hand she held a little pot of food for the fish, which came to the side of the water to receive their usual allowance. On came this old lady, as

venerable looking a crone as ever was seen to exist. Her face betokened goodness, and upon her shoulders were two decayed wings, which the old lady had once used with activity. Bobbing down, when she neared the graceful couple, many times, she spoke calmly, but very respectfully, seemingly startled at their strange appearance as she could hardly imagine who they were.

"Good gentleman and lady," said she, bobbing again and again, "by your leave, I hope you are quite well. I don't know who you be, but you seem to be so much like the good dear Durlfrick, who came from a distant land to save this great country, brought as it was so near to ruin by the folly of the poor dead king, that you won't be angry with a poor body for speaking to you. You don't know, how very happy I was the other day to find I was a woman again, instead of a nasty little tail, which I discovered myself one morning to be. Ah! I should long ago have died if it had not been that the good stranger, the Durlfrick, found me nearly starving, for when I was a tail, being an old tail too, I could'nt manage to get along at all, but he came and found me almost starving, sent me food, and I havn't seen him since I have become a poor lone old woman again. Ah!" and she gabbled on amusing in no slight degree the listeners. "Sir, and gentle pretty lady,—I was wet nurse to the late king, and when he grew up I used to say to the queen's woman what misery that child's head-strong temper would bring upon his

country. They wouldn't check him, no they wonldn't; the consequence was, he became bad; his people followed his example, and nearly brought destruction upon themselves. Oh! sir, how careful we should be of the education of those who are destined to rule, since the folks they govern, will follow their example; but it isn't for poor withered bodies like as me to grumble or talk about what high quality choose to do. I only think a little, and sometimes when I think, I talk."

Thunderbolt and Eliza gazed kindly upon the poor lone-looking creature, and she saw she was licensed to give further reign to her loquacity, so she proceeded, eagerly however, surveying the form of these two strange but handsome creatures of another sphere.

"Ye're very handsome," continued she, "and I guess ye're very noble,—now I want to get a sight of the new king. One of the keepers of the gardens told me this morning,—old lady, said he, the king's worth looking at; he's got a face like a lion, and a long scaly tail; he spits fire from his mouth, which may be seen to glare in his eye-balls, and he told me too, which I hope ain't quite true, that he's fed—Jupiter bless us—on human flesh!"

They smiled at each other, but the old woman gabbled on. "Well, I thank the volcanos, that I'm old, or perhaps poor lone-body that I am, he might fancy me; but I'm old, and so tough. Well, I should like, good great people, if ye could get me a sight of him where he can't see me, ye know.

I've been living in that old hut, all alone by myself, for many a long long year, just earning a little by feeding the fish. Now if ye'll look ye'll see them all at the side of the stream expecting their food."

So saying, as Charles and Eliza walked to the margin, the talkative old woman threw the bread into the stream, and seemed vastly amused at the greedy fishes, who, like creatures of other elements, were endeavouring to snatch the bread from one another's mouths, and it always happened that the best fed became the conquerors. There was a fine fat red fish that darted away with almost every crumb, and vain were the endeavours of others to get a morsel. I call that fat trout, Blusterpate," said the old woman in a strangely significant voice, bobbing low, and pointing to a very large fat fish, who had just before darted away with a rich prize pirated from two small ones now in pursuit.

"That fish I call Blusterpate, because, fat as he is, he will steal from the others, even when too gorged to eat;—that's a bad fish, that's a bad fat fish. I should tell all strange fish to beware of that fat one, because, wherever he is, there is sure to be quarrelling, especially where there is anything to be had—oh! that's a bad fish."

"She alludes to the duke," said Eliza quietly to Charles. She means something perhaps for you to beware of."

He smiled, and then said quietly to the antique female,—"You desire to see the king?"

"Oh! indeed I do; but mind,—that's a bad fat

fish. Yes—but where he can't see me—give me some hole to peep out of."

"But good woman, do you imagine the king elect is such a monster as described to you?"

"Well, well, I've lived so long to know that I shall never live long enough to believe anything; but I must think, and when I think, I talk, and this I think, that if he's anything but the monster I heard that he was, he's not fit to govern this country."

"My good woman!" ejaculated the king, somewhat astonished.

"Ah! good great man, he'll find it out, monster or no, as he may be."

"Oh!" said Charles, mirthfully inclined, as Eliza and himself with smiling countenances, prepared to be really attentive to her words. There was something about the extraordinary face of the old woman that made them both feel strangely, although she kept a respectful distance, and walked slowly up the stream, all the time throwing crumbs to the fish, and still the fat one, called Blusterpate, was ever upon the alert. See! see! see!" exclaimed the woman, as a fish somewhat smaller than the one designated Blusterpate, arose to the surface of the stream quite dead. "See, that nasty, nasty fish; he's killed my favorite king-fish. Oh! the nasty fat fish, bad Blusterpate. Ah! poor good fish. Well, well, its dead, dead, dead; like all the rest of them, but if I could see the king."

The words of the old woman seemed somewhat to command the attention of the English youth, and Eliza gazed upon her with an eye half serious in its glance, and half inclined to merriment; but indeed the very appearance of the shattered looking creature was only calculated to excite pity. Old indeed, her looks betokened her to be. Perhaps all who were born when she first saw the light, lay crumbling to dust in their graves. Her face was as a piece of yellow leather, and her features all sharpened to an extreme. Her head was uncovered, and as bare as age could make it. Old remorseless time in his unkilling journey past her, had with his awful tweezers pulled out every single hair, and drawn from her sunken jaws, every precious tooth. She possessed one feature though, which seemed not only uninjured by her heavy weight of years, but which had become more lustrous with time. It bespoke an undying soul, and a proof of supernatural and immortal powers. It was her brilliant and large black eyes that spake all this.

"You can easily have your wish," said Charles, "for he who is to be the king, stands now before you."

"And well worthy to be king of this great land, and to reign over a worthier people," exclaimed she, not evincing much surprise at the intelligence; but she gently took hold of Eliza's hand, looked into its palm, mysteriously, and said in an impressive tone,—"Lady, more than eighty years since, I was in the pride of dazzling beauty, and

the pet of the court, of which you will soon be the sovereign lady. At that time a great magician dwelt amongst us, and cast his eyes of love upon me, and sued me to be his bride. The king gave me to him as his wife, and from him devolved to me a fair portion of his powers of necromancy, a penalty all magicians have by nature to pay when they marry. This man was bad at heart, and deceived the king; and endeavoured to work his ruin, and when he departed for his native sphere, the heavenly planet Jupiter, to work more effectually his evil spells, I stayed below to counteract his cruel designs and turn them to good, which so far I have done."

"'Twas I, young man, under the immortal Jupiter, who watched you from your cradle to early manhood. 'Twas I who first gave my country their regent, and 'twas I who brought you safely here; and by my powerful workings it was that you were enabled to gain the waters. Jupiter saw it not fit to save the king, yet he gave me power to overturn the vile enchantments of my wicked husband, and to restore this people to their human form. I became reduced to the extreme of poverty, consequent upon my not being enable to work any good but for others, and the only support I have or need is my unstained conscience."

The king and queen now regarded her with veneration, and listened wonderstruck to her strange revelation, though a doubt of her sanity crossed the mind of the king. The woman, how-

ever, with a sorrowful countenance kept hold of the fair girl's hand, traced the lines, and then cast her fiery orbs full into those of Eliza who seemed to say, "proceed, I am deeply interested."

"Thus far, fair sovereign," she resumed, "I have protected you with success beyond my hopes. Come, let me have *your* hand, young warrior, and list attentively to the words of one, who will ever work her spells in favor of you both, and for this country's good. Soon will you be seated upon the throne of the greatest kingdom in the moon; but hear me, expect no happiness from your superior station; look not at any time for such a result from your sovereign sway. All, in this novel excitement, seems blind trust and love, homage, and devotion, but when this has worn off, a powerful reaction will take place, people will question your right; the god's decree will be set at nought, as even at this moment, Burstboiler, enraged to an extreme at the great change brought about through your wondrous magnanimity, is moving the fiends of all the cursed dominions to overthrow you, and he intends usurping the throne. Take heed of what you observed in the stream. Remember when courtiers assume more signs of adulation than usual, you may look in that quarter for danger. My children, for let me call you so, seek for happiness alone in one another's society; suspect each others truth never; even should circumstances warrant it; you may be happy then. Abuse that boon sent from the regions above to created ones, and you lose all."

During this time both of the interested ones were much taken with her discourse, and what she uttered had such an air of truth about it, that even against their inclination, the ancient's words sunk into their hearts.

"In return for the great interest you evince in myself and my bride," spake the king, "what may we be able to do for you? Surely this state of poverty cannot be in accordance with the marvellous gifts you possess?"

"The exercise of my power," returned she, while a shade of gloom passed over her countenance, "depends upon my utter disregard of self. Always bearing in mind my dependance upon higher powers, which mortals in prosperity are too apt to forget, I am enabled to complete my enchantments, which otherwise, if I had not that great trust, I might endeavour to turn to my own account, and so subvert their intended effects. I am contented, children, with my poverty, and am too old to enjoy anything but the fond recollections of the glorious and the bitter events of past days. In that humble hut which you perceive through those willow trees, I have dwelt alone for many a long year, and from that mean dwelling,—hid as it is from almost every eye,—I have worked great good for nations, and counteracted the designs of the bad Burstboiler, Permit me still to live there and feed the fish; and known only as the poor fish feeder, I will work spells to destroy your enemies, and send you aid in the extremes of danger."

By mortals incredulous of the powers of enchantment, such talk as the above would be put down as the harmless insanity of a poor crazed creature, and something of this feeling entered the minds of both the listeners; but at the same time they felt somewhat strangely. When they spoke to the poor woman she became affected by their amiable tones, and only that the well of tears beneath her eyes had been long since dried up, she would have wept; as it was she knelt at the feet of the beautiful couple, invoked Jupiter's aid to guide them on their course and annihilate their enemies, then made a nosegay of bright red roses, and presenting them to the queenly girl, she exclaimed,—

"Flower of a sphere which I have heard is even more blessed than this one, accept from me this little tribute of admiration, this talisman of the good; observe how every leaf seems crimsoned with nature's blush that cannot die,—like thine,—the blush of innocence. Place them in your chamber, and when you see them as white as that fleecy cloud, passing now o'er your own pale earth, know that danger threatens you. When you fear that an individual is a traitor, drop this nosegay near him,—and when he presents it to you, look to its colour,—then, it will surely indicate whether the presenter be well affected or not towards you; if it retain its original colours, then, maiden, you are safe from wiles or stratagems which shall pass harmless over you, but if the flowers become pale, then be assured that danger is at hand, and forbear

to trust him; and should they become white at any time, you may look for and avoid danger. Now then, farewell to you both. Despise not the blunt man, beware of the flatterer; seek your palace, partake of its joys and revels; and when you are enthroned and surrounded with the gaudy and glittering throng, in the diamond halls, think upon the curious and ragged old woman you met in your gardens, and the humble hut she lives in. Hasten to your palace, a fearful storm is brewing; lady thy flowers are pale already; there is danger lurking near thee even now."

And to the lively astonishment of Charles and Eliza; the flowers which the beautiful maiden had placed in her belt, had become somewhat pale.

A strange sallowness they saw come over the old woman's face, and she looked alarmed; tossed her arms wildly in the air, and stared hard at them, whilst all the brightness which had sparkled in her eyes, seemed to have vanished, and she suddenly turned and tottered away, and the lovers looked after her and wondered. They gazed upon each other and smiled, but they could not speak. They strode hand in hand full of conflicting thoughts through the rich lanes of luxurious blossom, inhaling, though unconsciously the sweet perfume of the flowers. They heard not the joyous notes of the winged tribe, they saw not the gambols of the numerous animals frisking around them; their minds were big with new ideas; their hearts were

rent with feelings they could not utter; the warnings they had heard from the old woman,—the knowledge of the fickleness of courtiers,—the strange sphere, rolling as it was thousands upon tens of thousands of miles from their own beloved earth,—their exalted station,—their present situation, the strange adventures they had passed through, the whole of the past, and anticipations of the future,—all these thoughts, differently modified, crossed their noble and sensitive minds. At length the mute pair, still hand in hand, entered an open square, where played a magnificent fountain, throwing its bright waters far into the clear air, and within a few feet of the marble basin stood trees, drooping with the most luscious fruit. Through the long vistas there came a sound as of soft music swelling with the healthful breezes that revelled through the foliage. Charles and Eliza stopped and listened, and they fancied the sound came nearer. Its melody sunk deep into their hearts; they stood motionless; now struck with wonder at the sight of the fountain, then softened and astonished by the exquisite scene of flowered and fruited paradise around them, and ravished with the soft notes of the music which seemed now to grow louder, and then to die away in the distance. Speechless they gazed upon the enchanting scene, and listened to the solitary melody coming from out the darkened avenues, and then with looks of absorbing love and intense emotion they gazed one upon the other, and falling instinctively

into each others arms, burst into a flood of tears. It was at this moment that the rich full tones of a flute expanded near them in grateful harmony, and the Durlfrick appeared, sending forth carelessly from the instrument that air which entrances every English heart in a foreign clime,—"Home, sweet home."

"The king and queen!" cried Hanson, dropping his flute, and he moved eagerly towards them.

But his progress was arrested, and the attention of the king and queen demanded by a loud shriek which burst upon their ears, and which seemed to come from the direction the old woman had taken towards her hut. The three hurried forward, surprised, and came soon to the fish stream, where they beheld to their horror a gigantic winged man dragging the old woman of the hut by the hair towards a chariot that stood near, harnessed to two large dragons which were snorting flame. In one hand the fiend held a spear, and he called aloud in triumphant tones, regardless of his victims shrieks;

"Ah! ah! ah! crone; I have thee at last, now will I crush ye. Fifty years have I sought ye in vain in every sphere that rolls in space; and at length I have thee. Ah! who can save ye now? ah! ah!"

Suddenly the fiend saw the startled trio, and his eyes glared when he beheld them coming towards him. He directly ran to his car, threw the old woman in it with frightful force, where she lay motionless, and then with mouth distended, eyes

protruding, hair flying in the wind, and spear levelled, came forward to meet the party, with extended arm and hand ready to grasp another victim.

Neither Thunderbolt nor Hanson had a weapon with them, and the fearful assailant was more than two feet higher than either of them, so that he was very formidable to behold. Thunderbolt clasped Eliza with one hand, and cried, as the monster came on;—

"Forbear, villian, I am the king."

"Oh! oh! oh!" bawled the wretch, "Oh! oh! oh! the king! that is good; and that fair creature your wife! the creature whom I have long been in pursuit of; ah! well I'll have her now."

The Durlfrick rushed before them and cried,—

"Stay, demon or man, whichever thou art, nor desecrate either with a touch."

Eliza shrieked,—"Oh! save me from him, 'tis Burstboiler the magician."

The king and the Durlfrick were terror-struck, but awaited his approach, firmly resolved to die rather than yield.

Burstboiler, the wrathful fiend, confronted them with frightful and revengeful gestures. His dragons snorted and emitted fire furiously, tearing up the earth and burying the flowers beneath the sod. The demon's red shaggy locks shook with the wind which now came on in gusts, whilst the atmosphere became darkened, and a few large rain-drops reached the earth. A glare of forked

lightning illumined the sky, and then peal upon peal of thunder made all above and below to tremble, and immediately after the rain came down in torrents. But the fiend laughing in loud derision, came forward, and it would have been useless attempting to struggle, weaponless as they were, with so supernatural a monster, but still they defied him, whilst Eliza called upon them to save her from the fiend, and her shrieks almost unmanned her protectors. The demon regarded not her cries, but siezed forcibly in his grasp both the king and Hanson, whilst with the other hand he snatched up Eliza, and throwing down the other two with great violence, bore her panting to the car. Exulting he seized the reins,—turned his glaring eyes upon his fallen foes,—waved his spear, while the dragons snorted, and as the fiend jeered, screamed and laughed; he appeared to enter a flash of lightning, and burst through the fired atmosphere, whilst the thunder pealed louder as he disappeared. The king, who was much stunned with the violence of the fall, rose, notwithstanding, and gazed around for the wretch and his victim, but seeing them not, he rushed about the gardens horrorstruck and unable to speak. He knew not where to go, or what to do, for his brain and blood seemed turned, and his body almost paralysed. Seeing Hanson lying lifeless upon the ground, he ran towards him, turned him upon his back, and gazed with speechless horror on his face, and saw his eyes were

closed. At that moment some of the nobles and attendants who had left the palace, fearing the king might be injured by the storm, made their appearance. All that the king could do, however, was to point to Hanson, then to the sky, but the power of speech had left him for a time. He stared wildly round; his face was terribly pale, and he walked hastily into the palace, where the nobles quickly followed him, some bearing along with them the injured Durlfrick.

CHAPTER VI

Here was a stop to all rejoicing! At the very gates of Elysium as it were, unexpected occurrences had interfered to snatch away all joy, or the hope of it, from the grasp of the unfortunate lovers. The nobles and others bearing Hanson, who had followed the king into the palace, could not surmise the cause of his strange agitation, or the accident to the Durlfrick. They bore the wounded man to a couch in a private apartment, and laid him thereon; and a moment after a doctor entered, who pronounced, to the joy of those assembled, that the great Durlfrick had received no material injury, but was showing signs of returning animation. The king, who could but stammer out

broken sentences, anxiously bent over his poor friend, and when he found that he was not fatally injured, he was greatly rejoiced, but so deep was his emotion, that he could but feebly express his gratification. His face was dreadfully pale, and he looked with fearful anxiety at his friend, and saw by the medical man's countenance that nothing serious was to be apprehended. Soon after, the color returned to the Durlfrick's cheeks; and he smiled upon the king, but in a moment more, a gleam of thought regarding the fearful event that had but now taken place shot athwart his features, and he looked earnestly at the king who seized Hanson's hand and pressed it, so great was his satisfaction to find he was not, as he feared, mortally wounded. Whilst this scene was being enacted, the several nobles and guests of the palace made their appearance, and all eagerly enquired the cause of the stir, which was spreading fast without, and soon were heard the bells of the city pealing an alarm, whilst the shouts of a multitude arose in the air, at first weak, aud then stronger. In the midst of the tumult, Thunderbolt at length found speech, and sternly said,—

"Gentlemen, stay the popular ferment without; you shall know all in five minutes. Where is the duke Blusterpate ? send him hither immediately."

"He is laid up with the gout, your highness."

"Then, gentlemen, I would be alone with his grace, the regent."

The nobles withdrew respectfully. The doctor

signified all would go on well with the wounded man, and departed.

No sooner had they gone than Hanson grasped the king's hand, and said;—

"You did well my liege, not to inform them of the event. We have troublesome people amongst us."

"What is to be done? My betrothed! Hanson, my poor girl! I dare not appear weak before the nobles."

"Gracious powers! look my liege, what is that? see through the window—that object swiftly flying in the air."

"'Tis the North Pole, Hanson. Thank heaven, she may be saved!"

"'Tis in pursuit of the monster. Hanson, until this instant, I had forgotten the Pole entirely, nor knew where it was placed."

"What can be done, Hanson?"

"Alas!" cried the wretched man, "could not this blow have been spared me? What! what is all this honor to me, now?"

"My liege," said Hanson, "sorrow will avail us nought. The Pole that so wondrously aided you in the moments of past peril, has flown to her rescue; let us immediately summon Yaugab, the prince of the Fighting demons, he will pursue the vile enchanter, and perhaps rescue our sweet queen. Be calm, my liege, I entreat."

The king appeared to think a moment, and his countenance rapidly underwent many changes. He looked kindly upon Hanson, seized his hand

and pressed it to his breast, then drawing himself up proudly, said,—

"I am selfish—do you feel much hurt?"

"Charles," answered he, "no, I'm not at all so." Then Charles looked gladly upon him, and standing firmly said, clenching his hands, "I am glad, they shall not see my emotion. I will be a king. My good schoolfellow, be thou my only adviser. By heavens I will search even the bowels of the volcanos for her, and will destroy the power of the vile enchanter, and free this people from his sway."

"Now," cried Hanson, "I see in you the strong-minded boy of old times, who, powerful as his emotion might be, could ever curb it to his more powerful will."

"Send for Yaugab instantly, Hanson!" Charles exclaimed, fire darting from his large eyes; "not one instant is to be lost; the vile enchanter! I will grind him to the dust. Wretch, to ursue a poor innocent girl, and tear her from her beloved oue, and carry her to his cursed domains to feed upon her miseries. Give me power, heaven, to crush him; poor, dear, sweet girl, lost to me for ever! But down feelings; callous I will be to our misfortune until hope shines in the distance, and beckons me to her captive retreat. . . . . .'

Shouts rent the air without,—increasing every moment, and the towers of the city became full of human beings who had observed the pole in flight. Some few of them had seen the magician in his

car, and recognised the youthful queen, as the vile monster swiftly directed his demons through the air, and laughed in loud tones. Waving triumphantly, with one hand, his huge spear, in which, too, he held the reins, and with the other raised aloft the screaming girl, as the furious winds spread her hair about, whilst the lightning incessantly flashed, and the rain pelted down in torrents.

Yaugab, the prince of the Fighting Demons, burst unbidden into the royal chamber, and threw himself at the king's feet.

"Most noble king," exclaimed he, "my warriors await your orders to pursue the magician Burstboiler, who has carried off your noble queen, whom we all love and reverence, Give me your commission that I may enter any land where he may take refuge, and rescue her from the vile enchanter."

"Prince Yaugab," said Hanson, "we thank you; dispatch a detachment of your iron warriors instantly in pursuit, and we thankfully will give you our commission."

"Hasten," cried the king, "noble prince,—save her,—quick."

The prince bowed backwards, then hastened out, and soon after, amidst the enthusiastic huzzas of the multitude, ten of the Fighting Demons mounted upon their swift dragons, and followed the North Pole.

The people when they heard of the melancholy event were terrified, and the great men of the

kingdom hastened to the palace, where the regent, who had summoned all the high functionaries of the state, was closeted, discussing the dreadful subject in the presence of the king. Duke Blusterpate also attended, having been carried thither by two servants. His feet were bandaged, and he presented a curious spectacle, having a terrible fit of the gout upon him.

The king bore himself stoically, although his feelings of course were wrought up to a pitch of excitement, intense almost beyond controul, but he knew well his influence with the people depended upon his showing a stern resignation to all misfortune, and therefore he endeavoured to bear with calmness this dreadful and distressing calamity.

He recounted the whole affair calmly to the august council, and Hanson the regent confirmed it. The whole assembly were mute with astonishment. Suddenly the minister of war arose and spoke.

"It is somewhat strange," said he, but the king of the Pigheads sailed down the river yesterday morning, and has not returned. Duke Blusterpate, we believe, was with him immediately before he set sail."

The duke with a countenance strangely indicative of fear and surprise, then arose, supported by his two attendants and, said;

"True, your majesty, and most noble regent, 'tis as the minister of war doth say. Oh! oh! dear me, the gout, oh! oh! Attend lords, I think

I may unravel this mystery, and perhaps discover a clue to the first cause of this dire misfortune which has happened to our beloved king, and deprived him of his beautiful queen. Your majesty, this paper was given me by the king of the Pigheads two days since. I thought the contents a joke and took no notice of them; and yesterday he wished to have a trip down our noble river, and he desired that I would embark with him, but feeling the gout coming on, besides being much afflicted with pains in my stomach, which two or three doctors have informed me is entirely consequent upon my neglecting to take my usual dinner pills, I begged to be excused; but I can assure you, most noble regent, and beloved king, that I had no idea until now but that this letter was a jest. So I hope,—oh! oh! the confounded gout,—that you will acquit me of any share in the lamentable transaction."

The regent had taken the paper during his speech, and read with a varying countenance the contents, whilst the king sternly gazed upon the eloquent Blusterpate, and that doughty nobleman would fain have sank into the earth.

Then Hanson read aloud the following, first prefacing it thus,—

"Your majesty, and most noble lords of the moon, I should first propose that as the presence of our mighty Duke Blusterpate is not actually necessary to the ensuing conference, and he being at this time so sorely afflicted, which you may

well perceive, I should, as I say, suggest that he retire from the council chamber, and we will endeavour to arrange this weighty matter without his valuable assistance. Blusterpate without much ado got up, and having again begged the council not to construe his conduct to his hurt, left the chamber groaning with the gout, which at that precise moment seemed to torture him more than ever.

When he had departed, the regent arose again with a very stern expression upon his countenance, and spoke thus in a clear impressive voice,—

"Your majesty, and noble lords here assembled, I will read this paper, and sufficient you will see in it to convince you that this king of the Pigheads has meditated the overthrow of the existing government, and the making of our now happy land a scene of tumult and bloodshed; however I will read it at once, thus it is,—

DEAR ACCOMPLISHED BLUSTERPATE,

How can you pretend to fawn upon those two pretenders to *your* throne. Where's your spirit? have you the faith of all your stupid people, to believe that a god like Jupiter has anything to do with the making a king on purpose for your people? Out upon such nonsense! Now hear and attend. I have seen and conversed with the great magician Burstboiler, and I have just pointed out the exact spot where he may catch your darlings cooing, according to his desire. He will have her. He

will find a safe home in my kingdom to which I shall hasten soon, and your king will naturally hasten to discover his beauty. When that happens, at the same moment that you hear there is an army of Pigheads upon your shores, assert your right to the throne, and I will uphold you.

Your faithful ally,

KING OF THE PIGHEADS.

Hanson gazed upon the assembly. When he had finished every eye was turned towards the king, who rose and said,—

"My friends, there is no doubt of the vile king's perfidy, but there is nothing in the letter that at all accuses the duke, whom we acquit of all blame in the matter."

The regent assented, and the council shook their heads as if doubting it very much.

But, however, after long deliberation they came to this conclusion that the king should be crowned the next day; that the Temple of Jupiter should be opened for the purpose, instead of on the ninth of November as appointed; that war instantly should be declared against the Pigheads,—and that the fleet they had ready should be dispatched to Pigland as quickly as possible. The king resolved to head the troops, leaving Hanson as regent of the kingdom. Hanson begged to be allowed to go with him, but it was overruled by the council.

The council was broken up; then came all the guests of the metropolis to express their sorrow at

the event, and to tender what services they could. Grief dwelt in every heart except in some of the ladies' breasts; they, however, assumed it for the occasion, and the cities, from scenes of joy, became cities of mourning. All the aerial towers were crowded, and the winged moonites flew here and there, but of course without discovering anything.

Before evening the inhabitants were astonished, upon hearing that their king was to be crowned on the morrow, and that the great priests had acceded to the regent's request of opening the Temple of Jupiter for the occasion. So all was unusual bustle; none sought rest that night, with the exception of some few disaffected ones who were glad of any sign of change; and when the morrow arrived the streets were thronged by silent people, and with little pomp or ceremony, Charles Thunderbolt was solemnly crowned by the great priest of the Temple of Jupiter, King of the moon, by the title of "Thunderbolt the First." His majesty returned sorrowful at heart, although cheered vociferously by the excited crowd. When he reached the palace, the populace, with strange looks, either sought their homes directly, or conversed in groups together about the different streets.

Hanson entered the palace flushed with excitement, and the king looked sorrowful. They sought retirement from the throng of nobles; and when they were alone Charles rushed into Hanson's arms, and the two schoolfellows could not control their emotions.

At night, heralds proclaimed to the terror of spinsters and cosy bachelors, that war was proclaimed against the king of the Pigheads.

In the meantime the regent had long converse with the Duke Blusterpate, and the consequence was that that worthy man, gouty as he was, saw fit to accede to a request of the regent that he should immediately furnish a certain number of men for the wars, and that he himself should accompany the king.

The king conferred with the most renowned military and naval men of the age, and he informed them it was his intention to insist on the king of the Pigheads delivering up to him the great magician Burstboiler, and his unfortunate victim, and if he refused he would destroy his kingdom. The nobles and others endeavoured to prevail upon the king not to leave his kingdom, but to stay and protect his people, whilst they under their most experienced commander should hasten to rescue their intended queen from the vile Burstboiler, and punish the perfidious king of the Pigheads. The king, however, would listen to no entreaties; he himself determined to chastise both the magician and the king who dared to contemplate the overthrow of the government of a country in which he had been so kindly received as a guest. Said the king of Northerntine before the great captains and others who thronged in the council chamber,—

"It is evident, that the vile enchanter Burstboiler will endeavour to reduce you all again to

the loathsome forms in which I found you, as you know he is a sworn enemy to the welfare of this great people. I alone am safe from his influences through the instrumentality of a higher power; and I will lead you forth, not only for the purpose of rescuing her whom I love, more than my existence, but to crush and bind for ever the wretch who would destroy you all. Prince Yaugab has entered my service, and departed three days since to muster his forces for our aid, he will meet us on the coast of Pigland. The Elephant king also promises us assistance. King Mountain spares us three thousand giants, and many of the late illustrious warriors, who yesterday departed for their own dominions, intend to afford us aid under their most able generals. So let us to the combat with bold hearts, and it shall be seen that, no foreign power dare wrong with impunity so great a nation as that of Northerntine."

All was enthusiasm. Shouts of acclamation rent the chamber, and young and old joined in the cry of "Ever live king Thunderbolt." "Jupiter preserve king Thunderbolt." The wives of the nobles rushed in, and their beautiful green-haired daughters bearing with them banners and flags which they had worked for the various chieftains there assembled, to whom, with animating glances, they presented them. Six lovely high-bred maidens moved towards the throne, and one of these ladies, the youthful Minnie, daughter of one of the

proudest nobles of the kingdom knelt before the king, and gazing sweetly upon his fine countenance, presented him with a gorgeous flag, upon which were inscribed the royal arms, and also these words, "Victory for our king, and rescue for the peerless Eliza." After which, she placed upon the king's head, a crown of laurel, and said,—

"Noble king, lead on thy friends to victory, and thou shalt have the prayers of the ladies of thy kingdom," and then she raised her arms in the air, and cried, "Jupiter, save king Thunderbolt."

The brilliant assembly arose, and echoed the cry, and then they raised high their banners. The king took his laurel crown from his head and gave it back to the hands of the beautiful maiden who had crowned him, and as he gazed upon her, her full eye met his with an expression of deep emotion, but the king saw only devotion in her looks. He said in tones full of feeling and appreciation of her conduct:—

"Noble lady! the king shall demand of you this laurel wreath when his soul tells him he deserves it, then will he desire to be crowned with it by the same fair hand."

The hall rang with plaudits, the banners again were waved; bright eyes saw the display of feeling, and gazed proudly upon the defenders of their beautiful land, animating them to a pitch of determined enthusiasm.

CHAPTER VII.

Everything being prepared for the embarkation of the troops, the king with his army sailed from the metropolis.

The fleet kept steadily on its course for a fortnight, and had arrived within a week's voyage of the coast of Pigland, although they had experienced some adverse weather. The poor duke Blusterpate had grievously suffered from sea-sickness. Indeed, during the past fortnight he had made his will, being certain as he said, that all would soon be over with him. He kept six attendants in constant motion, either fetching him brandy, bringing him soups, or concocting him delicate beverages, or carrying him about the deck, for as he feebly said, he was too weak to walk alone, and as for fighting, that could never be, because he was certain that his constitution was completely broken, and he never should again be able to lift a sword. Many times during his sufferings he sent an especial messenger for the captain, who was obliged always to descend to him, merely to ask if he thought there were any danger, begging him not to put on too much sail, and he kept one man continually walking up and down, to give him intelligence of the state of the weather.

The king had in attendance upon his person, a beautiful youth who filled the situation of page. On the morning of his majesty's departure from

Northerntine, this boy had gained admittance to him, and presented him with a letter of recommendation from one of the highest of the nobility. It stated that he was of noble birth, and wished to follow the king to the wars. His majesty was pleased with the youth's appearance, and signified his pleasure to have him as his personal attendant, and by the expression of the boy's countenance, he seemed greatly delighted at the accomplishment of his object.

During the voyage, the page bore himself so admirably, and exhibited such sweetness of disposition, that the king became somewhat interested in him, and he called him Ardent.

The boy's beauty was of a marvellous kind. His complexion was a deep brunette, with a slight rosy tint upon his cheeks. His hair, like the hair of the higher classes in the moon, was of a rich glossy-green, tipped with auburn, which fell in ringlet's almost to his waist. His features were what on earth would be called pure Grecian, and singular to state, his eye-brows and lashes were of raven hue. His countenance was of a most winning expression, heightened in beauty by two dimples on his blooming cheeks; his stature was tall, and his manners generally so kind, submissive, and conciliating, that he gained the love of every one. Often whilst gazing upon the youth, as he sang some of his native songs to entertain him, would the king find his grief somewhat alleviated; and the acute feelings always gnawing at his heart

for the loss of the one who was so soon to have been his own, were in some degree soothed by his witching tones; and amidst all the professions of goodwill and devotion every succeeding day lavished on him by his courtiers and attendants, would he look for that boy's smile, as something necessary to his happiness.

One night the king harrassed with thoughts of the coming war, could obtain no rest, and resolved to go upon deck, and breathe the fresh air.

In passing through the apartment where the page rested, he stopped to gaze upon the sweet boy, who was asleep on his couch, and muttering incoherently in his dreams. The youthful monarch gazed upon him with increased interest and admiration, feeling that confidence in poor Ardent's friendship, which he could not in the professions of his grand courtiers. The sleeping youth turned himself in his bed, his lips, which were as the rose when the dew hangs upon it, moving with mutterings of a pleasant nature. A smile flitted across his angelic features, and he said—

"Beloved king,"—and no more.

Thunderbolt felt a strange sensation, as he could not think what service he had done the page so to have won his sleeping, as well as waking thoughts.

"Good heavens!" whispered he,—"if he should come to harm! Why did his parents or friends permit him to seek the battle field and its attendant terrors! a resolve made by himself, I infer, a determination of his own, which left them no alter-

native. But thou shall be protected, fair boy, and if I can shield thee, I will, poor youth. Sleep on, unconscious of the cares that assail thy friend and master; a crown allows little freedom from anxious thought, and harrassing thoughts fatigues the mind too much for calm repose such as thou dost enjoy."

Whilst the king bent over him, and the lamp cast a flickering light upon his countenance as it swung to and fro with the vessel's motion, the page suddenly awoke and rubbed his eyes, and seemed surprised to see the monarch standing over him at that late hour when he supposed he would be taking his rest.

"Your majesty!" faltered the boy.

"You have been dreaming," kindly said the monarch as a sickly smile played upon his expressive lips.

"Have I, your majesty?" muttered Ardent, half startled, pulling the bed clothes about his neck with a nervous hand, and blushing repeatedly.

"You have been dreaming of the battle field, and you said,"—

"What did I say, your majesty?" exclaimed the boy, in a strange and startled tone.

"You thought that you were fighting by my side, and when you saw your king helpless, and surrounded by the foe eager for his blood, you———"

"Well, your majesty, and ———"

"You fled, and prayed for home."

"Never," cried Ardent, interruptedly, with a wild piercing look, whilst his face became overspread with a sensible paleness; "pardon me, your majesty, I flew to the rescue,—I—I———"

"Brave boy, I believe you," said the king impressively, gazing with a sorrowful, but gratified smile, upon the youth, and pressing one hand, which he had lifted in surprise. He then hastily left the apartment and ascended to the deck.

"Beloved king!" muttered the page, when the monarch had gone, "would I leave thee in danger? —no! Jupiter shall behold me weltering in my blood on the field of carnage, ere I leave thee, weak as I am, whilst I have strength to be near thee. Oh! how I love him! What can I do to prove it? I'll watch for his safety; for me there is no better office. Poor man, how pale he looks! I well perceive the grief rankling within him, which he endeavours to veil from other's knowledge.

We will leave Ardent busy with his own reflections, and return to the duke, who was seized about this time with the most excruciating pains, caused by tic doloreux in the face and gout in the limbs, and was calling out to his attendants who were hurrying to and fro for remedies.

"Oh! was ever duke in such agony?" exclaimed that great man. "Come, come, sirs, quick with the mixture. Heat some flannels for my face. Oh! Jupiter, the pain shoots up and down, down and up, up and down. Oh! this is going to sea! Oh! Jupiter! Jupiter!

Into his cabin rushed two attendants with hot flannels, whilst behind them tumbled in a man with hot spirit and water, which the duke, with a relieved countenance, held his hands out to grasp just as the vessel, seemingly out of spite, pitched on her beam ends, and the man with the liquor, which was spilled into the duke's face, and the flannel carriers tumbled upon the duke, of course to his still further discomfiture, and he made the cabin ring again with his groans. Well, after many more sad mishaps to this great man, and his retainers, the duke, by mistake, fell off into a doze, which gave his men an opportunity of doing the same which they were glad to avail themselves of as quickly as possible.

The Gryldoo's attendant, who slept in the adjoining chamber, being annoyed that the big duke should give way to his griefs, and knowing too that the king's chamber adjoined his, determined to play him a trick, so he gently opened his cabin door, popped in unheard, and fastened a string to each of his great toes, connecting it with the toes of all the other sleepers. The king's page passing by, saw him in the act, and smiled as he returned to his own chamber to await the termination of this manœuvre.

When the king had gained the deck, he became much absorbed in the view of the beautiful scene around him.

The whole fleet, consisting of six large men-of-war were steadily pursuing their course through

rather a heavy sea, their white canvas reflecting the light of the earth, which was shining, and riding majestically in the star-spangled heavens; throwing its beams far on to the wave, and causing the vessels to assume a singularly beautiful appearance.

After he had walked up and down the deck breathing with gusto the fresh sea air, he descended to his state-room intending to seek some rest. He found upon entering his apartment that his page had prepared him some refreshments, after partaking of which he bade the boy get his lute and sing him one of his native songs. The page obeyed, and was about to commence a strain, when a terrible groan issued from the adjoining apartment, followed by divers other shriekings, coupled with sundry imprecations in the voice of the great duke. The king was astounded. The page laughed and leaned his face upon his hand, his massive ringlets falling before his features, convulsed as they were with merriment.

The roars were now increased; cabin doors were thrown open, and out rushed alarmed courtiers, who thronged towards the chamber of the duke.

"Your majesty! something has happened to your commanding officer the great and valiant Duke Blusterpate; shall I bring you intelligence of the mishap?" said the laughing page, rising.

"By all means!" returned the king, "what can be the matter with that nobleman?"

"I fear he is plagued with frightful dreams, your majesty!"

"Bring me word, my boy," said the patient monarch.

The page left, and entered his grace's chamber, just as a crowd of alarmed noblemen had surrounded him, and a ludicrous scene occurred which for a long time afterwards afforded mirth to the court.

Duke Blusterpate, whose visage was crimsoned with rage, his face tied round with a whole host of flannels and handkerchiefs, was sitting up in bed roaring lustily, and tossing his arms, whilst he was jerking one of his legs about, and the courtiers perceived to their surprise the cause of his extraordinary gestures and excitement, occasioned by the tying of the toes as above related. The strings were soon cut,—the retainers fell at the feet of their master, protesting their innocence of the trick. The duke, however, asserted his conviction that it was devised, if not executed, by the Gryldoo before spoken of, who, annoyed at the accusation, endeavoured to exculpate himself, and when he left the chamber he resolved to retalliate upon the duke for his suspicion.

The different noblemen retired laughing, enjoying the joke vastly, and the handsome page recounted to the young king the whole scene, which served somewhat to amuse him and divert his mind from painful thoughts. The king soon slept. The page also sought his couch, and the

night passed quietly, with the exception of an event which placed the duke in a more ludicrous situation than ever. It was the following,—

No sooner had all become quiet after the late droll disturbance, than the Gryldoo with his officer, Captain Grildelung, repaired to the deck to invent some annoyance for that august but testy personage.

"I have it," said the Gryldoo, "I will descend and inform his grace that the enemy's fleet are approaching. You must then, captain, come down five minutes after, and confirm my account."

The Gryldoo then sought the captain of the vessel, and let him into the secret, and requested him to have some men lying about the deck, as if wounded, while others were to be moving to and fro, so as to have the appearance of clearing the deck for action; also to let two sailors, at the moment he should give the signal, carry another, as if wounded, down to the cockpit. The captain who did not like Blusterpate, gladly promised compliance with the desire of the powerful Gryldoo; and whilst he descended to the duke's cabin, the captain gave orders accordingly to have the scheme carried into execution.

The Gryldoo knocked gently at the door of the duke's chamber; which was opened by an attendant, who bowed respectfully when he beheld that nobleman. His grace, who was just dosing, started up and said,—

"What now! are you at it again?"

"Your grace," interposed the Gryldoo, respectfully, appearing a little frightened; "pardon me disturbing you; I come merely to acquaint your grace, in case you should be startled when the fight begins,——"

"Good Jupiter! Gryldoo, what fight?" exclaimed the duke, in terrible alarm.

"The enemy," continued he, "have borne down upon us unawares, and we are now clearing the deck for action."

"Bless me! bless me!" help me out of bed. Here, Blackswick," (to one of his men), "wrap some blankets round me; now men, hurry. It's no use my staying here to be murdered, and I can't fight. I can't stand for the gout. Good Jupiter! I shall be killed; come men; oh Jupiter! oh Jupiter! Come, come, captains; now carry me down to the cockpit; quick, quick. Good Jupiter! I might be killed! Dear, dear, why didn't the inconsiderate commander let me know of this! Foolish man not to get out of sight of the enemy, he knows we don't want to fight on the sea."

The Gryldoo walked to the deck, and presently appeared four men bearing the great duke wrapped up from head to foot, who beheld with dismay the wounded sailor.

"Good Jupiter! man wounded! Aye! Man killed too!"

"Yes, your grace."

"Come then, be quick with me. How near is

the enemy? Dear, dear me, good Jupiter, save me. Quick men, quick I say, Oh! the gout."

So they carried the valliant duke down into the cockpit, and the Gryldoo and his captain retired to their berths, laughing until the tears ran down their cheeks.

In the morning when the king was walking the deck, conversing with his nobles, all breathing with gusto the fresh air, he observed a procession of four men bearing back with them to his state cabin the duke, who having been told that the fight was over, had desired to be taken back to his chamber, heartily ashamed of his conduct, but his never-failing excuse was the gout, and the importance of his person to the safety of the state of Northerntine. The story of the duped nobleman soon spread abroad, and afforded food for satire and ridicule for a long time after, and when the youthful king heard of it, he said to himself,— "what a daring leader for a conspiracy!"

A storm arose some hours after, and the fleet became scattered. The king's ship leaving the others at a great distance, pursued its course steadily, and when it arrived within three days' journey of the coast of Pigland, a vessel was seen in the distant horizon, under a heavy press of sail, and the captain informed the king, who was in his cabin, discussing war tactics with the principal officers, that a ship was in sight, which they concluded was that of the king of the Pigheads.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the youthful monarch,

his fiery ardour breaking forth from his fine eyes; "make all sail you can; keep a good look out Captain Scullcracker. If we can take the traitor now, we shall save much bloodshed. Come warriors of Northerntine, gird on your weapons. Where is the leader of the fire-eaters, Duke Blusterpate?"

"Still labouring under a severe fit of the gout, your majesty!" said an officer in reply.

"The monarch smiled, then said, "Poor man! however a little exercise of the nature we are expecting will cure all his ailments The king commands his presence immediately. Ardent, hasten to the duke, say it is our will, that without further delay, he come ready armed to our presence."

The page went with alacrity to execute the commission.

"Now, gentlemen, to the deck, and we will teach these Pigheads to attend to the affairs of their own kingdom, and not to attempt to excite rebellion in a peaceable nation which honoured them by an invitation to join in its festivities,"

The king then donned a suit of mail, girded on his sword,—wielded a ponderous battleaxe,—lifted high the flag presented to him at his palace with such enthusiasm by the Lady Minnie, and exclaimed,—

"Nobles of the moon, follow your king!"

The nobles eagerly followed, all wielding their battle axes, and raising high their banners, and

flourishing them with shouts of "Live Thunderbolt our king, and perdition to the Pigheads."

"Thickrack Blusterpate, will your Thickrackship permit me admittance?" exclaimed the page, tapping at the door of the duke's chamber, which was opened directly after by one of the servants in waiting.

"The page of the king, your Thickrackship," said the waiter, ushering in the roguish-looking boy, who stept hastily to the bedside of the mighty man.

The duke was partly sitting up in bed, and was just partaking of some soup, whilst his six men were all standing in a row, as in the intervals of sipping the beverage, he had been haranguing them upon the art of war. Observing the intruder he waved him to be silent, whilst he said to his valliant attendants,—

"Now, having sufficiently instructed you to day upon your bearing as defenders of your country, you will take orders for my daily sustenance; and as I feel much better this morning, I intend to indulge myself with a good dinner, and a couple of bottles of the best wine in the ship. Recollect captains, the more alacrity you exhibit in attending to your poor sick lord's wants, the more likely will you be to jump into good lucrative appointments when we get home again. Good Jupiter! I wish we were going homeward now. Good Jupiter, I do indeed."

Your Thickrackship!" the page ventured to say, getting rather impatient and interrupting him.

"Boy!" thundered the duke, spilling the soup in his indignation, "await your orders to speak, and let lordly and wise men have their say first."

Ardent bowed, and smiling, stood silent.

The duke gazed upon him with that contempt which many valiant men assume towards young aspirants after the fame which has made them great. The page pretended to quail, which the pompous man remarked, and looking upon his six burly servants, he patronizingly remarked, as he lifted himself up in his bed a little more,—

"See and remember now, captains;" (these men it must be understood, though so servilely attending upon him, held captains commissions under him). "Mark that insignificant boy; do you see how he quails under the eye of his superior? but one unexpected reproof or word lowers his impertinent crest, and causes him to become an object of pity to us all. So valiant captains you may deduce a lesson from a little insignificant boy's actions. Never dare to hazard a freedom with a superior, especially with your commanding officer, because his warlike deeds contrasting with your own, cannot but fail to make you feel your own inferiority."

"I must inform the king," said the subject of this oration, "if your Thickrackship abuses me."

The duke laughed, and his men from long habit laughed too.

"You may inform the king. Hear, captains, the boy dares to say that he will tell the king, ha! ha! ha! Do you mark him? Why you spider you, I could with the smallest exertion of my strength pitch your king into the sea, that is if I did not respect his majesty. You tell the king, ha! ha!"

"Ho! ho! ho!" chorussed the captains, with much exertion managing to get up a horse laugh between them, and looking as yellow and sick as long illness and no rest could make them.

"If you were just to inform his majesty, my page, not to make such an unreasonable noise in his chamber, which, by a bad arrangement unfortunately adjoins mine, you would be doing me a service. I have not been able since I offered him my services in the ensuing campaign to obtain five minutes rest or freedom from disturbance caused by his sea sick groans, and quarrels with his officers about military tactics, and all that stuff; why if he had had the good sense to have consulted me, I would have taught him more soldiery in a quarter of an hour than he has learned during the whole of his life; would'nt I captains?"

"Oh! oh! oh!" laughed they affirmatively.

"We will show the king what fighting is when we land; won't we captains?"

The page pretended to be awe struck.

"You tell the king indeed! I tell you what, boy you'd better not. Now Captain Blackswick I shall give you orders for my dinner."

The captain addressed, bowed low, nevertheless staggering a little from a remaining sensation of sea sickness.

"What would your Grace desire?"

"I will commence with kid soup, well peppered and salted, do you hear, Captain Blückswick? yesterday the soup was not as good as usual. Take care, sirrah, how it turns out to day. Is there any more live stock on board?"

"Yes, your Grace, there are plenty of cats left for roasting. His majesty doesn't permit them at his table, and indeed he is desirous that they should not be killed at all."

"What?" bawled the duke, his face becoming overspread with a fresh layer of crimson. "What, will this king interfere with our food? Will he change the diet of his subjects? Will he deprive us of the most delicate dish ever invented? Shame! shame! shame! this is the kind of conduct that leads otherwise loyal subjects to rebel. However, Captain Blückswick, I insist upon having a *roast cat*, stuffed with minced meat and onions. Now you have got your orders, Blückswick, go;" and out he staggered accordingly.

"Now Captain Bankswickcrick, you can see to the rest of the fare; are there any pickled donkey's hams left?"

"Yes, your Thickrackship."

"Well then, mind a fresh one is cooked for me. Dear me! there's a great fuss above. How they do tramp about the deck! I wonder if

the sea's rising? eh? is it? I hope to Jupiter, not."

"Your Thickrackship the sea's quite calm, and the captain informed me that the wind is not going to change"

"Glad to hear that; I may anticipate a peaceable day or two, I hope. Boy, I shall grant you ear in a few minutes. I must of necessity give orders for the preparation of my sustenance, as I am now feeding up for the approaching contest. Mind then, captain, pickled donkey's hams, roast ox, preserved pig's ears; and take care to order me particularly an English pudding, for if those English people have done no more good by coming amongst us, they have introduced the best pudding I ever tasted; I will give them that credit. Dear me! dear me! what is the cause of that bustle over head? Now you may depart, Bankswickcrick, and attend Captain Swurzle, you must manage the wine department; decanter some of the best Wagtail wine for me; go,—and you, Captain Sqouch, hand me that pill box, and I will take my dinner pills."

So the said captain accordingly got a large pill box from a drawer, gave it to his master, who took therefrom two pills, and swallowed them. Then he looked with a peculiarly important smile at the lad, who appeared submissively waiting permission to speak, and said,—

"Now, *little boy*, say what you've got to say quickly, as I intend to have a comfortable snooze before dinner."

"The king desired me, your Grace, to give his Thickrackship, the Duke Blusterpate, his majesty's gracious and loving regards, and begged that I would bring his majesty word how your grace is in health this day, as his majesty is much concerned to hear you are so sadly afflicted, and much regrets the loss of your valuable advice in council."

The duke's countenance underwent, during the delivery of this imposing, and unusually kind message, a change betokening self satisfaction, and a rising sense of his own importance.

"Take back to your king my most profound subjection, and say his Thickrackship of Lurdane is so much better, that he is enabled to hold converse with his suite, and hopes to be, through the help of Jupiter, empowered to make a good dinner to day."

"And his majesty bids me inform your grace," continued the page, "that without further commands, you arm yourself immediately, and attend his majesty upon deck, as your assistance is required to capture the enemy whom we are now bearing down upon;" and the boy retired in a dignified manner without further parlance.

Oh what a change came over the countenance of the duke! He turned ashy pale even to within an inch of the end of his nose, which feature was perpetually red. He could not speak for gasping. In an instant after the three captains who had received orders to look after his dinner, came tumbling in, exclaiming,—

"Your Thickrackship we are upon the enemy."

"Good Jupiter!" gasped the duke, "you don't say so? Good Jupiter! Good Jupiter!"

"The soldiers are all arranged on deck, and the winged troop are ready to let their iron balls fall upon the enemy's ship, which is within a little distance, and we are fast nearing her, there is no escape for her, your Grace."

Presently amid the tramping of feet, shouts of command, and the sounding of trumpets, a noble knocked at the door of the duke's apartment.

"Come in!" gasped the illustrious occupant almost frightened to death.

"The king," respectfully said an officer, "desires your presence immediately."

"You don't mean to say the enemy is in sight? How can I fight in my state of health? The gout has disabled me entirely. Good Jupiter, what shall I do! Tell the king, sir, that it is impossible for me to fight. I'm in that nervous state, that I must insist upon—Good Jupiter! what is to be done? Why did I come; Oh dear, dear!"

The king's messenger, with a feeling of contempt, only said, as he abruptly left the apartment,—

"His majesty desired me to say, in the event of your not complying, that his majesty would take no excuse."

The officer left the cabin and ascended the deck, where we will follow, and describe the animating spectacle presented.

The king's ship had left the other vessels of the

fleet far behind, and was fast coming up with a mammoth vessel that was evidently showing signs of an endeavour to escape, whilst by the aid of telescopes her deck was discovered to be filled with men running about in seeming confusion, as if astonished at beholding the fleet in pursuit. There was no doubt that the fugitive was the vessel bearing the king of the Pigheads and his suite. The deck of the Thunderbolt, named after the new king, was cleared of everything that could retard the expected movements of the men, and was filled with soldiers; some bearing grappling pikes, and the flying troops having iron-spiked balls and other missiles ready to shower down on the heads of the enemy. Some of these flying soldiers carried torches to set fire to the rigging of the foe. A number of sailors were posted with small swords and pikes to board the vessel. The king stood ready to give orders through his officers, with his sword grasped in one hand, his flag in the other, and the pair of pistols encased in his belt, which he had found in the engine when he went to seek the water of life in the planet Jupiter. As the king looked proudly round him, he observed his page armed, and standing near.

"My boy," said the king to him, "there is no occasion for your presence,—retire."

"Your majesty," ventured he in return, looking anxiously at his masters countenance, "may I not be permitted to fight by your side? if you are wounded I may be able to obtain you succour,

when none other can, I beseech you allow me to be near you."

"As you will," said the king, patting his shoulder, whilst the throng of nobles gazed upon the brave lad with interest, but he looked as undaunted as any, and grasped his sword tightly.

"Will your majesty permit me to carry the flag? believe me, I will lose my right hand ere I will yield it."

"Take it, Ardent, and thou shalt always be our standard bearer; we would entrust it to none but thee; for, boy, we prize it somewhat for the giver's sake."

So the boy took the flag with respectful action, kissed it, and waved it in the breeze, then gazed around undauntedly.

"Is the commander of the Fire-eaters at the head of his men yet? I intend entrusting his Grace with a post of some danger."

"He has not yet appeared, your majesty," answered the page.

"Hasten him, then," replied the king; "see his men stand there waiting for their commander to animate them by his presence."

Some went below to hurry up the duke, who commanded that body called the Fire-eaters, a body of very serviceable men, who in other wars had won much renown.

The duke had just finished arraying himself in a suit of weighty brass armour, and his stout figure appeared as a shapeless piece of metal. His

features, with the exception of one eye, were quite hidden by an immense brass helmet and vizor, as he was determined to leave as little as possible of his person exposed to the weapons of the enemy. He was helped up to the superior deck by his six attendant captains, and the joints of his armour being very stiff he was barely able to move along. No sooner had he got upon deck, than frightened as he really was, he felt it necessary to exhibit an appearance of brave effrontery, so carrying an immense battle-axe, he walked boldly up to the king, who, seeing him approaching, could not but smile, but notwithstanding, received him with great courtesy, and tenderly enquired after his health, observing that he was anxious to behold some exhibition of valour from so renowned a warrior as fame had reported him to be.

The duke bowed as well as he could, whilst his captains behind, who were really brave and undaunted men, winked at each other, as much as to say that fame was a great liar.

"Now," said the king, "your high Thickrack-ship, about that little affair of the king of the Pigheads and yourself. Believe us we retain no recollection of it to your prejudice. The idea," said his majesty, smiling, "that we could ever have imagined ourself in danger from a man of such unquestionable loyalty and valour as the duke Blusterpate of Lurdane."

The duke winked with the hidden eye, and writhed under the irony.

"So we are now good friends; indeed," said the monarch, in a more serious tone, "it is my desire to make enemies of none; and my wish that my friends should continue so; should they, after this exhibition of my feelings, prove traitorous, I with no compunction take another and decided course."

"Which is, your majesty,"—faltered the duke.

"To yield them to the headsman sir," with a stern countenance, answered the king, throwing a glance of meaning at the exposed eye of the portly man, which quailed under his determined gaze; but he continued with a smile,—"It is our intention to fight the ship you see before us, should they refuse to deliver their king into our hands; and we are desirous of exhibiting your devotion to us, by proving your prowess upon our antagonist. Now, your grace, at the moment the ship touches the enemy's vessel, you with your men will leap on board. We with confidence count upon your help. To your post, duke!"

What were the feelings of the duke beneath his brass covering. Alas! whatever they were, he saw fit to march in a very pompous manner towards his men, followed by his captains, whom he placed before his person, and then mounted upon a barrel to see how far distant was the foe. The barrel overturned, and he fell upon the deck with a terrible bump, to the amusement of every one present. His six captains helped him up with some difficulty; he afterwards skulked behind

them, pretending to be inspecting the accoutrements of his soldiers, cursing Thunderbolt all the time heartily, and vowing if ever he got to shore he would see the whole navy burnt, before he'd venture to sea again.

After a few hours more of exciting chase had elapsed, the king's vessel got within hail of that of the Pighead's, when the captain signalled for them to heave to, as the king of Northerntine was desirous of conferring with their king.

The king of the Pigheads answered not the signal, but ordered his flag to be raised, and the only response he made was a shower of arrows, and other missiles which were propelled by powerful engines, and which did some execution, as four of Blusterpate's men, including Captain Blackswick, fell mortally wounded, much to the horror of the alarmed duke who had knelt upon all fours to escape the shower. This great man saw with consternation that the game was now commenced in earnest, for there arose the screams of wounded wretches, as the flying Northerntiners hovered exactly over the deck of the crowded enemy, and let fall upon them iron balls, which did great execution, more especially as this mode of attack was unexpected. Several boats' crews from the Thunderbolt climbed the sides of the enemy's vessel, but they were beaten into the wave with great slaughter. The missiles flung from the engines told with frightful effect upon the crew of the Thunderbolt, until at length the king commanded them to

lie down for a time, whilst his flying troops did immense mischief, and the bolts of the enemy were flung past without effect. In a short time the vessels were fastened to one another, and were engaged in close conflict. A ball took effect upon poor Blusterpate at the moment he was turning round, endeavouring to make his escape; and he fell instantly flat upon his face.

"Mercy!" said one gigantic Pighead, as falling wounded, he feebly endeavoured to put aside a spear which one of Blusterpate's troop was about to force into his breast; and Charles, who was near, bade him abstain from killing the fallen man, but the soldier ground his teeth, and with a deadly grin forced the spear through the body of the prostrate wretch. The sight, momentary as it was, sickened the king, but there was no time for the exercise of feeling. The Northerntiners could not, with all their bravery, force a way into the enemies' ship; and Charles seeing them falling in numbers, and that the Pigheads were prevailing, pushed through the crowd, when a missile made powerless his left arm. He staggered for a moment, and fell against a mast, at which sight the desperate foe rent the air with shouts of triumph. The page was instantly at his side, although from his forehead the blood was trickling from a slight wound he had received. Several rushed to the assistance of the falling monarch, but the page cried, "fight on my men; I will take care of the king;" and to his lips the faithful standard bearer

pressed a flask which had the effect of causing his speedy recovery from the shock that he had sustained. Immediately recollecting himself, he cast a glance of gratitude upon his brave little page, and grasping his sword, he mounted the side of the enemy's vessel against all opposition and succeeded in forcing a passage to the enemy's deck. The page, amidst the shoutings of his followers, raised the banner of royalty above, and a host of the Northerntiners, with wild hurrahs and desperate determination forced their way after him, and now began a scene of carnage horrible to relate. The king and his nobles fought bravely, heaping the dead around them. At this moment, the monarch to his horror beheld one of the Pigheads, with gigantic force, seize the young page and whirl him in the air into the boiling wave crimsoned with the blood of the slain. He immediately attacked him, and plunging his sword into his body, leaped fearlessly into the sea and succeeded in laying hold of the drowning youth, and with some difficulty managed to support him, but he had nearly fallen a victim to a Pighead, who, recognizing the king of Northerntine, swam towards him with a knife held between his teeth. His intention was observed, and just as he had seized the boy and was about to stab the king in the face, he fell back and sunk, struck by a bolt in the forehead. The king was sinking from the weight of his armour, when Blusterpate, who had put off in a boat, in fact, to escape to another ship, fearful that the day was

against them, happened to come across the drowning pair and rescued them, with protestations of joy, vowing that he had put off for that purpose. That martial nobleman gained for himself by this act, some degree of credit. Thunderbolt was deeply concerned for Ardent, and when he reached the deck, he carried the page down below, and laid him fainting upon his couch, giving strict orders to Blusterpate not to leave him. The boy was quite insensible, though the king saw he lived, and having sent a soldier for medical advice, he again sought the fray. He beheld to his horror that the Pigheads were getting the advantage in the contest, and observed his flag in the hands of their king, who overcame all his opponents by reason of his terrible strength.

"The king! the king!" was shouted by the fighting Northerntiners, when they beheld their leader safe amongst them, which circumstance gave them renewed vigour, and they fought with redoubled determination to conquer or die.

King Boarscull, the king of the Pigheads, seeing Thunderbolt, made up to him. The valiant monarch of Northerntine no sooner saw him than he cried—

"Yield and stop this bloodshed, ungrateful monarch."

The royal Pighead said not a word in answer, he only laughed aloud, aiming a blow with a ponderous mace at Charles, which, but for our hero's agility, would have laid him very low.

"Yield," cried he again to the king of the Pigheads.

"I have a weapon that will be certain destruction to you if I use it."

His antagonist ground his teeth, making aim again at his royal foe with his heavy weapon, but his arm was stopt in its career, and fell to his side shattered with a pistol ball. He groaned awfully and fell, thus becoming at king Thunderbolt's mercy, and the battle, though so dearly bought, was won.

The king of the Pigheads, who had so gallantly fought, was borne wounded into the captor's vessel. The wounded were carried below and the dead thrown overboard, amidst the bawlings and shoutings of Blusterpate, who, with a sword in one hand and a pike in the other, was tramping upon the deck like a bold buccaneer is supposed to do after a conquest. He had besmeared his face, and looked a tolerable good specimen of a man, who had fought hard for a few hours before.

The queen of the Pigheads was discovered below with her attendants, screaming, shut up in a cabin. They were kindly dealt with, and a guard placed over them by duke Blusterpate, who, with great pomposity, got into conversation with her majesty, and then detailed the wondrous feats he had accomplished during the late engagement.

It will be sickening to the reader to detail all the ensuing misery, what individual sufferings were endured, and how many wished there was

no such thing in the world as a system of hewing and hacking ones fellow creatures, and how many would have given all they had for a day's life to bid adieu to those they had left behind them, or to procure a short respite from the agony they suffered. There was no feeling of exultation expressed; the survivors were impressed with sad and bitter feelings, for the victory had cost each a brother or a friend, a pleasant comrade, or a beloved officer; and the ship, for a few hours after the battle, was a silent place, broken only by the groans of the wounded and expiring below, and the weepings of some bereaved father or brother. Every few minutes a body would be thrown into the still wave. As night began to close in, and the earth to gild the waters with her beams, as she arose in the distant horizon and slowly climbed the starry sky, an old sailor remaked to another, how beautiful it must be to live in such a bright world as that appeared; he'd warrant, he said, there was no misery there! The inhabitants, if there were any, must be a happy race. Blissful ignorance! If he had been told the *truth*, how it would have startled him!

The other ships of the fleet heard the news of the success with great joy, though they had not participated in the victory.

When night had fully taken possession of its throne, Thunderbolt commanded the king of the Pigheads to be brought before him. That king's wound was not severe, but having been skillfully

dressed, he attended the summons, not being able to conjecture what kind of instrument it was that could have injured without touching him. He came to the conclusion in his own mind that the king of Northefntine was Jupiter himself, and he approached that monarch with great reverence, and with an expression of awe upon his countenance.

The page pale, but as beautiful as ever, stood near king Thunderbolt when the captive king was brought before him. Several noble officers had come by order to the conference.

The result of it was, that the king of the Pigheads should cause to be admitted the whole of the king's army in the metropolis, and that then he should endeavour to get possession of the person of Burstboiler, the magician, by stratagem or otherwise if practicable, and rescue the king's bride.

So whilst we leave the fleet still upon its steady course to the City of Hogsville, we will see what befel the hapless girl, who was so unexpectedly in the possession of the cruel magician.

END OF BOOK THIRD.

BOOK FOURTH.

CHAPTER I.

Burstboiler drove his dragon chariot with tremendous speed through the regions of air far above

the clouds, and the storm that raged fearfully beneath him. Whilst Eliza lay fainting, he took hold of his wife and hurled her out of the chariot, laughing exultingly. He endeavoured then to soothe his captive, whilst she implored him in the most piteous tones to return with her, but in vain. The fearful monster regarded not her prayers, and finding his attempts at soothing little noticed by his victim hurried with anxious gestures and loud calls, his dragons through the sky.

"Thou knowest not, daughter of the earth," said the magician in trembling tones, "that I would sacrifice all my power for thy love!"

She heard him not, for fatigue had overcome her, and she slept.

The monster looked around alarmed, and observed a troop of Fighting dragons in pursuit. He smiled haughtily, and then burst into an awful laugh, which echoed like thunder along the black clouds beneath. He then hastily took some dust from a box in the car, sprinkled it in the air, and the particles became living scorpions, and soon he exultingly saw the effect of these deadly insect's stings in the heels of the coming pursuers, for he observed them drop one by one from their seats, screaming fearfully as they tumbled through the clouds, whilst their dragons flew away in every direction.

Burstboiler again triumphantly laughed, but he became somewhat more alarmed when he observed the North Pole not far from him in steady pursuit.

With his fair victim, he made his way however with incredible speed to the metropolis of Pigland, and to his astonishment, he found, when he arrived there, that the country was in a state of revolution, and wholesale slaughter was going on in the stone-built streets of the city of Hogsville, over which the magician hovered. He sprinkled from the chariot a little dust, which, changing directly to vapour, hid for an instant the city beneath from view. He also uttered some mysterious words, and in about five minutes the mist cleared away, and he could see that his charm had worked, for the whole of the combatants, and others below, had tumbled suddenly to sleep. He then permitted the chariot quietly to descend by the steps of a lofty edifice, seemingly composed of black marble, and adorned from top to bottom with pigs' faces cut from the same material. He bade his victim descend from the car, then taking her hand in one of his frightful hands, he led her up the steps of the palace, passed into it over heaps of slaughtered and sleeping Pigheads, and having mounted numerous staircases, entered a spacious apartment situated at the top of the edifice, which had evidently been free from the conflict that had raged in other parts of the palace. This apartment was comfortably furnished, and the windows overlooked the ocean, and the country for a wide extent. Burstboiler made Eliza seat herself, and then looked kindly, and even imploringly upon her.

"Dost thou still persist," said he in trembling

tones, "to refuse my addresses? Dost thou not know that I can raise thee above all thy sex, and endow thee with immortal powers to subdue the whole race of beings in the moon to thy will?"

Eliza regarded him with contempt not unmingled with alarm, and ventured to reply—

"Dost thou find pleasure in doing evil, and in blasting the hopes of those who desire to be happy? Wouldst thou not reap more satisfaction from doing works of kindness to thy fellow creatures? Think before you proceed further with the abuse of a power given thee for other purposes than evil. Restore me to him I love, to whom you by your cruel act have brought misfortune. Give us your powerful aid to avert the designs of our enemies, and live blessed in our court with the knowledge of the good you have done. Alas! magician, I can never change my heart. These entreaties are beneath your dignity, and all in vain. I beseech you, repair the harm you have done; stay the consequences of your late crime, ere it be too late to repent, and you fall never to rise again beneath a power, which I know is able to crush you.

Burstboiler distracted with a thousand emotions, trod hastily the room, and seemed angry with Eliza's speech, at length he stood before her and said;—

"Enough! enough! come forward! behold the sea; thy lover with an army sails thereon. When first you see the masts of their fleet above the

horizon, come then to a quick determination to call thyself mine, for if thou then dost still refuse, I will, ere they reach these shores, destroy them all in thy sight."

"Oh! mercy," screamed Eliza, "have mercy upon them!"

"Hear me, daughter of earth. I adore thee, and with such strength of attachment, that were the sacrifice of all my powers the consequence of the return of my love, I would yield them with delight; yea, I would be content to wander a beggar upon the land, with thy smile, my only treasure. Think again, maiden, of the vast good thou wilt bring to all the people of this sphere, if thou wilt bless me with thy love, for I swear by our order, that I will work my spells alone for the safety of the king of Northerntine, and speedily crush his enemies."

"Forbear to urge me further," cried Eliza, "do thy work,—I have trust in a power thou knowest not of. I will ever refuse thy love,—you can but crush our bodies; hope—we have hope hereafter that will outlive your power. Depart, and do thy worst,—you will never change my determination."

Burstboiler became almost maddened; he strode about, eyeing the girl fiercely, at length he gazed upon her with growing despair marked upon his countenance.

"Well, maiden, I will stoop no longer to sue you for a love, which at the longest can but last a few short years. Thou shalt ever be my captive

I will bear thee with me throughout the universe, and thou shall be a constant witness of the horrors of my sway. I will assemble an army of demons that shall ride through this sphere and spread desolation over it, and with the most frightful disasters will I torment my bitter enemy, Thunderbolt, until his woes bring him lingeringly to an early grave. See what my work has been in this country! One hundred years since, the people of this land were shaped as proper men of earth; by my spells they were gradually transformed to pigs, and so full are they now of self conceit and wickedness, that they love their image, and imagine themselves to be perfection. There is not a nation or a people in this sphere, but has suffered more or less from evil, brought about by my influence. I had the satisfaction of enticing them into the sin, and of causing it to bring sure punishment."

Eliza heard with horror the monster's revelation of his own wickedness, but she felt within her heart sufficient power to withstand his temptations.

"You saw," he continued, "as you descended, a work of carnage going on; that was my doing, although I had hoped the spirit of revolution, would not have broken out until their king's return. They have, however, anticipated me. Now farewell! I leave you here to think of your situation, whilst I bring this city into a tranquil state, and prepare for the overthrow of the army approaching, and from this solitary tower, shalt thou witness the effect of my powerful spells.

The magician then departed, bolting the door after him, and leaving poor Eliza in a most wretched state of mind. He descended the palace steps, and by the working of a charm, brought three great soldier Pigheads to their senses, who, when they saw him, recognized him as one with whom they had long since joined to concoct the conspiracy which had prematurely broken out. They were frightened when he told them of his power, and they saw friend and foe asleep; however, he freed the conspirators and also their adherents, who had taken advantage of the king's absence to overthrow the government, and place upon the throne one of themselves. They bound their enemies who still slept, carried them to dungeons, whilst others buried the dead, by Burstboiler's orders, who now acted as their leader.

During the time her captor was engaged in his nefarious employment, Eliza was secured in the high chamber, and food was placed for her under a grating. One morning, about three days from the commencement of her captivity, and when Burstboiler had left her from his usual diurnal visit in a tremendous gust of passion,—she took from her belt the flowers she still retained,—the offering of the poor woman of the hut. Gazing upon them she let fall a flood of bitter tears, yet she still indulged a hope of escaping from the tyranny and power of the wretch who confined her, and of again joining him she loved. Separating the different roses, she observed a paper fall out of the midst,

taking it up somewhat surprised, she discovered writing upon it, and found that the words were to this purport—

"The smell of these flowers will instantly lull to sleep the most powerful enchanter."

She looked again and again, as a ray of hope darted across her brain, and she felt almost bewildered with joy, for it occurred to her, that by their influence, she might avert the danger that threatened her lover, and get the magician in her power. She hastily concealed the roses in her bosom, and awaited with anxiety the appearance of her tormentor, whom she knew would soon come to see if she were safe, and perhaps to proffer again his hateful addresses. She had fouud access to three or four chambers upon the same floor, but there was no escape from any. She had not long placed the flowers in her bosom when she opened the window to gaze over the sea, that she might descry, if possible, the fleet bearing the king and his army, but she could see nothing upon the ocean, except a few clumsy Pighead vessels, which had lain at anchor in the bay from the time she arrived. She was alarmed when she beheld her chamber was situated at an immense height above all the other houses, which were composed of dingy black marble of very curious architecture, most of them being shaped like huge animals. She saw in the streets thousands of Pighead soldiers marching, bearing ponderous weapons upon their shoulders, with Burstboiler at their head in his chariot of dragons.

There must have been many thousands of these mail-covered Pigheads following the magician, and a detachment bearing with them a large number of prisoners, all in chains, while in the rear was a number of axemen, or executioners. A vast concourse of people followed, shouting madly, and amongst them were many women carrying axes, and other weapons, some wearing male attire. These latter looked more ferocious than the men, and they shrieked and joined them in loud hurrahs, brandishing their weapons and screaming with discordant voices, songs *called* songs of liberty.

Eliza, with increasing horror, beheld the vast procession enter a spacious open square. When there, the soldiery arranged themselves, keeping back the populace. Burstboiler drove his chariot into the centre, and then the prisoners were brought into the open space, followed by the axemen, each carrying a block and several sacks, which were placed at equal distances apart.

Eliza shrieked, for now she understood what the scene meant. She turned ghastly pale, called for aid, — waving her arms aloft. Burstboiler from the distance, standing with folded arms in the chariot, cast his eyes upwards towards her place of captivity, raising high his huge spear when he beheld her. At a signal from him some prisoners were brought forward,—their heads were placed upon the blocks, and the executioners proceeded with their dreadful work. The ghastly heads of the victims were held up to the gaze of the frantic

people, who, to their shame and degradation be it said, evinced signs of gratification; and now we find they were by nature brutal, the reader cannot wonder at their unnatural shapes, for what people but those whose natures are such, could revel in the tortures of others, and like the rampant tiger, from the sight of blood of their own kind, grow thirsty for more, and exult in the dying groans and agonies of their own fellow creatures; but hogs will be hogs and tigers will be tigers.

But to the tale,—picture the English girl's horror, who had never been familiar with scenes of such fearful strife and recklessness of human life. The horror stricken maiden could bear the sight no longer, but fell fainting upon the floor, and lost for a few moments her consciousness of the shocking events passing in the city,

"Here we are at last!" exclaimed a voice in a deep bass tone; and the owner of the voice, a creature of most extraordinary shape and size, flew into the apartment, with the North Pole under one arm; and placing it along the partition, the intruder walked forward to Eliza, somewhat inconvenienced by a long scaly tail of great bulk appertaining to himself.

"Drat my tail!" growled he, "it's always in the way, especially in confined apartments. That will do."

This remarkable person's tail, which was of astonishing length, prevented the possessor from moving towards the fainting girl, as it caught by

the side of the panelling, and stopped his turning round. At length he succeeded by curling it up a little, and by sundry curious manœuvres obtained plenty of room by stretching it into the opposite apartment. Delighted that his long incumbrance impeded him no more, he reached the pale maiden, and his comical visage expressed signs of joy and strange emotion. He administered to the fainting lady some cordial, and then held a smelling bottle to her nose, which had the effect of restoring her to consciousness. She might have fainted again, at sight of the hideous physician before her, had that careful individual not held up his hands imploringly, whilst upon his curious face sat signs of commiseration and goodness.

"Dear lady," said he, as soft as his terrible voice would permit, with an expression of sympathy upon his countenance, "fear not, I am an old friend. I have come to thy rescue, to deliver thee from the enchantments of my enemy the vile magician Burstboiler."

Eliza gazed upon him speechless with amazement, she hardly knew that she was awake. The kind expressions and consoling words of the frightful looking thing before her to some extent reassured her of his good intentions. She surveyed him from head to tail with a feeling akin to terror. If a Pighead were terrible to behold, this being was infinitely more so. As her eyes met the gaze of the monster she beheld him draw back, place his hand to his scaly bosom, and press

as he bowed his enormous head, one paw or hand to where Eliza inferred his heart was situated. As the sun shone through the window, it gleamed upon his scales, which gave forth wondrously beautiful tints that were dazzling to behold.

"What art thou?" at last faltered she.

"Thy true friend, and guardian through Jupiter, of him I love, young Thunderbolt. I have come by Jupiter's orders to free you from the thraldom of the mighty magician Burstboiler, and crush him for ever. Believe and trust me; look upon thy old friend, 'tis not the first time thou hast seen and conversed with me; recal the past; rememberest thou not he who brought thee to this lovely orb?"

Eliza surprised to a degree gazed earnestly upon the speaker, and endeavoured to remember the events which happened ere she reached the moon, but the recollection seemed like some disconnected dream, and the effort was vain. She piteously cried,—

"Oh! whoever thou art, hast thou the power to stay the bloodshed without? oh! 'tis horrible; and he, the beloved of my soul, is coming hither; even now he nears this city; he will fall into the hands of this frightful people and be destroyed; my captor, a magician, has determined his destruction; if thou art a friend save them, save my lover."

"Calm thyself, maiden," answered the one addressed, taking the fair hand of the distracted lady; "Fear not for thy lover. Thou and he are

saved for better things. As for these people, who are sons and daughters of evil, Jupiter has ordained this last plague upon them, which I cannot avert, so wicked a race are they, and centuries since their own evil deeds so caused them to degenerate, that their shapes assumed the character of their bad dispositions. They have the bodies of hogs, and the eyes of tigers, and it has pleased Jupiter to afflict them through the instrumentality of their evil deity Burstboiler, who has long been the god of this people. It is the will of Jupiter that thou, fair maiden, should'st bring destruction upon the the magician's head, as by his love for thee he falls into a snare, which he little imagines is laid for him, and thy hand will be his downfall."

During this information Eliza looked upon the friendly monster with gradual and increasing confidence. He saw the change. and continued,—

"Lady, canst thou not yet recollect thy old companion?"

"Surely I never beheld thee before! Could I ever have been in your company, and have lost all recollection of it? and yet you grow less strange to me, as I hear you speak. Tell me what thou art? for alas! the late scenes through which I have passed have obliterated almost every event from my memory; but thou sayest that I have known thee?"

"Lady, thou hast; who brought thee so carefully from the earth, consoled thee in thy sorrow,

and bade thee hope in thy desolation, hast thou indeed forgotten all the events of thy journey?"

Eliza now seemed to possess a gleam of recollection; she placed her hand momentarily upon her forehead and thought; at length she looked scrutinizingly in his face.

"The icebergs;" he remarked; the regions of space,—the comets,—our songs as we voyaged."

"'Tis a chaos! 'Tis a chaos! I can only barely recollect finding myself in the royal chamber of the queen of Northerntine. Yet I have a glimmering of something indistinct which preceded it. I have often endeavoured to account, but in vain, for my translation to the moon."

"Think again, lay thy head upon thy hand, and hide thine eyes, whilst I endeavour to recal it by an old association." The creature took from his inside a violin, and commenced a merry tune. Eliza listened silently a few moments, then started upon her feet, wildly exclaiming,—

"You are not,—impossible. No! no! My old companion, the green dragon?"

"The same, lady, the same; now you recollect me. 'Twas I who preserved your lover from the waves, and brought you both safe to the moon."

Eliza now remembered all; past events flashed across her recollection, and she burst into tears.

The kind hearted dragon cheered her with touching language, and assured her that he would again preserve her lover, and bear her safely to him.

Eliza was overjoyed; she arose and ran to the window, and, without noticing the tumult which was still raging in the city, she looked anxiously upon the vast sea that rolled and roared before it, and pointed out to the dragon the fleet bearing down towards the bay.

The green dragon, our good old friend, assured her all would be well, but that their first care must be to secure the person of Burstboiler, whom they observed approaching in his dragon chariot, followed by numbers of the infuriated populace. The maiden seeing it could hardly repress her fears; she informed the dragon of the virtues of the nosegay in her possession, a circumstance which gave him much satisfaction, as he thereby perceived an easier method of subduing the enchanter.

"That is good said he; so the power of his good wife will yet confound the brutal husband. Do you see that pole? you won't credit it, but that veritable piece of wood there, is the North Pole, which conveyed Charles Thunderbolt from the Ice-regions to the moon. Upon that same piece of extraordinary wood, Burstboiler is to take a short voyage; and his doom is that the monster shall lie embedded in the fields of unmelting ice, until the wrath of Jupiter shall be appeased. The magician is approaching, behold his chariot has reached the palace gates! He gives orders to his officers; see they lead their legions to the walls. Now my fair heroine, you must place the flowers to his nose, and he will faint away with the most

perfect grace imaginable. I will hide myself and be in at the death; confound it! I'm so vast that I can hardly, I'm afraid, squeeze myself into the next room. Will you be kind enough just to move the tip of my tail from that hole in the wall? Thanks gracious lady, wait a moment, I shall manage to stow myself away after all."

So the jolly green dragon could not help laughing as he endeavoured to hide. He had a great deal of trouble to gather his figure up in a small compass, and at every move a rattling noise was heard within him.

"I'm heavily laden;" he cried; I must be quick; hear him,—he's coming, poor fellow, I shall have him now, Drat my tail, it's not fit for a room; now I shall do."

Eliza looked at him and smiled; then with a trembling heart seated herself down as Burstboiler's tread came nearer. The affrighted girl endeavoured to compose her features, though she was fearful lest her tormentor might hear the dragon, who sometimes, from his cooped up situation found it difficult to keep himself perfectly quiet; however, ere Burstboiler reached the door of the high chamber, all was quiet.

CHAPTER II

The great fiend strode into the apartment making the chamber echo again with his determined tread, and gazed upon his victim with a cruel and satisfied air. The sight of her intellectual beauty, however, affected him, and his stern brow somewhat relaxed as in his own mind he suddenly determined once more to proffer his addresses. He walked to the window with arms folded, and gazed o'er the ocean whereon he beheld in full sail above the horizon the fleet of Northerntine. He looked abroad steadily for a moment, then turned towards the maiden, who appeared to shrink from his gaze, but her form and features worked a revolution in the monster's breast, which he would rather have had otherwise. He was ashamed of his own weakness, which seemed to him an assailable point, amidst his mighty strength.

"Maiden," faltered Burstboiler, as he gently strode towards her, took unresistingly her fair hand, and led her to the window. "Hear me once again pour before thee those thoughts which are consuming me. I have combated in vain against the love with which thou hast inspired me. I have sought oblivion from it in the exercise of my avenging power, but all in vain. I stand a blighted tree without thee; with thee and thy influence I could bring my nature to work only good. Nay,

turn not from me, maiden! These words are my last; gaze o'er the sea; behold in all its pride of might the fleet of thy lover bearing down upon this city. Say thou wilt be mine and I will save all!—refuse me, maiden, and despair shall give me more than common strength and power to annihilate them. Maiden, your answer, and let me pray,—nay, implore thee! to bless me with thy love. Say, maiden, ere I work my spells for thy lover's destruction."

Eliza could not for a moment reply to his entreaty, and she trembled lest she should fail in gaining the opportunity of exercising the magic influence of the nosegay! She could not endure the thoughts of deceit, or she might have promised compliance with his wishes, and in the midst of his fancied security have succeeded. She looked at him sternly, and said,—

"Sit thee down, Burstboiler, and hear my reply."

The magician did so, and Eliza sat by him; and whilst she addressed him as follows, with trembling hand she sought in her breast for the flowers "Will you not, without the sacrifice, you demand, preserve the king of Northerntine?"

The magician looked at her, and quietly said, "Proceed, and let your answer be acquiescence; for, I have resolve to act according to your decision.

"Then monster, may thy sins rebound upon thine own head, with all the unutterable pangs you design for others."

The enraged magician gazed upon her after this

outburst of excitement, with an eye big with evil; his countenance became livid; he ground his teeth and as he was about to rise, Eliza placed the flowers with a sudden movement to his nose, when his countenance instantly became stupid, and he was rendered powerless. Eliza was overjoyed. Burstboiler seemed presently to seek the nosegay, for he bent forward, whilst the maiden, pale to the extreme, held it towards him. His frame at length trembled; his hands seemed paralysed; he giggled in a silly manner, and suddenly fell back.

Eliza arose full of renewed life, and a joyful gleam spread over her face. The dragon ran in, shook the room with his laughter, and cried,—

"So we have the old gentleman at last. Now then to pack him off to his cold quarters." So the dragon, with joy irradiating his comical visage, laid him upon the Pole, whipped some cords around his body, pulled them tight, chuckled with glee, rubbed his paws, opened the window, and exclaimed—"Now then, good riddance to him, and let him go."

Eliza was beside herself with joy, composing herself quickly, she looked forth upon the ocean, anxiously expecting soon to meet him from whom she had been so cruelly torn.

"This is jolly," screamed the Green Dragon, and taking a key with which he was provided, he wound round some works within the Pole, after which, that astonishing piece of wood or machinery whichever my readers choose to call it, made a

whizzing noise, and took flight with its prisoner. The dragon grinned and rubbed his paws, and to such a height did his hilarity carry him, that he seized Eliza's hands and danced merrily.

"There he goes, madam," cried the dragon, "now look at your enemy!—cut along North Pole. Isn't it jolly?—ha! ha! ha!

Eliza was overcome with joy. She looked upon the dragon with a deep expression of gratitude, and said, as she burst into tears—

"Oh! Green Dragon, how can I repay you for this wondrous deliverance!"

"Come, come, dear lady," exclaimed that individual, walking softly up to her, and pressing one of her small white hands, "don't weep, or really I must do the same. Cheer thee, beautiful lady, such joy is in store for thee as mortal, yet never tasted. Oh!" cried the dragon, "this is the happiest day I have ever passed, and believe me many years have fled o'er my head since I wept, but I am proud to weep with thee."———

"There is no occasion for grief, however. Thou hast subdued the power of the wicked magician, and freed the moon from his cruel sway. Pray brush from your lovely cheeks the tears that bedew them, graceful though they be, dance like I do, rather *infra dig*, isn't it? but I am so pleased at your deliverance, that I can't help it."

Eliza was so overjoyed at the result of the Green Dragon's visit, that she could not but indulge her feelings in a copious flood of tears. At last a big

tear or two dropped down the good dragon's weatherbeaten phiz, but he brushed them away hastily, as if ashamed of any such weakness in himself, though he admired it in Eliza. However, after a few moments had elapsed, she repaired to the window, and both beheld with rapture indescribable the North Pole with its passenger, disappear in the clouds; and when they gazed in the streets, they saw that the inhabitants were rushing madly to and fro, as if some fresh calamity had befallen them.

"How shall we escape this people my kind friend?" exclaimed Eliza.

"Easy enough, my little blooming queen. Now then, I'll just put my head out of the window, get my wings right, and stretch myself at full length. That will do. Now, madam. fear not, but open the door you will see betwixt my shoulders!"

"You are jesting, surely, dragon!" said Eliza, confused.

"No, no! gracious madam; do you not perceive an opening? Lift it up and you will discover a seat therein."

Eliza looked about, and did perceive a door, she took hold of a ring and lifted it up, and there to her surprise she found that, when turned back, it formed an easy chair. She was greatly delighted, all fear forsook her, and she accordingly took her seat.

"You will find," he continued, "a small flag

below your feet, take it in your hand, and wave it as we go."

At this moment the confusion in the city seemed redoubled, and the rooms beneath the captive's late chamber echoed with the clanking of armour, and shouts of execration. Towards the chamber approaching footsteps came, fearful vows of vengeance broke on the ear, and just as a host of desperate Pigheads entered the room brandishing their weapons and jesticulating horribly, the tip of the dragon's tail left the window, almost caught by an active Pighead, as the dragon himself with his fair charge waving her flag, mounted over the city, and took his way towards the sea.

Just as the dragon soared over the wave, Eliza observed several armies approaching the city, over mountains. She recognized the Fighting Demons riding in the air. The Elephantiners were beneath, in long lines of disciplined troops, bearing with them vast engines of destruction, which were drawn by numerous elephants. In another quarter she remarked the gigantic troops of king Mountain, defiling in well ordered lines, whilst numerous Pigheads were flying before them in terror. The armies were nearing the massive walls of Hogsville where confusion at the sight of the approaching and unexpected hosts, reigned to a frightful extent

The dragon laughed and descended, and Eliza saw with astonishment that he was going into the

sea; but her fears were relieved when she found the monster gently seat himself upon the bosom of the wave, whilst he lashed the waters behind with his scaly tail, and swiftly propelled himself towards the advancing fleet, which was in full sail within five miles of the shore.

About this time a splendid sight burst upon Eliza' vision. It was no less a spectacle than her own native earth emerging from the gilded wave. Joy uncontrollable took possession of her mind. To be so near him she adored was bliss until now foreign to her heart. She clapped her hands, gave vent to exclamations of delight, spoke kindly to the dragon, thanked him a thousand times, and waved her white flag in the breeze. The convenient monster, her deliverer, flew along with a shark's swiftness, bearing with pride his lovely burden, and chuckling within himself at his success. The dragon in his deep bass voice cried as he stretched his huge scaly neck upon which the rays of the earth were reflected,—

"There he goes; poor Burstboiler!" and Eliza observed a moving speck in the sky,—and her mind was filled with wonder.

After the signal victory Thunderbolt had gained over the Pigheads, the whole fleet were much rejoiced, particularly as they had captured the king, which event they fully made up their minds would save a siege and its attendant horrors. His majesty of the Pigheads, now his scheme had so unexpectedly failed, exhibited signs of deep re-

morse, and his queen, who, on his leaving Northerntine, was quite innocent of her worthy consort's intentions when made acquainted with them, upbraided him for his treachery and entreated him to think better of so shameful a design. But he was proof against woman's sense and her tears also.

A few days after the battle, land was descried stretching before them. The captain of the vessel signified it to be the coast of Pigland, and all became excitement on board. Preparations were made by the whole fleet to effect the landing of the forces, and this occupied the whole day. They arrived about nightfall within five miles of the coast, and upon the quarter-deck of the Thunderbolt stood the young king of Northerntine with his nobles, also the captive king, who testified much emotion and surprise at beholding his ships lying idle in the bay, and not a single living being in them. Not an individual was to be seen on the wharfs, or without the walls, but from within was heard a strange and continued din. A shadow of the truth came across the mind of the guilty monarch, and he became in a distracted state. The attention of king Thunderbolt and his followers was attracted by witnessing some time after, long files of soldiers of different nations appearing upon the mountains round the city, which Thunderbolt recognised to be his promised aid. Presently were observed natives running before them panic-struck, and the walls were suddenly crowded with armed men in seeming consternation, and as during the last week

no persons had been allowed to go in or out of the city, they were, until the appearance of the armies and the fleet quite ignorant of any intended invasion.

When the *earth* appeared above the horizon, on the evening alluded to, the king was rather startled at perceiving a curious creature of gigantic proportions drop into the sea near the shores before them, and still gazing, the animal, or whatever it was, seated itself upon the wave, and steered towards the fleet. Looking through the glass the king descried a form seated within the figure approaching; and still looking, he discovered to his unspeakable and infinite joy, that the object was his old friend the Green Dragon, and when it became more distinct, he clasped his hands together, and exclaimed with vehemence, as he seized a hand of the wondering Duke Blusterpate, pressing it so tightly as to cause that nobleman to wince,—

"By heavens 'tis Eliza! Out with a boat! Heavens I thank thee; she is saved! she is saved!"

"'Tis the queen; 'tis the queen! The queen approaches."

The joyous captain bawled his orders through his speaking trumpet. The gladdened noblemen ran here and there, forgetful of dignity or etiquette. Numerous flags were displayed from the masts of every ship throughout the fleet as soon as the happy news were known. Up climbed the jolly hearted sailors, cheering lustily,

and waving their hats danced on the yards. Then strains of music arose on the breeze, and fireworks were discharged.

Amidst these joyful acclamations a boat was lowered, into which impatiently leaped the young king, overjoyed at the thought of meeting his beloved Eliza whom he had almost despaired of ever seeing again.

The dragon observed the signs of welcome with delight, whilst Eliza, full of eagerness and emotion stood up, her face overspread with smiles, and waving her flag to and fro in the breeze.

It is needless to descant upon the happy meeting; what joys were experienced; what emotions were excited; and how happy all felt, not excepting the burly duke, who, now there was a prospect of no fighting and plenty of good cheer, became quite enraptured with everything.

Charles was overjoyed to see again his old friend the dragon, he shook his paws a thousand times, appointed some sailors to wait upon him, and two to carry and regulate his tail, which was some inconvenience to him in moving, when he had not plenty of room.

The dragon amused the company vastly by his strange peculiarities, and alarmed the stewards by his curious method of eating. One day, for instance, he swallowed a keg of wine, to the amazement and alarm of the captain and others; and when they heard his digestion work, some ran upon deck, expecting to find a thunder-cloud riding

above in the heavens; and ere he told an anecdote the company were much amused by the working of the ideas in his brain.

After the king had a thousand times protested his delight at recovering his bride, he said,—

"And now my fair Eliza, you shall see one who has preserved my life for this unexpected meeting. Where is Ardent?" he enquired; "'Tis strange he is not here to participate in our enjoyment."

None could tell. The king repaired to that youth's apartment, and found the page weeping. Grieved to the heart at beholding it, Thunderbolt cried,—

"Ardent, this is no time for weeping, my boy, when all is joy in thy master's soul. Come forth and welcome thy mistress."

The page, very pale with his head drooping, allowed himself to be led by the king, and presented to Eliza, who no sooner beheld his countenance, than she exclaimed,—

"The Princess Minnie!"

"Is it possible?" ejaculated the startled monarch.

* * * * * * * *

We will skip hastily over the affairs of Pigland. Suffice it for us to glance casually over the events that happened ere king Thunderbolt returned to his kingdom. The citizens of Hogsville seeing the unexpected force brought against them, were content to replace upon the throne the deposed monarch. They exhibited much contrition for the past. A detachment from each foreign army was

left in Pigland until tranquility was fully restored. The king and queen of Northerntine left Pigland soon after, carrying with them the gratitude and sincere good wishes of the people of that nation. Fair winds wafted them to their own kingdom, where they were received with such heartfelt joy by their own prosperous nation, the like of which had never fallen to the lot of any rulers of the moon before.

CHAPTER III.

The ceremony of the marriage of the king and queen of Northerntine took place a short time after their arrival in the metropolis. The festivities continued many days, during which time Hanson was united to the second daughter of the Duke of Noslave. He had now discovered, to his great joy his long lost eldest daughter, in the person of the Princess Minnie, who had so romantically enacted the part of the page Ardent. That nobleman surmised the cause of his daughter's devotion, and tried in vain to console her. She was seized with profound melancholy, and he was constrained to entrust her to the care of a distant relation in the country.

The king instituted an order of knighthood,

which was called "the order of the Green Dragon," out of compliment to his faithful friend; and the first individual who had the honour of knighthood conferred upon him, was our favorite the Green Dragon himself, who also became minister of war. So well did he execute the functions of his office that peace reigned under his auspices for seven long years. Hanson was the prime minister during the whole of that period.

The arts and sciences were cultivated to a high degree. Various alterations were made in the existing institutions of the country, others were founded, and many beneficial designs were carried out, and by reason of the mild and excellent rule to which the nation was subject, they became the happiest people in the moon, and gradually introduced their improvements into other countries, so that the inhabitants exhibited signs of returning to their original forms of human creatures. Duke Blusterpate became a steady adherent to the royal cause, and expressed a strong desire to nurse and dandle upon his knee a heir to the throne. He employed himself in the construction of an immense tower, which he vowed should overlook all the other towers of Northerntine.

Thunderbolt made many voyages of discovery, and became acquainted with lands and people until then totally unknown. He discovered a race living upon a distant island called the Rapheads. These creatures were formed like other rational beings, save that at the back of the neck of each

grew a hammer, which on the occasion of any of them telling a falsehood, inevitably fell upon their heads. Thunderbolt observed that most of the persons he met at court or elsewhere had lumps on their heads, consequent upon the hard raps they were continually getting. He saw also another curious race in that quarter called the Crammers. They had in their country a standard method of educating children. The schoolmaster and teachers wrote for each boy respectively upon so many pieces of foolscap paper, selections from various languages, dead and living, together with mathematics, geography, geology, astronomy, &c. Each boy's head, which could be opened and shut at pleasure, was then opened and the paper stuffed in it, and the boys were then shaken by a machine for that purpose, until, in the judgment of their masters, the mental food was properly digested. This process was repeated several times during each day. The masters told their illustrious visitors as a remarkable phenomenon, that although such pains were taken to instruct the rising generation, the children never learned any one thing properly,—"but," said he, "your majesty, they ought to do so." They would listen to no suggestions of improvement in their system of teaching, as they said it was as old as the moon. The most miserable race our hero came across in his travels, was a people called the Weak-nerves. He found much amusement with these curious creatures, and really enjoyed the scenery of their beautiful land. The

fact was their country was lovely to an extreme, abounding in mountains and valleys of richness indescribable. When Thunderbolt went first amongst the tenants of this elysium, he found them a handsome, fat, and healthy looking people, possessing every luxury, but unfortunately they coloured everything with their own gloomy apprehensive dispositions; and because there was a land next to theirs not half so beautiful, they imagined if they could but gain permission to frequent it they would become the happiest people alive; their wish was granted, and no sooner did they enter that country, than they imagined their homes were threatened and in danger. An individual before he was cured of a bad leg thought the acmè of happiness consisted in walking, when his desire was granted, he was a miserable being, on account of his neighbour having a horse, and so on, thus they were made constantly unhappy by a thousand things which are but trifles to other men. The slightest ache or pain was construed into a frightful affliction. A pain in the chest was thought to be a sure symptom of coming mortification; their full fat faces were signs of repletion; and their rosy countenances signs of coming decline. They sometimes thought a glass of spirits or wine would relieve them of their ailments, but no sooner did they take their own prescribed medicine than they feared the consequence would be appoplexy.

Charles consoled this people greatly, and imagined vainly enough, that his consolotary discourse would have the effect desired, but no sooner had he gone, and a friend entered, and said something the reverse, than they would be worse than ever. The court of that country were in a desperate state of nervous excitement, owing to its having been rumoured that a few weeks before, the well from which they had drank had been poisoned, although no symptoms of poisoning had displayed themselves, yet they all inferred it would show itself one day, and perhaps kill them. Therefore, they were constantly taking medicines to prevent any ill effects, and of course, after having swallowed as they thought sufficient to cure them, they began to evince decided symptoms of illness.

Thunderbolt, when he left this kingdom, determined to pass a law, forbidding these people to enter his dominions, and also that any of his own nation should enter their's, as he was well aware nervousness is a catching disease.

Many other wondrous nations he discovered, whose peculiarities it were needless to recount.

In various endeavours to benefit the people he governed, in which he happily succeeded, and in the society of his beloved queen, seven happy years passed away.

We leave our readers to imagine the good that was conferred by their means, and hasten to the last day of the seventh year, which was the anni-

versary of the feast upon the iceberg, and this day, Thunderbolt, his queen, with Lord Hanson, and Sir Green Dragon, always celebrated it together.

CHAPTER IV.

On the morning of the 25th of December, just eight years after the celebrated dinner upon the iceberg, Thunderbolt, with his queen, lord Hanson, the Green Dragon, and the rest of the court, left the City of Palaces for a ride in the environs; and to inspect certain improvements which were being carried out there. The company proceeded with great gaiety, chatting, and laughing incessantly. When the riders were passing the duke of Blusterpate's domain, their attention was riveted to a partly finished tower upon the road side. It was of enormous height, being constructed entirely at the expense of the duke Blusterpate, in order that he might ensconce himself on the summit when it was completed, to survey the cities and country beneath, and to be able to give alarm in case of revolution, or any other public commotion; which he was ever expecting, though his apprehensions were quite groundless, and also as a matter of pride, that he might possess the highest tower in the kingdom. He had been told that such a build-

ing would be unsafe, but he vowed he understood more about architecture than any engineer in the moon; and it was his pleasure that the work should go on. It was now already carried to an extraordinary height, and Blusterpate observing that it seemed to stand secure, thought a storey or two more would not endanger the building, so at this moment, workmen, who looked like lilliputians on their elevation, were busy in raising it still higher. The worthy architect himself was discerned amongst them, giving orders, with wonderful alacrity, considering his size, his frequent fits of gout, and his advanced age.

The royal party had neared the building ere they observed it, and the Green Dragon exclaimed as they were all intently gazing upon it,—

"Your majesty, the tower shook."

"Nonsense, my friend," said the king, smiling, "it was your fancy, your fancy, Sir Green Dragon. See, there is the burly duke waving his hat; he observes us, and though too ill to attend to state affairs, he can work like a trojan for no useful purpose, but he is welcome to indulge his fancies they are very harmless, like himself."

"Yes," said Eliza, "but it were well, did your majesty forbid your subjects to pass within a mile of it, it seemeth too high to stand."

"Your majesty," exclaimed the Green Dragon, let that foolish man break his neck by its fall, but endanger not your life, or that of our queen, I am certain I observed it shake. Pray,

madam, hasten onward," said he, entreatingly.

"Oh! you fear for us without cause," returned Eliza, smiling, "I do not see that it shakes."

From out the gay throng, a horseman at some little distance from the royal pair, was seen to spur towards them, his countenance was ashy pale—he shrieked with dismay, "Spur on, your majesty, for heaven's sake, or you will be killed."

The royal pair seeing the alarmed countenance of the horseman, were about to follow his advice, but before they had advanced many paces, the tower suddenly fell, and some of the party were apparently buried beneath the ruins.

Now Hanson and the Dragon by good fortune escaped unhurt, and turning round, they beheld with great dismay the dreadful catastrophe which had occurred. For a moment neither Hanson nor the Green Dragon could realize what had happened, or their providential escape, for the stones of the tower lay around them in all directions.

After a few moments, they recollected themselves, and Hanson hardly able to stand from the fright he had experienced, looked around him in great consternation. The Dragon came up to him, his hitherto red face having become as white as milk.

"Be a man," said he to Hanson with forced calmness, "we must bestir ourselves."

"The king and queen?—are they killed?—oh! what shall be done?

"I hope not! hear the alarm bell 's ringing, the

accident has been seen; we shall have help. Come, come Hanson, no delay, we must search for the king."

"Ah! search, search. Oh! this is dreadful."

"It cannot be helped; it cannot be helped my good Hanson."

Hanson with great effort, managed at last to move, and the first thing he observed was a friend with his horse lying prostrate under a massive portion of the fallen tower.

What was their horror, to perceive the horse upon which Eliza had ridden, lying beneath a ponderous stone and the queen herself lay stretched at full length with one foot under her horse. She looked as if she were dead, and lay perfectly motionless. Near her lay the king, who appeared just recovering from the effects of a fall from his steed, which had taken fright and bounded over the plain. The former unfortunately was found to be seriously injured, and gave only faint signs of life. The king himself had not sustained any serious hurt, but became frantic with excitement on seeing the catastrophe which had happened to his beloved Eliza.

They were placed in a carriage by the Dragon, and driven to the palace, where the heartbroken populace, who had heard of the accident, thronged after the vehicle, whilst others repaired to the scene of the late dreadful event, and sought for the bodies of their unfortunate companions. The first body that was found dead beneath the ruins,

was that of the unfortunate duke Blusterpate. and some of the most illustrious of the nobility, who had ridden forth with the royal party were found to have perished by the fall of the ill-fated tower.

This dreadful calamity was felt deeply by the people who loved the queen to adoration, and most of the residences of the nobility became houses of mourning.

CHAPTER V.

The royal chamber was darkened, and in her bed lay the poor hapless queen, who was frightfully wounded. By the bed-side sat the unhappy monarch watching with anxious eyes the countenance of his beloved wife, and in the anti-room were the Green Dragon and Hanson, and the lady Minnie. Several doctors of eminence were in attendance, but they had given up hope, and the king, who had never left the apartment for three days, was in a state bordering upon distraction. He had long since ceased to hope.

The queen lay like a lovely sleeper, unconscious of anything around, and also of her injuries. Ever and anon mutterings would break from between her pale lips, sometimes articulate enough to be

Dragon as the king arose from his recumbent posture. That good individual's countenance instantly became livid,—he clasped the arm of Hanson, who was near. Lady Minnie was terrified as she beheld the expression upon either visage.

"She is better!—she is recovering!" interrogated the king, flattering himself that her late effort was a sign of recovery, yet looking upon her features with a scrutinizing gaze.

"Come gentlemen,—do you not hear me? answer, pray,—I say she may get better!"

No answer was returned from any; but Hanson slowly walked towards the king, who was muttering almost incoherently.

"Come not near, hush!—she will yet recover. Ah! she sleeps again. Yes, yes!"—

"Hush! Hanson, where, where are you?" See! see! she is free from pain. What do the doctors say? Hanson, for their lives let them not neglect her. Where are they? and the Dragon, has he left his poor friend? See Hanson, dear friend, your hand. You will not desert me?—my life for her's. Hanson does she not sleep? See how calmly! She hardly breathes—so peaceful is her repose. Thank heaven—look! see! see Hanson, her cheeks are flushing. Nature will yet be victorious. Where, where are the doctors? Why, why is this that they have left me?—bring them back, she may need their aid.—Poor angel!" and

the king somewhat relieved, bent down again to kiss her, but no sooner had his lips touched her cheek than he started up, and with a frantic gesture clasped his hands upon his head.

"Look to his majesty," whispered the dragon. Hanson was at hand. For a minute Charles stood motionless with horror; at length a shriek of agony burst from his lips, and he fell lifeless into the arms of his friend Hanson.

The queen of Northerntine was dead.

The night was beautifully calm and clear. Not a sound disturbed the awful stillness, although around the palace gates hundreds stood, every succeeding moment more anxious to learn the state of their idolized queen. The conversation that passed betwixt them was carried on in whispers. The cities were filled with the respective inhabitants parading the streets and conversing in groups, eager to receive the next bulletin. Night and day had the priests of their religion sent up petitions to Jupiter for their beloved queen's recovery.

About the time that the dragon had observed the change which seemed to promise some hope of amendment, an official, taking the hint from him, had posted a bulletin outside the gates a little more favourable than any heretofore. When it was read, the excitement amongst the waiting crowds might be observed by the sudden dispersion of gloom upon the countenance of each individual,

and down the straw-strewn palace road, away ran couriers and servants to acquaint their lords and ladies of the favourable announcement.

Some of the throng, weary and worn, departed, but others who thought the good sign too sudden to be correct, awaited with increasing suspense to learn further.

The *earth* poured down her pale and solemn rays upon the scene, revealing in bold relief the magnificent palace of royalty.

A dark dingy looking solitary cloud came hurriedly from the west, and made its speedy way along the starry blue of the heavens, towards the bright and glorious earth; and it reached and spread itself over the luminary, partly shading that splendid orb of night. Still the cloud obscured the earth, and instead of passing away, overshadowed the whole canopy of heaven; and one universal cry of despair ascended from the multitude, as two torches were visible from the lofty battlements of the palace.

They were the death-torches which are always burnt upon the towers immediately on the demise of royalty; and could be seen for many miles in every direction. Similar torches at intervals appeared from all the towers throughout Northerntine, and by this means the mournful intelligence was quickly spread. The bereaved people knew their queen was dead.

A short time after the death-torches had appeared

upon the royal towers, the streets were deserted; all had sought their dwellings, and not a living creature was to be seen. A fearful storm burst over the city, and the elements themselves seemed to mourn the loss of the queen of Northerntine.

CHAPTER VI.

For many a long day was the king inconsolable for his dreadful loss. At length time, coupled with the entreaties of his faithful friends, prevailed; and though his smiles were few and far between, yet his old nature did now and then break forth. Much of his returning cheerfulness was owing to one who was incessant in her exertions to cheer him, and from whom he had at many periods of his stay in the moon received the most devoted kindness. Our readers may guess his comforter was none other than the lady Minnie, who, from the moment of the king's setting foot in the moon, had conceived for him a most thorough and disinterested love.

The king signified a desire one day to the dragon that he should like, if possible, to revisit his own earth for a time, leaving his confidential friend Hanson the prime minister, as Durlfrick during his absence The dragon thought that such a change

would be of great benefit to his majesty, and offered his services in the most hearty manner. The prospect thus afforded the king of beholding his own country again, and his parent, sister and friends there, somewhat distracted his mind from the remembrance of his beloved wife. Two years had now elapsed since that awful event had occurred, which rendered the king a widower, and bereaved so many noble families. An early day was appointed for his journey; and old friends and allies were coming to Northerntine to witness his departure; and also to obtain a sight of Sir Green Dragon, of whose marvellous doings and jolly character they had frequently heard mention. These people had reason to be grateful to the king of Northerntine, for through his administration, during the past seven years, they had gradually assumed the appearance and forms of human creatures, and differed only in colour from one another according to the various climes of which they were natives; our readers may remember there were the Elephantiners, the Fighting Demons, the Wagtailers, and the Oxheads, &c.

The Lady Minnie had been the king's principal consoler, and he admired her for her disinterestedness, and the marked untiring attention she had always shown to his queen when she lived. Indeed since that lamentable affair his leisure hours had been spent with her, as by her vast and unusual accomplishments, she had so entertained and amused, so edified and delighted him, that although

he experienced not the feeling of love which she entertained towards him, yet there was none he loved like unto her.

One evening as they walked together through that very same garden where they had met the famous old fishwoman, and the king's misfortunes had commenced, they took their way towards the stream, and sat down upon a bank of violets, where eight years before Thunderbolt had gazed with such emotion on his fair countrywoman, where they had plighted their troth again and again, and sworn vows which they broke not either through joy or sorrow. As he reclined upon that perfumed bank, for some moments he could barely realize the change that had passed over the spirit of his dream. Years had passed away since then. The king of course had waxed older, but was still a very young man; his form had become more set; his limbs more powerful; his shoulders broader, whilst his face wore expression much manlier in aspect, and was well adorned with beard; his hair was even more raven-like in hue; his eyebrows thicker; his face rather thinner and paler, and about his mouth lingered the signs of wearying thought. Yet when he smiled there was the old fascinating expression, and the same token of hearty good will for all and every one. She who sat by him seemed to gaze upon him with intense admiration, so much of love dwelt in the depths of her expressive eyes. No daughter of earth could have outvied her, in beauty. Though

extreme youth, which with its childish trusting ways is so fascinating, had passed away, it had not left a single trace by which you might regret that she had reached the bloom of womanhood. Her form was perfect, and her face possessed that heavenly expression which cannot be described. Her luxuriant hair nearly black though with a shade of green, and entwined with gems, reached her waist. She was habited in deep black, and encircling her throat was a necklace of black diamonds. Her head dress consisted of a dark velvet cap, an ornament of a dragon holding a drooping sable plume, which dress gave a sombre shade to her noble lineaments.

They were a solemn pair to look upon; for notwithstanding two years had passed since the queen of Northerntine died, her sorrowful husband still wore the garb of mourning; and although some of his habitual cheerfulness had taken possession of its ancient seat within his well regulated mind, yet too visibly did the marks of deep rooted grief appear upon his noble countenance.

This day was one of the moon's happiest, and the scene presented some of the most varied and attractive beauties in nature. The sun warm, but not oppressively so, shone with its brightest beams upon the land. The numerous flowers that decorated the parterres, and the thousand fantastic constructions everywhere descried through the noble trees and luxuriant vegetation, greeted the illustrious pair with nature's pure breathings of a

million perfumes borne around them by the soft blowing winds, using their endeavours, as it were, to dispel the king's melancholy, and bringing back to the cheeks of her who loved him so deeply, the carnation tint, which, though once natural to her, had faded gradually away, leaving a paleness not the less attractive. It gave her an air of pensiveness peculiarly bewitching. Would that her partner had thought her as beautiful as others imagined, and really knew her to be! Would that he conld have realized the tumult of love that ever agitated her soul! He might then have returned it, and have buried the recollections of one he adored in the feeling of affection towards her. His dreadful loss ever present to his mind, seemed far too recent a thing to permit of his entertaining a passion for another. Whenever an emotion of tenderness pervaded his breast, and he yearned for some being upon whom to lavish it, the image of his beloved Eliza would overshadow all living beauty, and imbue his mind with a calm but settled melancholy. Minnie loving too well for her own peace, ever disinterested through the period of her long attachment, brought all her powers of entertainment to enliven his leisure hours, and generally succeeded in dispelling the gloom that at times enshrouded his thoughts. Notwithstanding the recollection of the romantic part she had enacted as his page, and the kind and consolatory behaviour she had evinced during the illness of the queen. the king had never construed

her actions as arising from anything but the interest he inspired by reason of his high station, and from her own naturally amiable disposition.

Thus during the last two years, although they had spent much time in one another's society, and opportunity had been afforded both of them to explain their emotions, yet neither knew the actual reason for the mutual attachment really existing in their hearts, except that their opinions and pursuits were similar. Both were ardent lovers of the beauties of nature, and in the society of each other they found therein abundant food for mutual admiration. Thus the king looked upon her naturally and without hesitation as a very dear sister, and one whose sociey he preferred to any other of the female nobility.

Minnie had not yet been made acquainted with our hero's determination to visit his own native sphere, and such an idea would have been the farthest from her thoughts. It was the king's intention to make it known to her himself. The Princess Minnie had used much persuasion to induce him to visit some distant spot, as a change that would benefit both his mind and health, and might perhaps wean from him the recollection of his past sorrow. She knew not, alas, the change he contemplated, but as she gazed upon his pale and reposing features, a thought came uppermost in her bosom, that by her frequent presence and constant devotion, she might at a future period draw from him the confession ever foremost in her

thoughts of "I love thee." Then she thought of the happiness of bestowing all her wealth upon him, and causing him to be even more powerful than at present, of recounting to him her feelings of unchanging love, which through long tedious years she had felt for him,—the sacrifices she had made, unknown to him, and the misery she had endured consequent upon the attachment that had spontaneously sprung within her breast, and which without cherishing, had taken root and overspread her whole imagination.

The royal palace could just be perceived through the dark groves, and fancifully trained flowers of the gorgeous garden. An immense fountain played its incessant frolic some distance from the violet bank, and reflected the hues of the bright sun, together with the colours of the innumerable precious stones that glittered in the magnificent residence of the king of Northerntine.

The princess Minnie expressed herself transported with the beautiful scene which stretched in such pleasing variety everywhere around them, enlivened by the gambols of curiously-formed animals of every harmless species, the constant warblings of birds, and the glittering of their rich plumage amongst the blossoming and fruited boughs; the incessant perching of numberless flocks, upon every little elegant structure, and shrub that decorated these unparalelled gardens. The king and his lovely partner, after conversing upon the subjects of usual interest with them, arose and took

their direction through a luxuriant grove of spice-trees, which bore rich blossoms, scenting the air with many grateful odours. In this grove reclined in graceful postures several herds of white deer, which, upon the approach of the intruders started up and bounded away to little distances where they stood, and surveyed them, wondering to see strangers, where for two years before none but the gardeners had walked, and with whom they were upon terms of familiarity. The wanderers were diverted much by the frolics of the different animals that kept crossing their path as they quietly chatted along. They continued their course by the fish stream, which wound its way through sweetly diversified grounds, until they caught sight of an old decaying structure in a mournful looking spot embedded amongst a group of lonely willow trees.

"Let us take one more look," said the king to his fair partner, as they both made their way in that direction, "at the poor tenement of the kind, but ill-fated enchantress. Ah! Minnie, had you seen the poor wretched fish-feeder when she warned me against the treachery of ———, but 'tis over.

"Pray, your majesty, think not of the dreadful past; contrive to dwell only upon pleasant anticipations. Your people are happy under your rule, then let not the shadows of the inevitable past arise to obscure your cheerful hopes for the future. Let us leave this spot which cannot but impress your majesty with gloom."

"Nay, Minnie," returned the king, bending upon her, his fine eyes now lit up with animation The time for useless repinings is past.—I feel resigned."

"Indeed I may believe it, your majesty, for now I behold the smile of byegone times again irradiating your kingly countenance; "does your majesty still persist in walking to the ruins?"

"Yes, Minnie, you need not fear for my feelings. I must indeed take one parting look at the spot, rendered so interesting to me from its having been the unsuspected home of the wonderful enchantress, who was to some extent our protectress."

The princess became grave, and remarked, as they walked on, "I ever feel a shuddering sensation creep over me when I enter the shade of those gloomy trees, and mark the poor ruin, so significant of the ancient tenant herself. Alas! who could have prophesied so miserable a fate for one who was once the idol of the noblest circles, the loveliest dame of the moon, and mistress too of wide domains; after all, to finish her life in a hut too mean for the poorest labourer to inhabit; 'tis sorrowful to think upon, but however, such is ——"

"The fate of greatness," you will say, fair lady; but to her, poor creature, doing good, even in that miserable tenement, was far more happiness than the fleeting enjoyments of her youth, surrounded as she was with homage and devotion, in her own regal halls."

They soon came upon the spot which had been

the subject of the foregone conversation; and indeed, the place wore an air of melancholy, different altogether from the flowered paradise around. All was still in its vicinity; not a sound either of bird or animal, broke the silence. Clumps of willow and cedar trees shaded the ruin from the light of the sun, whose rays however powerful could barely pierce the solemn-looking foliage. The hut was a small common structure entirely overgrown with wild vines, and upon the ground surrounding it crept sickly-looking briers, thistles, and flowered creepers, adding to its appearance of desolation. A large bird resembling an owl sat in the open door way, seemingly asleep, and was not disturbed by the approach of the visitors, who gazed upon the strange-looking creature with curious eyes.

"See," whispered Minnie softly, "the sleepy spirit that guards the deserted dwelling of the unfortunate one!"

"Ah!" said her companion, looking upon the lone bird with more interest than he would have done had it chosen any other lodging place,—"those sometimes are most awake, who appear to be sleeping." Whisht!" cried he, and directly the owl opened two large expressive eyes, shook its feathers, and flew deliberately to the top of the hut, where it reposed itself, and gazed untiringly at them with its lustrious orbs. "Whisht!" said the king again, several times; but the owl gave no signs of an intention to desert the spot on which it had perched itself.

"Who knows," your majesty—"but that this poor bird may be the spirit of the good enchantress, hovering over a spot it loved well in life?"

"It may be so, poor unfortunate!" answered the monarch smiling. "Fair princess," continued he, turning to the noble moonite lady, "I have a feeling of affection I may say for this spot, lonely and miserable though it appear; that rude tenement so fast going to a sure decay, grown over with the wild vine, surrounded with nought but briars and weeds, and so shielded from all that is bright, embedded so solemnly among those gigantic gloomy evergreens, is associated in my mind, both with pleasing and bitter recollections. In this spot with her, — nay Minnie, I am resigned, — with her, kind princess, I have wiled away many a sweet hour,—talked with such delightful rapture of the present and the past, and two days before she met with the accident that terminated her life, a circumstance happened which I will relate to you. We took our way full of hope and pleasant plans to this spot, she, my poor wife, had in her hand the enchanted flowers which had been the means of great good to us both. I proposed building a beautiful structure where this hut now stands in place of it, in memory of our protectress, the unfortunate enchantress. She was pleased with the idea. Then she proposed riding the next day, to view the far-famed building of the duke of Lurdane. No sooner had she expressed her desire to visit the tower than the flowers in her belt turned from red

to white. She was alarmed; an owl at that moment, perhaps the very same which now looks upon us so wisely"—the owl flapped its wings, and snapped its beak, as much as to say, I am that owl!"

"Poor bird!" said Minnie, noticing the movements of that creature upon the cottage summit; it would seem to understand your majesty."

"And Minnie," continued he, "the owl darted upon the nosegay, seized it, and bore it away. You know what happened after;—alas! alas! but I will not dwell upon it. Now, fair, kind princess, wilt thou care for, and sometimes visit this spot for my sake? Allow it to continue sacred without interference, and when I am gone,——and should I ever return——"

"Your majesty?" ejaculated she inquiringly, not understanding him.

"You will not think it beneath your dignity to preserve the old ruin?"

"Nothing would be considered humiliating to me, whereby I could serve your majesty; but—but—what mean you, sire?—when you are gone?"

"Aye, fair lady, have you not advised me to travel, to seek change? to—to—"

She looked at the king, seemingly by her gaze, fancying he had some other meaning than what his words might have led her to imagine.

"Why do you gaze upon me so scrutinizingly?" asked he, regarding her with something like wonder in his countenance; for he had remarked when he had made mention of his departure, that her face had become suddenly deadly pale, and now he

began to see that the information he was about to give her, of so different a route of travel to what she expected, might have a very contrary effect to that he had anticipated.

"You alarmed me, your majesty. I—I—thought, indeed some gleam broke upon my fancy—of folly, perhaps—pardon me——"

"Minnie, sister!" softly ejaculated the king of Northerntine.

She bent her head as the king took her hands and looked kindly upon her.

"Tell me! why didst thou turn so pale, when I spoke of going?"

Tears were her only answer.

Distressed beyond measure, the king could barely find words for a moment to soothe her.

"Explain, lady, the reason of this emotion; Minnie, why this outbreak of sorrow? I yearn believe me to see once again my mother and sister, who mourn my loss."

She raised her eyes, drew her hands from his, and Thunderbolt beheld with intense emotion, that her face was of fearful paleness.

"Now, now—oh! Jupiter!—is it possible?" she stammered, as her frame seemed full of passionate emotion. "Your mother!—your sister! Why, you would return to your own earth?—it cannot be!—no! Oh! Jupiter, prevent this!—no," cried she, her eyes almost starting from her head—"your majesty, listen to me—on my knees, oh! I beseech you, go not, sire."

"Minnie," gasped the king; "why, why is this? I had thought you would receive the intelligence of my going with joy."

"With joy! your majesty!—can I feel joy in losing all—all! Oh! forgive thy subject; I can keep the secret no longer;—forgive me. Oh! I love thee!—oh! I love thee, sire, above all! above everything!"

"Minnie," faltered the king, as he too, became pale;—"is it possible! I thought not of this."

"Forgive me, sire; for twelve years I have loved thee; to the wars I followed thee as thy page, only to watch thy safety. I was one of those who saw thy first appearance amongst us, and night and day I sent up prayers to Jupiter that he would preserve thee in thy fearful undertaking. From the time of thy marriage, until the fatal accident to our queen, I avoided thee, and sought to bury my grief in the occupations of a country life, though Jupiter knows how deeply I suffered. When I saw thee again during the illness of the queen, my love increased. To be near thee—to watch thy safety—to warn thee against the designs of thy enemies—to shield thee from all ill—to comfort and solace thee in sorrow—these have been to me a source of unspeakable happiness."

"Minnie," cried the king, "no more I pray thee. It must not be;—no, arise, noble lady, you condescend to much; I am grieved to cause you pain. I did not anticipate this."

"Oh! sire," screamed she; "turn not away;—

I entreated thee to travel 'tis true, but alas! not to that distant sphere."

"Minnie, kind hearted, sweet girl, I shall return."

"No, never! the sun that rises upon your departure for that earth, will never again rise upon your presence in the moon. And why, and for what goest thou?—who can have persuaded thee to so perilous a journey? The power that brought thee by miracle here, may withdraw its protection."

"Dear Minnie," said the king softly but tenderly to the weeping and passionate maiden, as within his heart arose emotions he could not precisely understand, and which he interpreted as those of pity and shame for her humiliation "Dear lady, I beseech you not to agitate yourself; let us return to the palace."

"Your majesty," returned she, hysterically, "no place so fit as this for the revelation of the love I bear you. The light of the sun should not witness my humiliation; beneath these gloomy cedars and near this old ruin, I confess my weakness. All here is a type of my coming desolation. Yes, I see it in the sure decay around. I see it in the melancholy that prevades the scene."

The king affected, turned his head from her, and placed one hand before his face, as the lovely moonite gazed upon him, her whole soul beaming from her expressive eyes. She grasped a hand of the king tightly as she knelt and told her

pitiful tale of love. What sort of feelings at this trying and unlooked for moment, experienced the grieved monarch! He could not tell. A glance at her imploring, yet proud countenance, inspired him with a feeling of tenderness; and in another instant he felt something akin to shame, to think that any living being should even momentarily, usurp the place where lay enshrined the image of his beloved queen.

The unfortunate lady rose now from her late kneeling posture, and became strangely calm of a sudden, though trembling with internal emotion. She walked a little way from him, then stood and looked again full at his face, drawing herself up to her full height. Her luxuriant hair during her commotion had become dishevelled, her face had lost all color, and she wore the appearance of a marble statue.

At length, the princess Minnie said, in trembling tones,—"And will thou then depart?"

"I will think again Minnie; calm thyself; I foresaw not what thou hast revealed. Lady, you must acquit me of seeking to destroy your peace of mind; I knew not that I had inspired you with other feelings than those of regard. Minnie," said the king firmly, taking her hands in his own, "I admire thee beyond any other lady in the moon; even she I so unhappily lost came not nearer to perfection in my mind than thou dost. When thou art from me I long for thy presence. I gaze upon thee ever with pride, loving thee as some treasured

only sister. To listen to the melody of thy voice in song,—to hear thee read the wild legends of ancient days,—the glories of thy ancestry inspire me with a feeling I cannot describe. To behold thee, though so haughty and unbending to others, all tenderness to me; to gaze with pleasure upon thy face where nature has planted the signs of every excellence; to wonder at its supernatural beauty,—even surpassing in grandeur that of her ——— to watch over, to guard, to protect thee, and even to feel jealous of thy liking; oh! Minnie," said the king, as a strange emotion agitated his frame, "why didst thou love me, when thou sawest that my heart was filled alone with the thoughts of another, so untimely snatched from me? when every action might have shown thee that—I admired—that I—"

"Charles," screamed she, "Charles, let me call thee so. I am content to die now,—now that my heart is filled with joy; let me not hear thee recal what thou hast said."

She clasped her hands and looked at the confused king eagerly, while he exclaimed,—

"Minnie,—lady,—Minnie, what have I told thee?"

"Thou hast told me that thou lovest me; recal it not. 'Tis all I lived for to hear those sweet words spoken by thee."

The king was overcome; he stood a moment apparently confused, hardly recollecting what he had said. At length he rushed to her, caught her

in his arms, gazed upon her face earnestly, and wildly cried,—

"Minnie, dear Minnie, believe it not. If I said so. I know not my own mind. Dear, darling girl, why,—No, no, no, it cannot be——"

"I am not mistaken, I know your heart," quickly returned she, "Charles, dear Charles, thou lovest me!—and—thou will not—depart—?"

* * * * * * * *

CHAPTER VII.

The manuscript unfortunately does not inform us how and by what means the separation was effected between the king and the fair object to whom he had so unconsciously confessed his love; and though I have frequently named the subject to my friend Thunderbolt, the mention of it seems so painful to him, that I am constrained to proceed according to the manuscript. Let us take the liberty of indulging a hope that they parted with a determination to make each other happy upon his return to his kingdom in the moon.

To witness the departure of the beloved monarch many foreign visitors had come to the metropolis to repeat their homage and wish him joy. Hanson resumed the office of Durlfrick. Amidst the pro-

testations and good wishes of his people, he was borne away by his friend the Green Dragon, who was in excellent spirits and vigour for travel.

From the tower of a lonely castle a solitary handkerchief was waved. Thunderbolt beheld it with emotions only known to his own heart; he was however so much affected, that for hours he could not speak, although the dragon endeavoured to cheer him with many quaint sayings. Something there evidently was upon the poor king's mind, which he could not tell his friend the dragon, and which was painful to be made the subject of conversation. It was not alone the sorrow consequent upon leaving his kingdom and friends; nor was it the memory of Eliza; but vain were the dragon's efforts to cheer him for many days, and his witty sayings and droll doings were all thrown away. However, after the lapse of some little time, Thunderbolt forced himself to assume something like cheerfulness, and they held conversations upon interesting topics; and one night as they were proceeding at a moderate rate, the dragon took out his favourite instrument, the violin, and drew his bow across it, playing a lively tune.

"I'm going to sing you a song to comfort you; you will excuse the harshness of my voice, which has not been subject to particular cultivation."

"I shall be delighted to hear you sing," answered Charles, smiling upon the affable knight, of his own creation, the ever happy green dragon, who immediately commenced a stave, going through it with

considerable execution. The song had the effect of cheering Thunderbolt very much, and he thanked the singer heartily.

They journeyed on, meeting with adventures similar to that of the first voyage they had made together. We will not trouble the reader with the details of the journey: Suffice it to say the dragon descended one fine moonlight night and seated himself upon the bosom of the calm wave.

"Where are we?" enquired Thunderbolt.

"In the English channel," answered the dragon.

"It is not possible!" exclaimed Thunderbolt, "do I again breathe my native air? This is too wondrous to believe; can I credit it that I have ever been in that orb, now shining above us with such radiance? A king too! What shall I be here?"

The Dragon laughed and said,—"Your majesty, array yourself in the suit of English attire which you will find in my hold, that you may be fit to be seen; furnish yourself also with the English coin I gave you, and your jewels. I shall reach your landing place shortly, and I must then leave you."

"Oh! now," exclaimed Thunderbolt, "I begin to feel desolate. It will be dreadful to part with you, my dear friend. I shall hardly be able to support your absence; but, however, I must bear this misfortune with becoming fortitude."

He descended and arrayed himself in a suit of English clothes, placed about his person the coin given him by the dragon, and jewels of immense value he had brought with him from the moon.

He was startled by hearing the booming sound of a cannon over the water.

"They have taken me as usual for a Sea Serpent," said the dragon; "luckily for us, there is a thick fog coming on."

When Thunderbolt emerged from the dragon's interior, he saw that the moon had become veiled by the clouds; a fog was enveloping the sea, and a short misling rain commenced falling.

"Here we are at Kingsgate,—old Kingsgate," exclaimed the dragon, as he flew from out the wave and landed upon the sands.

"And do I once again tread British ground?" exclaimed Charles, when he dismounted from his living conveyance. "I begin to experience already a feeling of loneliness; all may have undergone sad changes."

"Oh fear not, your majesty of the moon. Keep a stout heart; and in three years from this night I will be upon this spot to bear you back to your kingdom."

"But you do not intend leaving me immediately, Sir Green Dragon?"

"Yes; morning will soon break; and it would not do for such a very uncommon looking creature as I am to be caught sight of. I have already been taken for the Sea Serpent. I must now say farewell, my good friend; you are well provided with everything you require; so whilst you hunt out your old friends, I will return to look after those who are dearer to your heart than any you

may find in your native land. So farewell; I will do all with fidelity that you have requested me to do; and in three years, remember, upon this spot, I will meet you."

The lonely Englishman shook the paws of the dragon many times, and would fain have detained him, but he signified his wish to hasten away. Thunderbolt gave him many a message to those he loved and had left behind him; and having again bade each other an affectionate farewell, the Green Dragon mounted in the air, and was soon lost in the mist, to the view of Thunderbolt.

Now that he was quite alone, a sensation of utter desolation took possession of his mind. It was very cold too; the rain had increased. He began to doubt if his landing place were really Kingsgate, and he remembered that formerly there stood a tavern upon the cliff, and that a long path cut out of the chalk led to it. He searched about, and at length, to his satisfaction, discovered the ravine, up which he strode at a hasty pace, and reaching the summit, was soon reassured of the identity of the spot, for he beheld a small inn, which was the one he expected to find.

"Is it my recent familiarity with splendid scenes," he muttered to himself, "that causes this place to look so mean? However I'll knock, a lodging within will be preferable to the cold and rain."

He knocked aloud many times, but could obtain no answer. Despairing of gaining admittance,

he resolved to walk to Margate, and there get rest and refreshment. He trudged manfully along, but his attention was diverted from pursuing his journey, by his perceiving smoke issuing from a ruin that crowned the summit of the cliff. Thinking to warm himself he ventured towards it.

"Ah! who's that coming to disturb a lone old creature that's trying to get a wee bit warm," said a croaking voice, and Thunderbolt caught sight of the speaker, an old woman with a yellow and wrinkled face, habited in coarse apparel, and having a large red shawl tied over her head. She was sitting before a small fire made of dry sticks and a little coal, which sent forth a very feeble heat.

"I do not wish to disturb you, my good woman," said Thunderbolt, "I observed your fire, and feeling cold, as I was travelling, came hither to warm myself."

"Aye, it isn't the likes o' you as wants warming, sir. No, no. Why are you not under your happy covering? Oh come you so late as it is, to hear telled your fortune?"

"Why, good gracious!" cried Thunderbolt, surveying the old woman with interest, as he caught sight of features familiar to him in his boyhood; "if you are not the very same good woman who many years ago told me my fortune, my name is not Thunderbolt. How are you poor creature?"

"Your name is Thunderbolt? help me up. I'se so bad with the rheumatiz, I canna rise

Thankey, — give . me yer hand; there hold it by the flame; that's it; yes, yes, there's the lines,—ah! too true! I told ye that ye'd go where none other had ever been, and ye have been there. I told ye there'd be death by water, and that ye would wed a lady named E——, yes, yes; true, she's gone; and then the line *M*——; young man do you forget poor M——?"

"Old woman, you are correct; part of your prophecy really came to pass. My poor uncle Guzzlebrandy died at sea, and I—"

"That's the name," screamed the woman, "and you are his nephew. Sit down by me. You has rights that you know not of, them as think to trample on you, you will live to trample on them. Ah! that was a terrible night! the body of the old man was cast on the shore. I found it on the sands, and there was papers in his pockets, which I've got safe. Ah! you are his nephew."

"I am, and did you find my poor uncle's body?"

"I did; and I seed the berryin, and fine work they had on it. I seed them laugh at the berryin. I heard some wish good luck to the nephew,—but I stood on the mound in the church-yard, after they'd gone, and I said I had that as had make them alter their tone one day. I know'd well the sea hadn't drowned as many as they'd hoped it had."

The traveller was astonished. It seemed so strange to hear of his poor uncle from the very first individual with whom he came in contact.

The old woman moved towards a part of the decayed tower, and took out a loose stone, and putting her hand far down, pulled out a packet, and handed it to Thunderbolt.

"This is yours; now you has your rights; go claim em, and leave the old gipsey woman to her fate."

Thunderbolt examined the packet with the greatest interest, wondering in his own mind what record it could be relating to his uncle. To his astonishment he saw by the light of the fire that it was his uncles will, bequeathing to himself all his considerable property. He heartily expressed his thanks to the poor Kingsgate gipsey, pressed into her hand a piece of gold, shook hands with her and said,—

"I will give thee a cottage to shelter thee, my good woman."

"Nay, nay, sir! Let the breezes of heaven play upon my cheeks in my old age as they have ever done. I want none of your cosseting; now go yer ways, them as has yer rights sleep too securely."

The old gipsey sank down by the fire and spoke no more. Thunderbolt strode from the ruin, feeling a sudden sense of joy rising in his breast. The mist had vanished from the sea and disclosed its glorious blue wave. A faint streak of light in the eastern horizon heralded the coming of the sun. A healthful breeze swept by laden with purity, which invigorated our hero, who, though he had

left so much grandeur in the sphere behind him, yet congratulated himself upon again treading the soil of his native land.

* * * * * * * *

There was mirth and revelry going on at F——y h——l, at Chingford, in the county of Essex, the hospitable home of its late possessor, Gayboy Guzzlebrandy, Esq. The family had all met to celebrate the twelfth anniversary of the present possessor's acquisition of the property. Goliah Guzzlebrandy, whose real name was Goliah Montagu, held the property under a will of his half brother's of long date, which bequeathed that gentleman his estate, on the condition of his changing his name to that of Guzzlebrandy, a condition indeed to which that gentleman was too happy to accede.

About dusk upon that same evening, a gentleman alighted from a stage coach at Woodford and made his way to ——— Hall. He arrived and knocked at a side door, which was answered by an old servant, who, from some recollections recalled by the stranger, knew him to be the long-lost nephew of his late venerated master. The old man almost fainted. Thunderbolt desired that he would not alarm the house, as he wished to surprise the family in the midst of their merriment. So, unknown to the inmates, he was introduced into an antechamber, from which he saw the conviviality proceeding amongst the family party assembled in the spacious hall.

The party consisted only of gentlemen, and at the moment of Thunderbolt's entrance, the host proposed a toast to the memory of his poor departed brother , and begged to conclude the happy meeting by singing his favourite song, in which he desired that all the guests would join in the chorus; so with a strong manly voice the good humoured squire commenced the following, and Thunderbolt listened with emotion to the well known lines, which recalled to him the many happy times he had spent in the society of his lamented uncle.

SONG.

Reclining at length 'neath the hawthorn tree,
Is a veteran tar all languidly;
No doubt as he basks 'neath the glorious sun,
He recalls to himself, the deeds he has done.
Heave yo boys! heave yo boys! heave yo!
heave yo! heave yo boys!

When a boy full of pluck and hatred for France,
He thought only of war and his maiden's fair glance,
And when fell'd by a ball, from the enemy's fire,
He pray'd for his maiden, and doting old sire.
Heave yo boys! &c.

But bullied and buffetted many years more,
All helpless became this old man of war.
And now all his toil and his fighting are done,
He counts his old wounds and his victories won.
Heave yo boys &c.

Then fill a deep glass to that jolly old tar,
May the day he must strike, be yet very far,
May he go with the wind, and "hoy, hoy," to the call
Of the captain who dwells at the last port of all.
Heave yo boys! &c.

At the conclusion of the song, much applause followed, and they again drank to the memory of old Captain Guzzlebrandy.

"Ere we part," said Goliah, rising from his seat, "I have one more toast to propose, which is this;—Your are all aware that the body of my young nephew was never found, although the bodies of the captain and crew were washed ashore. It may be possible, through Providence, that he was saved, and is alive in some foreign country therefore I propose that we should drain a goblet to his memory, if dead—to his prosperity and return if living."

Thunderbolt heard this allusion to himself with considerable joy, and he was much affected. He could contain himself no longer, but walked forth from his hiding place, and stood before the assembled company.

"Uncle," said Thunderbolt, in his fine manly voice, walking up to him and seizing his hand.

Mr. Goliah was struck speechless, for he beheld as he thought the apparition of the father of our hero.

"Who art thou?" gasped he.

"Charles Thunderbolt,—none other, uncle, and the happy subject of your generous toast. Pray

be calm. Gentlemen, let me not disturb the family union."

When uncle Goliah could distinctly believe his senses, he detected soon the lineaments of his handsome nephew. He afterwards expressed his delight with the most unbounded rapture. All wondered at his noble appearance, his relations expressed themselves delighted, and eagerly desired to hear unravelled the mystery of his appearance amongst them.

Delighted with the meeting with his family, he enquired after his mother and sister, and heard with joy they were alive and prosperous. They continued the conviviality to a late hour, and when the old butler lighted Thunderbolt to his chamber, the old man, with tears in his eyes, begged to be allowed to shake his young master's hands, and for some time he retained them in his grasp apparently reluctant to let them go.

"Oh!" said he, "would'nt your old dead uncle like to see you now! Oh! my dear young master, where have you been?"

"Do you remember Adam, the night," said Thunderbolt, seriously, "you first fetched me from my old grandfather's, when I was about five years of age? I told you that I had a desire to go to the moon."

"Ah! sir, you said many droll things then!"

"Well, Adam,—*I have been there!*"

The venerable butler held up his hands as if incredulous, and afterwards exchanged a good night with his young master; then as he retreated through

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possession during his life time, notwithstanding, he on his part, was equally ready to resign it. In short, he acted most generously to all parties, so that every one was delighted at his unlooked for return.

To what hearty listeners did he recount his adventures; and though many will discredit what has been related, yet his happy mother and sister gave full credence to its truth, and many a pleasant evening, they compelled him to relate again and again his "Marvellous Adventures in the Moon!"

* * * * * * * *

"Sir," said a testy old gentleman to our hero the other day, after a careful perusal of the above adventures, "Is it all a dream?"

Thunderbolt smiled———

FINIS.

the long passages to his own bed chamber, he muttered, whilst half giggling and half crying.—

"Oh! master Charles, master Charles,—the same droll little boy. Oh! law! law! Won't his mother be delighted! Law! law!—to think old Adam should have lived to see this day! Shan't we have glorious times now!"

We will not attempt to describe the sensations of our hero, as he sank to repose in the chamber he had slept in many years before, and by the dying embers in the grate, surveyed the well-known tapestry round the walls, which recalled to his memory the early associations of his boyish days. Happy in the reception he had met with on his return to the home of his fathers, he speedily sank to repose, and a dream of his youth was only broken by the melodious song of the birds, welcoming a lovely morn.

The next day a mother was blessed in discovering a son, who was long since mourned as dead. A sister clung to her brother's breast, and gazed upon him with pride unspeakable. We will not trouble the reader with recounting the particulars of the thrice joyous meeting. Suffice it to say, he found such pleasure and comfort in the bosom of his family, that he never regretted having made his voyage from the moon.

Although Thunderbolt, by the production of the will given him by the old gipsey woman, was proved to be entitled to the estate of his late uncle, he insisted on the present tenant remaining in

possession during his life time, notwithstanding, he on his part, was equally ready to resign it. In short, he acted most generously to all parties, so that every one was delighted at his unlooked for return.

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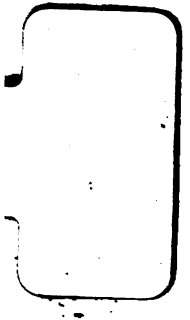
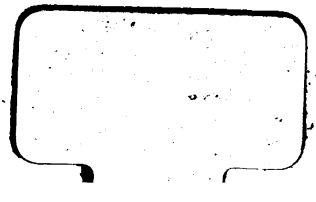
FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 5—line 7—for "credible"—read "creditable."
... 17— ... 4—substitute period for comma after brandy. commence fresh sentence with "Uncle."
... 17— ... 17—for "and finished"—read "he had finished."
... 18— ... 24—for "ligs"—read "lips."
... 25— ... 13—for "above chin"—read "above his chin."
... 26— ... 25—for "going"—read "growing."
... 42— ... 28—for "with the fearful"—read "with fearful."
... 61— ... 1—for "a doctor"—read "ah! doctor!"
... 66— ... 11—for "inhabited island"—read "uninhabited island."
... 97— ... 23—for "Mrs."—read "Mr. Thunderbolt."
... 111— ... 7—for "magnificent"—read "insignificant."
... 122— ... 8—for "huge body from his head"—read "huge head from his body."
... 131— ... 28—for "raising"—read "raining."
... 132— ... 10—for "winds"—read "wind."
... 170— ... 2—for "greatest"—read "greater."
... 170— ... 29—for "commander"—read "commanders."
... 206— ... 23—for "nock"—read "knock."
... 215— ... 20—for "each of their breasts"—read "the breast of each."
... 221— ... 21—for "whirh"—read "which."
... 304— ... 9—for "horse"—read "hoarse."
... 304— ... 22—for "soldiery"—read "soldiering."